













# LETTERS

WRITTEN FROM

*VARIOUS PARTS OF THE CONTINENT,*

BETWEEN THE YEARS 1785 AND 1794:

CONTAINING

A VARIETY OF ANECDOTES RELATIVE TO THE  
PRESENT STATE OF LITERATURE IN GERMANY,  
AND TO CULTIVATED GERMAN LITERATURE

WITH AN APPENDIX.

IN WHICH ARE INCLUDED,

*THREE LETTERS OF GRATINGS,*

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY.

---

Translated from the German of FREDERICK MATTHIASSEN,

By ANNE PLUMPTRE,

TRANSLATOR OF SEVERAL OF KÖNIGSBECK'S PLAYS.

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L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND CO. REES,  
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# ADVERTISEMENT,

BY THE

*TRANSLATOR.*

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**A**T a time when German literature has become so much the subject of public attention in this country, it is hoped and presumed, that a work like the present may not be unacceptable to the English reader. The Author is a man, whose taste and talents, and more than all, whose urbanity of manners and benevolence of disposition, have rendered him an object of general esteem in Germany and Switzerland; and so conspicuous do these amiable qualities appear throughout his works, as to give them a peculiar degree of interest.

The first six Letters were written to — von Köpken at Magdebourg, an Aulic Counsellor, and a man of talents and learning himself; and the last to the poet Salis.—

The rest are addressed to Charles von Bonstetten, Baillie of Nion in the canton of Bern. They were published at Zurich in the year 1795, in two small octavo volumes, and at that time it was the Author's intention to have followed these by two others of a similar length; but some unforeseen circumstances occasioned this intention to be delayed, and perhaps may ultimately prove the means of its being wholly laid aside. In the Author's own country this has been a subject of much regret, and the Translator flatters herself that it may not pass unregretted in this.

In printing the Letters, some trifling passages which concerned only the writer and his friends were omitted, and the chasms thus made, were intended to be marked with asterisks; but this was neglected in the First Part;—in the Second it has been properly attended to.

The notes distinguished by an A. were added by the Author at the time of publishing the work, consequently they were not written till several years after some of the Letters. Some other notes are subjoined

joined by the Translator, which are marked with a T.

The Appendix is extracted from a small volume of poems published by Matthiſſon, and is added in full confidence that any remains of ſo intereſting a character as Gray cannot fail of being received with pleaſure in a country of which he is univerſally eſteemed a ſplendid ornament. That Maſon ſhould not have mentioned the intimacy which ſubſiſted between Gray and the Baillie Bonſtetten, ſeems extraordinary, ſince this attachment appears to have been carried to a high degree of enthuiſaſm, particularly on the part of the former:—and though the Biographer's application for permiſſion to insert among his collection, the Letters now preſented to the Engliſh public, was unſucceſſful, this by no means precluded the noticing of their exiſtence, or the frienſhip in which they originated. What occaſioned Bonſtetten's reſuſal of them to Maſon, when he afterwards permitted them to be publiſhed by Matthiſſon, does not appear, and indeed is unimportant to the preſent purpoſe.



It only remains for the Translator to hope, that she may be judged to have executed her part in a manner that does not derogate from the merit of the original. That she has observed the strictest fidelity towards her Author, she may venture to affirm,\* without the imputation of arrogance;—for any thing farther, she submits with respect and deference to the public opinion. The only liberty she has taken, is to make some trifling alterations in the arrangement of three or four of the Letters, but without any deviation from the matter they contained.

LONDON,

*June 1st, 1799.*

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# LETTERS,

BY

FREDERICK MATTHISSON.

## PART THE FIRST:

### LETTER. I.

Hamburgh, March 17th, 1785.

UPON the whole, the judgment formed by the *Travelling Frenchman*\* respecting the luxurious mode of living among the inhabitants of this place, seems to be much too severe, and most of his strictures,

\* Baron Riefbeck, who travelled through Germany, Holland, &c. in the year 1780, and published his travels under the title of the "*Travelling Frenchman*." He appears to have been a man of great intelligence and observation. The work was translated into English by the late Rev. Mr. Maty. A singular fate attended it, that both the author and translator died as their respective publications were going through the press. T.

as well on Hamburgh as on many other places, exceed the bounds of truth and justice. What he represents as general, is true only in particular instances, and the houses where Lucullian banquets are held, and suppers, such as Voss describes in one of his Idylls as no less essential to happiness, than a lamp to a magic lantern, are daily diminishing in number.

The new church of Saint Michael, a work of the great architect Sonnin's, has not answered my expectations. The inequality of proportion between the tower and the building itself, strikes the eye at the first glance, and with the greater force, as this tower might have been placed in competition with every other, in every country upon the earth, had it been raised one story higher; which indeed, to judge by the general proportions, seems to have been the original idea of the architect himself. The colonade that supports the cupola, consists of eight pillars of the Corinthian order.

In the interior of the church I was deeply impressed with the fine altar-piece by Tischbein.

bein. The subject is, Christ coming forth from the tomb, and the watchmen fallen to the earth, dazzled with the brightness of the glory which surrounds him. The disposition of the light throughout the whole is excellent, as are all the inferior figures; but the principal, as indeed is the case with most figures of Christ, is deficient in dignity and elevation of character.

I saw some other works by the same master at senator Kirchhof's, a man with whom I must make you better acquainted. He is perhaps the profoundest mathematician and natural philosopher of our time, though the world cannot at present have an adequate idea of the extent of his knowledge and talents, since he has never published any thing excepting a translation of Ferguson's Astronomy, and a philosophical essay in Lichtenberg's magazine. No mention has ever been made by either Journalist or Traveller of his philosophical and mathematical Apparatus, notwithstanding that they are among the best in Germany. The readers of romances are indeed acquainted with this truly-deserving man

from the romance of *Siegfried von Lindenberg*; the writer of which has made honourable mention of him. Kirchhof occasionally gives philosophical lectures gratuitously to a number of young persons; I was myself a witness of the clear yet concise manner in which he explains his subject.

I saw at his house, Nairne's improved air-pump, with which he performed the striking experiment of causing quicksilver to descend in a shower, like rain, through lime-wood\*. I also first learned from him the use and design of the whirling-table. We are indebted to his indefatigable researches, for inventing a preparation, which demonstrates even to the senses the attractive power of the earth towards thunder clouds; he has also proved, beyond dispute, the utility and security of conductors.

\* This curious effect is thus produced. A small cylindrical piece of lime-wood is fixed at the top of a glass receiver, surrounded with a cup in which some quicksilver is put; that being placed on the plate of the air-pump, the air is exhausted from within, and immediately the pressure of the outward air on the quicksilver, forces it through the pores of the wood, and it descends in a shower within the glass receiver. T.

For

For the rest, Kirchhof, as a merchant, can only devote a few leisure hours to his favourite scientific studies.

Klopstock has finished his new *Bardiet*\*, “The death of Hermann,” in which the hand of a master must be recognized throughout. Those who have so often complained of Klopstock’s obscurity, will be surprised when they read the popular songs here introduced, and will consider the simplicity with which they must necessarily be written, as quite a phenomenon in this author. Klopstock appears no less estimable as a man than as a writer; the principal feature of his moral as well as poetical character, is DIGNITY. He is the most charming of companions; in his sportive humours he shews the true attic refinement, his wit is ready, and never fails of striking; his narrations are full of fire and vivid imagery; and whatever he says, does, or writes, is impressed with truth, dignity, suavity of manners, and elevation of soul. That he has never con-

\* A Poem on the subject of the ancient bards. T.



descended to enter the lists against the low Gymnicks of literature is sufficiently evident, since their shallow criticisms have always been suffered to remain unanswered, nor has he ever shewn them any public mark of indignation. He is at present employed in a new edition of his Odes, which is to be augmented with an additional book: and he is also writing a tragedy called "*The King*," two acts of which are completed. His researches into the German language, are continued with unwearied ardour, and he at present corresponds with professor Tetens on the subject of orthography. A Dutch translation of the *Messias* in hexameter, written by a goldsmith at Amsterdam, which is shortly to appear, will greatly enhance his fame.

In one of Klopstock's rooms hangs a painting by Angelica Kaufmann, the subject of which is taken from the second canto of the *Messias*. Samma reclines his head on the urn of Benonis, which he holds clasped in both his arms; his eyes filled with deep and silent anguish, are immovably fixed on the earth; hopeless for-

row is imprinted on his manly and energetic countenance, and he appears waiting for death in dumb despair: before him stand John and Joel, with looks of the most affectionate sympathy, and around is a dark and wild country. In an obscure corner near the frame are these words: "From Angelica Kaufmann to her friend "Klopstock." Sturz, that great connoisseur and artist, pronounces this to be an exquisite piece.

Angelica has entirely relinquished her idea of painting other scenes from the *Messias*, perhaps because Klopstock required too much of her; for instance, he wanted her to paint angels without wings, together with disembodied souls, so characterized as to be perfectly distinguishable from the angels. He also wanted a Christ, whose countenance should be equal to that by Guido Rheni, with many other things equally unreasonable.

Professor Trapp's academy for education is in a pleasant situation on the Hammer Deich. He has at present only six pupils, which is by no means a sufficient

number for carrying his plans properly into execution. The domestic regulations of this little family-institution pleased me extremely, since all seem the result of experience and sound judgment. Trapp's method of teaching foreign languages, is very similar to what was practised at the academy at Dessau; but in another respect his system differs widely from that foundation, that he keeps the children much more closely to their business. "To learn to pursue one's studies with pains and diligence," says Schloffer, "is the principal point in education," and all that Trapp has accomplished hitherto in his academy, may be brought in support of this position. It is much to be wished that this excellent man, who possesses such extraordinary talents for education, without any mixture of the pedagogue, may receive all possible encouragement from the public; but it should seem that the credit of private seminaries is lost, through the disgust occasioned by the number of ephemeral ones which have appeared; only it is to be regretted, that so excellent

an establishment as that in question should suffer upon this account. It is true indeed, that education has lately become a rage among us, and every one thinks himself qualified to undertake it. Formerly, literary adventurers who were at a loss for an occupation, became soldiers or players, but now they engage in the instruction of youth. At Altona a student of divinity, who had just quitted the university, and who, from a total deficiency in all the requisite talents, had in vain endeavoured to gain his livelihood as a player, printed an advertisement, informing the public that he should again devote himself to his favourite pursuit of education: and it is reported that he actually for some time kept a board up over his door with the following inscription:

“A *Philanthropinum*\* is kept here.”

The

\* This is like the Italian “*Sono anch' io Pittore.*” When Rousseau published his *Emilius*, a kind of enthusiasm for his new system of education spread immediately through all Germany. Basedow, the celebrated author of the *Philalethia*, was one of the earliest and most ardent

The Hamburg theatre, the most brilliant epocha of which was undoubtedly during the management of Schröder\*, Brockmann,

ardent promoters of its popularity, and in conjunction with several other literati, established an academy at Dessau on a very large and extensive plan, under the title of "*The Philanthropinum*," in which it was intended to carry Rousseau's plans into effect. Instantly every petty school,

"In every village marked with little spire."

was exalted into a *Philanthropinum*, till the name itself soon became as ridiculous on the Continent, as that of *academy* appears in England, when we see advertisements of *academies* for instruction in hair-dressing, and other arts of equal importance.

Of Bafedow, it is said that when he was about to compose his famous *elementary work*, finding himself extremely deficient in mathematical knowledge, and determining to remedy that defect, he shut himself up entirely, for some time, at Leipsick, not permitting any one to come near him except a person to bring him the mere necessaries of life, and suffering his beard to grow to a length that might even have rivalled Aaron's: nor did he relax in his assiduity till he had acquired sufficient knowledge in that science for the completion of his plan. T.

\* Schröder was considered as the Garrick of Hamburg. He is mentioned with great encomium by Baron Rietbeck, who saw him at Vienna, particularly in that most interesting character "*Le Père de Famille*." T.

and

and the sisters Ackermann, after experiencing many revolutions, is at present under the direction of Messrs. Brandes and Klos. Zucharini, the favourite of the town, has deserted to Schröder, who is raising a company of his own : not one among the rest of the actors rises above mediocrity. Of the actresses, Madame Borchers appears to me the best, particularly in tender and affecting characters ; such as Ophelia, Maria in *Clavigo*, and Rutland in the *Earl of Essex*. Minna Brandes sings in a pleasing style, but her acting cannot be commended : I heard her lately with much pleasure in *Handel's Messiah*.

Brockmann, a short time since, played here some *Gastrolle* \*. I saw him in *Essex*, and *Beaumarchais* in *Clavigo*. Never shall I lose the recollection of his horribly fine acting in the last-mentioned piece, in that

\* Playing *Gastrolle*, which, literally translated, would be, “ *guest characters*,” is applied, to any actor who, not belonging to the company, comes to perform with it for a few nights, as our London actors go about the country in the summer, on which occasion they always perform the principal parts. T.

scene where he reads the letter of the French ambassador, when he fell instantly from his seat as if struck dead, then suddenly sprung up again, looked around with wild and glaring eyes, tore his hair with both hands, and at length broke forth into the most frantic expressions.

At Linau's, the merchant's, I found a collection of paintings well worthy the attention of all artists as well as amateurs. The following appear to me the best pieces :

### I.

A Magdalen; said to be by Guido Rheni. Whether it be really the production of that great master I shall not pretend to decide, but be that as it may, the piece itself is exquisite. The Fair Penitent sits in a reclining posture, with her eyes turned towards Heaven; her right hand falls negligently down, while the left rests on a skull, and her beautiful brown hair flows in ringlets over her bosom and left arm, which are of a dazzling whiteness. Above,  
soar

soar two angels of the size of children; which might perhaps have been introduced with good effect, as Cupids in a mythological painting, but here they manifestly weaken the effect of the principal figure.

## II.

A morning landscape, in the bold and vigorous stile of Salvator Rosa. A rugged rock, interspersed with ruins and wild shrubs, in contrast with a smooth sloping hill, illumined with the tints of the morning dawn.

## III.

Christ, and the Pharisee, who shews him him the tribute-money; by Titian. But here again the countenance of Christ has too little dignity, and too much the appearance of age and disease, though marked with a deep and penetrating scorn. In the countenance of the Pharisee, the roguish cunning of the character is admirably expressed. I wish that the head of Christ, which I saw at Berlin at the house of  
Bernard



Bernard Rode, were in the place of the present.

#### IV.

A small winter-piece; by Teniers. Two peasants coming out of a cottage in a shower of snow.

#### V.

A night-piece; by Vernet. This artist succeeds as happily in the delineation of soft moon-light scenery, as in representing the strife of the contending elements. The moon coming forth from an almost transparent cloud is reflected in the water, while a fisherman, in a little boat, holds up a firebrand, the red light of which forms an admirable contrast to the beautiful pale beams of the moon.

#### VI.

A peasant's family; by Ostade. Quite in the original manner of this great master in low physiognomy.

#### VII.

## VII.

A hunting-piece ; by Rubens. *Ut luna inter minora sidera*, so shines this among among the rest. Its owner is willing to part with it for five thousand rix-dollars, to any gallery in which it would be properly placed ; it is by no means so in the small collection of a private man.

LETTER II.

Akron, July 26th, 1785.

LET me now conduct you, my dearest Köpken, to the rural church-yard of Ottenfen, where Meta Klopstock \* lies buried. Her monument is of white marble, and simply elegant; its only decorations are two wheat sheaves irregularly placed one over the other, below which are these words :

“ Seed sown by God, 'gainst harvest-day to ripen |.”

The inscription runs thus :

“ In that place where death shall be no  
“ more, Margareta Klopstock awaits her  
“ friend, her husband, whom she so much

\* Meta Klopstock is probably an appellation by which the wife of Klopstock was known among her friends; perhaps it was designed as a shortening of Margareta. †.

† The original, from which the above is translated, is a line from Klopstock's *Messias*.

“ Saat gesäet von Gott, dem Tage der garben zu  
reisen,” T.

“ loves,

“ loves, and by whom she is so much  
 “ beloved. Then will we rise all toge-  
 “ ther, thou my Klopstock, and I, and  
 “ our son, whom I could not bring into  
 “ the world\*.”

About the grave is planted a white-thorn hedge, above which a lime-tree spreads around its shady branches †.

“ There, scatter’d off, the earliest of the year,  
 “ By hands unseen are show’rs of violets found;  
 “ The red-breast loves to build and warble there,  
 “ And little foot-steps lightly print the ground ‡.”

GRAY.

From Seidelfhof, a public garden at Ottenfen, lying on the high bank of the Elbe, is a fine view over a country perfectly in the style of those cheerful smiling landscapes which Claude Lorraine describes so happily. This view com-

\* She died in child-birth. T.

† This tree is celebrated by Mary Wollstonecraft, in her interesting Letters from Sweden, &c. as the only one round Altona which seems planted by the hand of taste. T.

‡ This stanza was only printed in some of the early editions of Gray’s Elegy in the Country Church-yard; it was afterwards rejected. T.

prehends



necessitous, even to making the most disinterested sacrifices, which can only be known to his friends and fellow-citizens.

He has erected himself an immortal monument in his history of that most disgraceful and lamentable scourge by which the wrongs of the new world were revenged on the old; he is now employed upon the second part of this work. Some of his charming poetical tales are inserted among the poems of his deceased brother, the publication of which he has undertaken in conjunction with Voss. I have also in my possession, a manuscript poem of his, throughout which the learning and spirit of Anaxagoras are eminently displayed. His library consists of one of the best private collections of books I have ever seen: besides works in every branch of medical science, he has all the best authors in the departments of geography, history, and ancient literature: no travels of any note are omitted, nor any of the most admired among the classics; his collection of maps is astonishing, which he

C 2

is

is constantly increasing, though it is already one of the most complete in Germany.

We one day fell into conversation upon Rousseau's merit in improving the system of education, when I took the opportunity of shewing him the elegant and sublime inscription on the monument which the Prince of Dessau has erected to the philosopher of Geneva<sup>1</sup>, on a little island in the gardens of Wörlitz. "I have also composed a monumental inscription for

\* The inscription here mentioned is as follows :

To the Memory  
Of  
J. J. ROUSSEAU,  
Who  
With manly eloquence  
Turned back  
The willing to sound understanding,  
The voluptuary to true enjoyment,  
The mistaken admirer of Art, to love for the simplicity  
of nature,  
And  
The Sceptic to the comforts of Revelation.  
He died on the second of July,  
1778.

A.  
" Rous-

“Rousseau,” said Henfler, when taking up a piece of paper he wrote as follows:

To their terrestrial Redeemer,

J. J. ROUSSEAU,

This is dedicated

By

The whole INFANT RACE.

Next to Henfler I saw most of the Sub-rector Müller, a man who is even more valuable for his excellent moral character, than for his great philological knowledge; he is at present employed in a new edition of Aratus\*.

\* The worthy Sub-rector Muller died soon after my departure from Altona. The materials he had collected for his new edition of Aratus, were consigned to Professor Buhle at Gottingen, who at the very time was himself preparing for the press a critical edition of that writer. A.

Professor Buhle is the publisher of a very fine edition of the Works of Aristotle, printed at Deux-Ponts. He has also published the correspondence of the celebrated Orientalist, Michaelis, a work replete with interesting and literary anecdotes of many of the most celebrated characters now living in England, as well as in most other parts of Europe: it is surprising that so valuable a work has not attracted more notice. T.



A short time since, I made a little excursion into Holftein, a sketch of which I will give you unaltered from my journal, although from want of time it is thrown together in the most hasty manner.

### SIGLBERG.

The new tiling of the houses gives this little town a very conspicuous and pleasing appearance, even at a considerable distance. The prospect from the chalk-hill abounds with beauty and variety; the chalk-stone, which is hewn there in abundance, brings in a yearly revenue to the state of six thousand rix-dollars.

### LUTIN.

I passed a very pleasant day here with Voss, who shewed me all the beauties of the country about both the lakes between which Lutin is situated. He is writing a treatise on Hexameters, an improved edition of the *Odyssey*, and a work upon Ancient Geography.

Gersten-

Gerstenberg, who has for some time lived at Eutin, is a most polite and agreeable man, as well as one of the first of genius's. A play by him, "Minona, or the Anglo-Saxons," will appear very shortly. His Idylls on the gardens of the Hesperides, some part of which were finished, and the plates for them actually engraved by Preißler, were lost on a journey. He had there described a new Elysian world, where the Hesperides and a Hercules formed from his own imagination were carried through a variety of extraordinary scenes. According to his account of them, the loss of productions so perfectly original must be irreparable.

## KIEL.

Ehlers, with whom I spent some hours very pleasantly, is, notwithstanding his distinguished merits, one of the most unassuming and modest of men. He tells me that the emperor has read his treatise on the pirating of books, and given in charge to Van Swieten to investigate the matter.

The canal which unites the East to the North Sea is at last finished: the sluices are pronounced by very good judges to be admirably constructed. The three first at Holtena, Knop, and Rathmannsdorf, raise vessels coming from the Eastern Sea, up to the lake of Flemhude, which lies twenty-seven feet higher than the sea, consequently at each sluice the vessel is raised nine feet: while by means of the three last, at Königsförde, Kluvenfiek, and Rendsburg, it is lowered again till it enters the river Eyder at Rendsburg. The breadth of the canal is an hundred feet, the depth ten, so that a vessel of ninety lasts can navigate it; only she must not exceed twenty-six feet and a half in breadth. At the entrance of the canal at Holtena is placed the following inscription:

CHRISTIANI VII. *jussu et sumptibus, mare*

*Balticum oceano commissum,*

M DCC LXXXII\*.

SCHIE-

\* It is a curious circumstance that when Baron Riebeck was at Hamburgh, he mentions this canal as a favourite project of the Danish minister's, yet thought so

## SCHIERENSEE.

So an estate, about two miles from Kiel, belonging to the Privy Counsellor Salderen, is called. The grounds at Keeschenberg are well laid out, but I thought water very much wanted to complete the scenery. A landscape without this essential article is like a room without a looking glass, as the author of the *Lebensläufe*\* very justly observes. The dwelling-house is built in a very superb style; over the entrance are these words: "*Non mihi sed posteris.*" It is covered with iron sheathing painted red, which is said to be a third part lighter than tiles. In the English part of the gardens

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so visionary by the inhabitants of Lübeck and Hünburgh, to whose trade it was likely to be extremely prejudicial, that they treated it as a matter of indifference, which might be projected, but never could be carried into execution. Notwithstanding, in six years after, we find the whole was completed. T.

\* *Lebensläufe in aufsteigender Linie*, a sort of biographical work by Veit Weber, (as he calls himself,) and no less entertaining than all the other productions of that universally admired author. T.

small

small pavilions are very happily dispersed in various places; the largest is inscribed "*Tranquillitati.*"

## DANISCH NEUHOF.

At this estate I had a view of the Baltic Sea for the first time. From the thickness of the forest by which we approached it, I had no idea that it was so near, till after winding for some time through dark paths among the trees, the whole expanse of water burst at once upon us. We now found ourselves upon a high and perpendicular shore, on a sort of platform, along which benches are placed, and which is railed on the side next the sea. The appearance of a ship, which seemed to glide down from a dark blue offing, and whose swelled\* sails glistened in the evening sun, was beautiful beyond description.

## EKHOF.

With Count Holk, the owner of this fine seat, I spent two days, never to be forgotten.

gotten. The description given by Hirschfeld in his "*Theory of Gardening*," of the charming manner in which the Gardens of Ekshof are laid out, I found to be most faithfully delineated. Count Holk has in his possession, a tolerably complete collection of Hogarth's works, and among others, that scarce piece, "*The End of all Things* \*."

#### RASTORF.

An estate of the Countess Ranzau's, the owner of Aschberg. I was very little pleased with the garden, which is wholly artificial, and still less with the house, where nothing attracted my attention excepting a family painting by Stein, a very eminent artist in this neighbourhood, in

\* Some mistake must probably be made here, either in the title given to the print, or in ascribing it to Hogarth. No such piece is mentioned in the complete catalogue of this artist's works lately published by Mr. Ireland, nor upon enquiring among people extremely conversant with Hogarth's productions, does it appear that such an one is known to exist. T.

which

which the Count, the Countess, and both their children, are represented in a very fine groupe. The only thing which pleased me in the garden, was the monument erected by the Countess Ranzau to her deceased husband. It is of grey marble, without any ornament, but elegantly designed; only it is to be regretted, that instead of the present feeble Gottschedian\* verses, a better inscription was not selected.

#### ASCHBERG.

Though this country in general, and the situation of Aschberg in particular, had been described to me in the most ad-

\* Gottsched, without any claim to eminence, endeavoured to assume to himself the office of supreme legislator of German literature. He was opposed in these arrogant pretensions by Bodmer, author of the heroic poem Noachide: a full account of this famous controversy may be seen in Höttinger's life of Solomon Gessner. The principal thing for which Gottsched was celebrated, was for the insipidity of his poetry, which even the compliments made him by Frederick the Great could not raise into any degree of reputation. T.

vantageous

vantageous terms by many patriotic Holsteiners, when we were talking of the *Travelling Frenchman*, and the perverted view he takes of many things, yet the expectations they had raised were far exceeded at the sight of so charming a landscape. The garden of Aschberg borders on the lake of Plön, which forms the finest feature of these parts; it is above a mile long, and has fertile shores, with woods and villages scattered all around them: I could fancy that the view before me must extremely resemble those of Switzerland when the Alps are veiled by clouds.

## PLÖN.

The road from Aschberg to Plön runs close along the sea-shore, and commands the most charming variety of scenery. At sight of the immense hall in the castle of Plön I seemed carried back to the romantic times of chivalry, for every thing about it is gigantic, and wears the stamp of the



the bold and rough stile peculiar to those times.

Not far from Plön I saw inscribed on the sign of a public house, the word *Erquickungsflair* \*. This fine flourish, particularly as only four beer was to be found there, reminded me of some literary braggadocios of our times, in whose works, notwithstanding their boasted novelty and originality, scarcely an idea could be found that was not hackneyed and worn out.

### LUBECK

Here I visited Wicke's academy, which this worthy man, after two years incessant exertion, has brought to a degree of prosperity that promises it a long duration. He has given the public no expectation, but nevertheless has performed a great deal. The pupils are educated with true paternal and maternal attention, and

\* An *Erquickungsflair* intendeth over a petty public house, is like a *Phylant'rophum* ore, a petty school. T.

instructed

instructed in whatever may be requisite for the respective situations to which they are destined\*.

The *Dance of Death* in the church of St. Mary, has nothing in common with that of Hans Holbein at Basle, but the name and the skeletons.

\* Wickede has since removed his academy from Lübeck to Plön. A.

## LETTER III.

Heidelberg, October 17th, 1785.

I HAVE been so long silent, my dearest Köpken, that I have consequently much to relate, and without further apology will therefore proceed to the detail of my journey from Altona to Heidelberg.

On the 29th of July, accompanied by Count M——, I crossed over from Altona to Haaburg, with a serene sky and favourable wind. At about a quarter of an hour's distance from Haaburg, the road passes over a hill whence there is the finest view of Hamburg and Altona I have yet seen, since they appear to be only one town. The country through which we then passed, did not appear so poor and barren as I had heard it represented, for where the earth would yield nothing better, rye and oats were sown: the situation of the villages amidst groves of oaks pleased me exceedingly. Uniform as is the way in general over the Lüneburg Heath, still the eye finds objects scattered

scattered about on which it can rest with pleasure: corn-fields, groves, and straw-roofed cottages, which appear above the dark oaks, sufficiently break the dreariness of the russet heath; and in many parts flourishing fields of buck-wheat lay spread by us like white carpets,—even in the most barren spots there are, at least, juniper-bushes.

In the cemetery of Wizzendorf, four miles from Zell, I read an epitaph which instead of beginning in that very generally received manner, "*Here rests in God,*" said plainly and truly, "*Here rest the bones,*" &c."—I rejoiced to see, in a little village, the unmeaning form which is still preserved upon the tomb-stones in all the church-yards in towns, superseded by one more accurate and rational.

My first excursion at Zell, was to the monument of the unfortunate Queen Caroline Matilda. Being a work of Oeser's\*,  
I did

\* Oeser, president of the Electoral Academy of Painting at Leipzick, is one of the oldest and most eminent painters

I did not doubt of finding it an exquisite piece of sculpture, and I was not disappointed. It stands in the palace-garden, at the end of an alley of limes, on a turf-mound which is planted with Weymouth-pines and weeping-willows. TRUTH, who may be recognized by the mirror at her side, crowns an urn with palm-wreaths. Before her stands PATRIOTISM, in the form of a beautiful woman with a child in her arms, whose eyes are fixed on the bust of the queen. On her side a Genius holds a rose up to her with his right hand, but she appears insensible to every thing, and wholly absorbed in contemplating the object before her.

As I passed the school-house, I was struck with a lively recollection of the too

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painters and sculptors now living in Germany. Besides several pieces of his, dispersed in different parts of the empire, his best paintings are preserved at Leipsick, in the church of St. Nicholas, in the lecture-room of Professor Plattner, in the public rooms, and other buildings. He is a native of Hungary, and a worthy and estimable private character. T.

early

early deceased poet, Hölty, who there laid the foundation of the very extensive knowledge which he afterwards acquired: but like Brawe, Kroneck, and Michaelis, he was cut off even in the fairest blossom of his fame. What accessions might not have been expected to poetry, from a youth of so much promise, especially when it is considered, as his Biographer\* relates, that he himself regarded his juvenile productions, however highly they might be esteemed by others, as little better than school exercises, and only first steps in the ladder to perfection. I inquired in vain at Hanover after his grave, no one could point out the spot that enclosed his remains; but the time was when it was equally impossible to ascertain where the remains of Leibnitz were deposited.

Within the last year and half, the high road from Zell to Hanover has been planted with trees, but it is so sandy, that the traveller is glad to have recourse to less

\* His friend Voss is his Biographer, and the Editor of his Poems. T.

beaten tracks. Hanover lies in a plain; but on account of the forest which is to be passed in the way thither, the city does not appear till one arrives at the very gates. There is nothing very striking in the first view of it, yet every passenger must be pleased with the breadth of the streets, the fine pavements, and the footways on each side. They have begun to plant the rampart after the English manner with American trees, and this promises in future to make a very pleasant promenade\*.

The bishop of Osnaburgh is universally beloved here, and all that I heard concerning him justifies this attachment. Of Prince William Henry too, who was also for a long time resident at Hanover, I heard a trait which does honour to his heart. One day he met a poor woman, leading in her hand a half-naked boy.—“Will you sell me your child?” asked the Prince.—“You may be a very rich gentleman,”

\* Since that time this walk has been ornamented with a very good bust of Leibnitz, which is placed in a temple supported by Ionic pillars. A.

she answered, "but I would not take all  
" your money in exchange for my child."  
—"Why not?" said the Prince, "do you  
" know then who I am?—but come to-  
" morrow to the castle, and if, indeed, I  
" am not in circumstances to purchase your  
" son, at least I can provide for him."—  
The woman appeared the next morning as  
he had desired, and the Prince not only  
had the boy creditably educated, but pro-  
mised to take him into his service if he  
should prove honest and diligent.

Seven years ago, while I was still a stu-  
dent at Kloster-Bergen, my old friend  
P—— had given me so animated a  
description of the English garden at Ma-  
rienwerder, that I was extremely desirous  
of becoming personally acquainted with  
this *Garden of Nature*, as he called it, and  
I therefore allotted the second day of my  
stay at Hanover, whence it is about a mile  
distant, to a walk thither. I set out  
upon this excursion through the avenue of  
Herrnhausen, on one of the finest summer  
mornings which the imagination could con-



ceive. I stopped for about an hour at the royal garden at Herrnhausen, but there, alas! the famous jet d'eau played no longer. It may be a very fine sight to see a column of water driven up to the height of eighty feet, but art must always fall short of nature; for notwithstanding all that has been said of the artificial water-works at St. Cloud, Marly, and Herrnhausen, they will bear no comparison with the natural fountain at Geyser in the island of Iceland, described by Uno von Troil, which throws up a vast column of water that divides itself into a variety of streams, the middlemost of which is ninety-two feet high.

From Herrnhausen I proceeded to Marienwerder. By the road side, at every mile-stone, little bowers are erected over seats of turf: a benevolent accommodation for foot-passengers, the like of which I afterwards found on the road from Hanover to Göttingen. A path to the left of the road, carried me through corn-fields to Marienwerder. The country about is woody and retired; the garden consists of  
plains,

plains, hills, valleys, and slopes, which are laid out with the most correct taste, and united together form a beautiful whole. For pomp and splendor the eye seeks in vain, but whithersoever it turns, it falls upon some appropriate inscription, some urn, hermitage, or cemetery, breathing peace and soft sadness into the soul. Never was my heart so soothed, nor did I ever experience so pensive a longing for seclusion and monastic quietude, as in the Gardens of Marienwerder.

The first thing that I saw at my entrance was the ruin of a chapel. Through a half-fallen gate-way I then passed on into a church-yard, where are a collection of grave-stones overgrown with moss; thence I proceeded by a bushy path down a hill, to a monumental urn shaded by weeping-willows, and dedicated to the memory of the minister of state Behr. Farther on, a path winds through a meadow which seems the abode of rural quiet; this walk is terminated by the river Leine, the banks of which are here high and steep. On the railing upon  
D 4 the

the bank is a German inscription in very milk-and-water verse. I then passed over a rustic bridge through smiling pastures and dark bushy walks, to a church-porch, whence there is a very fine view over a most charming landscape. On one side, the monastery with its solitary tower appears rising out of the woods, on the other, the Leine is seen meandering through a fertile valley, and at length the eye after roving over a large extent of country, including a variety of objects, such as groves, meadows, and corn-fields, rests upon the towers of Hanover.

Hence a dark path conducted me to a rising ground, where I was surprised with seeing a cemetery, containing a number of monumental crosses\*, on which I read the interesting names from Yorick's Travels and Tristram\* Shandy, of Eliza,

\* It is customary in Germany to erect a wooden cross at the foot of the grave of any person whose situation was too poor to afford a monument of stone or marble. The cross is merely inscribed with the name of the deceased, and the time of his death. T.

Father Lorenzo, Corporal Trim, Maria of Moulines, Uncle Toby, and Yorick, who are feigned to lie interred here. On Trim's cross are these words from Tristram Shandy: "*Weed his grave clean ye men of goodness, for he was your brother.*"

To the right of the cemetery lies a hermitage under the shade of some oaks; over the door hangs a bell, which the pilgrim pulls to summon forth the recluse inhabitant. On a table formed of the stump of a tree a book of pious meditations lies open; this with a rosary, a vessel of holy water, a crucifix, a small collection of books of devotion and biography, a bed of straw matting, and a horn lantern, form the hermit's whole property. Behind the hermitage, on a small grass-plot, under a very aged oak, stands a Druid altar.

The garden contains many inscriptions, of which some are cut in different pavilions, and others on the rails of bridges and benches. The English ones are principally taken from Young, Pope, and other good Poets; but the German are selected

selected entirely from authors of the Got-  
tichedian school.

Within the shade of a grove lies a  
rough stone on a grave, with the follow-  
ing inscription, which I copied with diplo-  
matic accuracy :

Hier, wandrer, halt, eil nit so hin  
Lies erst wer ich gewesen bin.  
Ich war wie andre junge gecken  
Stolz, weis', mocht gern ums weibsen lecken,  
Hat dabei sonder grill im hirn  
Und einem wurm grad hintr'r stirn,  
Dem mach' ich lust zu früh, ich tropf  
Durch einen hagelschuss im kopf,  
Nun lieg ich hier, bin asch und graus,  
Und kluge und narren, spotten mich aus.  
Hast auch'n wurm? so hör', ich bitt'  
Hege und pflege, und schies dich nit\*.

Suicide deserves only compassion, and it  
is little-minded, and cruel to make it the  
aim of an unseasonable jest. I hold these  
doggerel rhymes, therefore, the composition  
of which is besides so contemptible, that  
it need not excite envy in the very lowest

\* These are ill-written, nonsensical lines, not worth  
translating. C.

of the rhyming tribe, as wholly unworthy the mild and majestic character of the rest of this garden\*.

On the following day we left Hanover. In passing through Eimbek I inquired after my former school-fellow —, whose father was in the ministry here and died some years ago. The tragical history of this young man I heard with feelings of the deepest horror. He possessed uncommon talents, and had acquired a considerable degree of knowledge, as he evinced by incontestable proofs while he was at school at Kloster-Bergen. In his early years, Crebillon's romances had fallen into his hands;—the seducing scenes drawn by that writer, with such exquisite brilliancy of colouring, made an indelible impression upon his ardent imagination, till, with increasing years, his passions increased be-

\* Zimmermann says of these gardens, "I never am  
" at Marienwerder without feeling my heart exhilarated,  
" and content to be pleased; I do not weary myself to  
" find out whence this pleasure may arise, nor would  
" suffer any cold votary of taste to laugh me out of it." A.  
yond

yond the power of control. I had never seen or heard any thing of him since his dismissal from school, till now, in his native town, I learnt that he returned home from the university with his faculties blunted by excesses, to a degree nearly approaching to insanity. From that time he lived in a constant state of disagreement with his mother-in-law, to escape from whom, he enlisted among the Hessian troops destined for America. When his father was informed of this circumstance, distressed at the idea of the perils he was about to encounter, he purchased his discharge, and the young man once more returned under his paternal roof. But on this re-union, the animosity between him and his mother-in-law was renewed with such added violence, that he one day stabbed her with a knife, and immediately ran away. He then enlisted again as a soldier, and passing over a bridge, in the course of a march, was seized with a paroxysm of despair, threw himself into the water, and there ended his life.

I was

I was extremely pleased with the bold situation of the ruined castle of Plesse, not far from Göttingen, which stands on the woody summit of a hill, and rises considerably above the trees. My stay at Göttingen was very short, and my time entirely devoted to my friend S——.

Half a mile from Münden, the road winds through a narrow wooded valley, which leads to a small and nearly circular plain, enclosed like an amphitheatre, by rising grounds shaded with woods from their feet quite up to their summits. At the end of this plain appears, at a great depth below the road, the Weser, which is formed a little above that spot by the junction of the Fulda and the Werra, and which thence proceeds to flow through a wild valley. The road then turns up a steep rocky hill, whence the little town of Münden is seen, together with one of the finest countries in all Germany. The valley of Münden, through which the Fulda runs, in the most charming meanderings, is enclosed by wooded hills.

At



At Cassel we could only spare three hours for the Museum, a time scarcely sufficient for taking even a superficial view of the whole. In the two antique rooms are a collection of bronze and plaister casts, some original works, many busts, bas-reliefs, inscriptions on stone, and other monuments of the arts of antiquity, of which the following appeared most worthy of attention:

## I.

The Venus ~~de~~ Medicis—the Slave grinding the knife—the Gladiator—the Fawn—and a Mercury in bronze.

## II.

Paris, Ilygeia, and Minerva, all of Parian marble.—The Minerva was brought thither from among some rubbish in a cellar, where she had long served as a stand to an oil cask. As the cask once burst, she became so impregnated with oil, that even now, in warm weather, drops are emitted from various parts of her body.

## III. Nar-

## III.

Narcissus bending over the fountain to view his own image. The master unknown.

## IV.

A Poem to Hygeia, inscribed on a table of white marble, which Gessner has examined, and filled up from the Athenais\*.

## V.

The names of the victors in the Olympic games, inscribed on another marble table.

The two last were brought from Greece by the Hessian soldiers in the pay of Venice.

Notwithstanding that my sketch of the curiosities in the different rooms of the

\* When this was first placed in the Museum, the poem was in great measure erased by time; but Gessner on examining it, found it to be the same as one in the Athenais, and supplied what was wanting. T.

Museum must be very superficial, as we had barely time just to pass through them, yet I send it, as it will serve to give you some idea of the variety and value of the whole collection.

## I.

Minerals :—very complete, and admirably arranged.

## II.

Stuffed quadrupeds and birds :—among others, a young elephant and two lions. Almost all the beasts were formerly alive in the Menagerie here.

## III.

Shells, Zoophytes, and sea animals; a well-preserved female mummy.

## IV.

Mosaic works :—a very costly collection, which consists of two hundred pieces. A John as large as life, after the Romish manner,

manner, is uncommonly fine. Among the works after the Florentine School, some landscapes may be particularly distinguished.

## V.

Insects.

## VI.

Engravings of famous Literati: among others the set by Baufe\*.

## VII.

Automati and clock-work:—particularly a collection of watches, from their first invention down to our own time. Those which are called Nuremberg eggs have a catgut line instead of a chain †.

\* Baufe is one of the most famous engravers in all Germany. He lives at Leipfick. T.

† It is well known that watches are a German invention; Peter Hele of Nuremberg is their reputed inventor. The first he made were much larger than any we have seen in our days, and in the form of eggs, whence they were called for a time Nuremberg eggs. T.

## VIII.

The cabinet of coins.—Gold coins of Philip of Macedon, Alexander the Great, some of the Roman Emperors, and those of several barbarous nations. Hessian coins, with all the current coins of the present times. Japanese, Chinese, and Turkish coins. Besides these, there are in this room, works of art in gold, silver, ivory, and amber. A valuable collection of miniature paintings; and some earthen vessels made in this country, which are little inferior to Wedgewood's for their durability, as well as the exquisite manner in which they are finished.

## IX.

Models of Roman temples, monuments, bridges, and ruins cut in cork with great exactness.—From these a much more perfect idea of the Pantheon and Coliseum is obtained than could be given by any painting or drawing. We are indebted to the architect Cici at Rome for this invention.

tion. Here is also the *Dactyliothecca*, which contains a very valuable collection of Cameos and Intaglios. A Goddess of Peace, in Sardonyx, and an Horatius Cocles, in Achadonyx, from the freedom and neatness of the carving, and their extraordinary degree of polish and expression, may undoubtedly be reckoned among the finest pieces of this collection.

## X.

Optical and astronomical instruments.

## XI.

Instruments and machines for various other branches of the mathematics.—I was much struck with a celestial sphere, in silver, made in the former century by Professor Weigel, on which, instead of the usual constellations, the arms of all the reigning Princes in Europe were engraven.

## XII.

Experimental philosophy.—The electrical apparatus is the most complete possible.

Here we also saw one of Tschirnhausen's famous burning-glasses, which throws the focus to the distance of thirteen feet.

## XIII.

The library.—This occupies the whole second story of the building. Here you are shewn a Latin Bible of 1462, which is almost as rare as that of Fust and Scheffer in the Missal character.

## XIV.

History:—particularly manuscripts relative to the Hessian history. Against the wall hang engravings after Raphael's paintings in the Vatican.

## XV.

Manuscripts of Greek and Roman Authors, for instance, of Thucydides, Statius, Lucan, and others.

## XVI.

This room is small, and contains nothing but Piranesi's set of Roman ruins.

## XVII.

## XVII.

The arms and military accoutrements of various countries. Bows, arrows, battle-axes, and boats of savage nations.

## XVIII.

Wax figures as large as life, of the Land-graves of Hesse, from Philip the Magnanimous, down to the King of Sweden, with their wives.—In their garments the fashions of the times in which they lived are carefully observed, and these figures therefore are no inconsiderable acquisition towards a history of the costume of different periods. Charles, under whom the water-works at Karlsberg were constructed, and Frederick the First, King of Sweden, are clothed after the French, the rest after the Spanish fashion. However strange and grotesque the ornaments and the glitter of spangles on the heads of the women may appear, they differ only in form from those of the present day. The countenance of Philip



the Magnanimous, is the most interesting among them. It would be a hard task, even for Lavater himself, to trace in these strongly marked and resolute features the desponding pusillanimity, and degrading humility, with which the Prince fought to save his soul by unburthening his conscience to Luther and Melancton, in the well-known rescript he addressed to them on account of his prohibited marriage.

## XIX.

Paintings intended to serve towards a more complete knowledge of the armour of the ancient knights. Below are many excellent pieces, but the masters are unknown.

The road to the Landgrave's summer-residence at Weimenstein is through a narrow avenue. In front of the house, to  
the

the left, lies the Chinese Village, which, besides two temples, has a cow and sheep-stall, a mill, and some other buildings after the Chinese manner. Thence one proceeds to a grove where American trees are grouped with natives, among which small pavilions are interspersed, each consecrated to some Grecian Sage, or celebrated character in the Heathen mythology. In one of these Socrates is sitting reading at a table, in the same attitude in which he is represented in the frontispiece to Mendelssohn's edition of the *Phædon*. Pythagoras, Anaxagoras, Heraclitus, Democritus, and Plato, have all their appropriate habitations. Diogenes lies in his tub, stretched on reeds and holding his drinking cup in his hand, and the Cumæan Sybil stands in a grotto at the end of a dark path. All these figures are as large as life, modelled from a mixture of chalk and plaster, and coloured after nature. But I have dwelt too long on such childish things, which must offend every eye sensible to real beauty, and which deserve only

to be tranſiently mentioned as the *ne plus ultra* of inſipidity\*.

Hence the hill grows ſteeper, and a broad turf-way planted with lime-trees leads to a ſpacious grotto intended to repreſent the infernal regions. To the right of the entrance is a Hercules, who gives back his wife to Alceſtes, and an Orpheus returning from hell followed by Eurydice; the anxious doubtful joy on the countenance of the latter is admirably expreſſed. In a niche on one ſide are the Parcae with their Inſignia. To the right within the grotto, ſtands a Coloſſal ſtatue of Hercules, with his enormous club, and Cerberus before him: near him appear Pluto and Proſerpine, on high ſeats, and by their ſide,

— Danai genus

*Infant.* —

Farther in, is Sifyphus rolling his ſtone, and in another part of the grotto ſits Erebus

\* Theſe figures have been removed by the reigning Landgraves, who has made great alterations in laying out the gardens in a manner which diſplays true taſte. A.

on

on the throne of his gloomy kingdom. Some among these plaster figures are of uncommon beauty.

Behind the grotto we ascended again through an uncultivated tract, to the first basin of the cascade. And now we were at the foot of a work which holds a very distinguished rank among the noble monuments of architecture. It was begun in the year 1701, under the Landgrave Charles, and in fifteen years a considerable progress was made towards its completion. The original plan of this work may be seen by a model which is preserved in the model-house at Cassel.

Before I quitted this town, I visited Lappard, that able artist in Mosaic, in his work-room. He is at present employed on a Mosaic-table after the Florentine manner, on which the town of St. Goar, with the Castle of Rheinfels, are to be represented. But after a succession of four Landgraves and the lapse of almost an hundred years, not indeed uninterrupted, during which it has been in hand, only the back ground  
is

is as yet finished. The stones employed are principally Amethyst, Onyx, Jasper, Agate, and Lapis-Lazuli. It is incredible how much patience and persevering industry such a work requires; the cutting of the stones, which must be performed with fine wire, is so extremely tedious, that the trial imposed on the Princess who was to pick millet out of an ash-heap, was a trifle compared with this.

At the entrance of the *Augarten*, directions for persons walking there are affixed, among which is the following: "Common citizens and soldiers are only allowed to walk in the by-walks."

In Frederick's place stands a Colossal statue in grey marble, of the reigning Landgrave of Hesse. My companion asked me why this statue had been erected?—You will certainly recollect here the memorable saying of Cato the Wise\*.

\* Cato, on being asked why his statue had not been erected at Rome, replied, "I had rather it should be inquired why my statue has *not*, than why it *has* been erected." T.

The road from Cassel to Wabern lies through fertile corn-fields. At almost every village through which we passed, ragged boys came to beg of us, and threw flowers into the carriage. These villages are well built, and by no means justify the melancholy description which a late traveller has given of them in the *German Museum*\*.

At Marburg I went to the church of the Teutonic Order, to see the monument of St. Elizabeth, which is estimated at the value of six hundred thousand rix-dollars. Through three doors, the outermost of which is guarded by numerous locks and iron barricades, we arrived at this venerable remains of gothic taste, which will always be an interesting object, to those who wish to investigate the history of the arts. It was erected in the middle of the thirteenth century, consequently before the time when the true taste for works of this kind was restored in Italy by Giotto and Cimabue.

\* A periodical publication so called. T.

The monument stands on a wooden pedestal and resembles a Gothic house. It has a pediment every way, and each pediment is supported by a figure two feet high; the length of the monument is six Paris feet, the breadth two, and the height three. The four large figures are said to be of massy gold, but the twelve Apostles, and the rest of the monument only silver gilt. All the decorations are set with pearls and precious stones, as they are called; supposing this to be really so, which however is very much doubted, they must be of immense value.

In point of costliness, this monument is certainly single in its kind, for that which Elizabeth Empress of Russia has erected to Alexander Newsky, and of which Bernouilli declares that it is unrivalled, is only silver, and has no precious stones.

No friend to mankind can resist a wish to see these masses of wealth, which here are altogether useless, brought forth from their gloomy abodes and applied to some benevolent purpose; particularly in this country,

country, where so many widows and orphans, whose husbands and fathers lie mouldering in America, have the most undoubted right to expect some public provision to be made for the reparation of their losses\*. The spirit of Elizabeth herself, must rejoice in such an application of this wealth, as she was a Princess who founded her greatest happiness in alleviating the distresses of the miserable†.

From

\* How much is this claim increased since the year 1785, when this idea was suggested, from the thousands of widows and orphans made by the *present* bloody and desolating contest. But indeed the wealth of the whole globe would hardly suffice to satisfy the claims of this nature which the hateful passion for war, so prevalent among the human race, has perpetually been creating in all nations and ages of the world. Is it to be hoped, that suffering humanity will ever see a lasting termination to such scenes of horror, and mankind learn how much more glorious it is to deserve the *OAKEN* than the *LAUREL* wreath? T.

† Professor Engelshall has inserted a very exact and circumstantial description of this monument to St. Elizabeth, in *Meusel's Miscellaneen Artistischen Inhalts*. A.

Engelshall



From the old castle at Marburg, there is a fine view over a varied country watered by the Lahn, and of the town so curiously situated on the slope of the hill.

At the free Imperial town of Friedberg, I saw, for the first time, the celebrated Calendar which has now been carried on without interruption for eighty-eight years, and in the middle provinces of Germany has gotten the better of all rivals, as its flourishing and extravagant title imports, which runs thus:

“ The limping and hobbling, yet hasty  
 “ flying and running Imperial Messenger,  
 “ that is, the improved Evangelical Ca-  
 “ lendar of Empires, States, Battles, Tri-  
 “ umphs, and History, now published for  
 “ the eighty-eighth time by Fr. Wohlge-

Engelshall was a German Poet, and had acquired considerable fame; he died lately at Marburg, where he was a Professor. His loss is extremely lamented by his friends, as appears by one of the numbers of the German Mercury of this year; whence we also learn that Matthiſſon himself was a great admirer of his poetry. T.

“ muth,

“ muth, (good-humoured,) called the Limp-  
 “ ing Messenger. Offenbach\*.”

How much it is to be wished that the excellent observations given in *Fischer's Fliegenden Blättern*, upon the composition of a Calendar, might in future extend over, and influence this country. It is lamentable to think that almost every channel through which ideas might be promulgated, for benefiting mankind by the improvement of his physical situation, and by enlightening his rational faculties, is always choaked up with impenetrable mire.

We passed hastily through Frankfort and Darmstadt, to Heidelberg, where we may perhaps remain for a year. In this town (of the romantic situation of which, Sulzer has given a just and faithful description) I found a friend in Counsellor Young, who is Professor at the Electoral School, which was some time since removed from Lautern to Heidelberg. His narrative of the prin-

\* However ridiculous this title may appear in English, it is not at all less so in German. T.

Principal incidents in the extraordinary life of Henry Stillings, is written without the least atom of poetical flourish:—as a sequel to this work, Young intends shortly to publish a sketch of his hero's domestic life. You coincided with the public in general, in regarding this history, at its first appearance, as a mere romance; but I can assure you from Young's own mouth, that every circumstance he has related, from the most minute to the most important, from the most common to the most remarkable, is genuine, and literal fact. So far indeed has he been from throwing too brilliant a colouring over the painting, that he has rather left some passages which would have redounded most to the honour of his hero's heart and understanding, in a kind of doubt and obscurity.

Young's great skill in the operation of *couching*, seems as yet to be but little known; though he has already gratuitously restored to sight upwards of two hundred persons, for the most part poor blind men, who were moreover maintained at an inn at

his own expence during the whole time of their cure \*.

\* The number of persons on whom Counsellor Young has performed this very nice operation, amounts now to four hundred, but still without any advantage to himself; and when an opulent man who had lately been his patient, sent him a pretty considerable sum, he gave it to the hospital on condition that the blind poor who may come in future for his assistance, shall be permitted to reside there, during the time requisite for their continuing under his hands. A.

## LETTER IV.

Düsseldorf, September 6th, 1786.

**A**FTER devoting a day at Manheim to the antique hall, where are casts of the best pieces of ancient statuary now extant; and to the statue gallery, where is my favourite piece of Fratrel's Cornelia weeping over Pompey's urn, I set forwards on my journey.

At Oggersheim, the usual residence of the Elector, I visited the chapel, one of the most highly finished works in the Palatinate, and examined it with that exquisite pleasure which must always arise from contemplating regularity of form and justness of proportion.

I also saw the female academy at Frankenthal, which is under the direction of Madame Bertrand of Neufchatel. This institution continues to increase in fame; the appearance of the girls announces health and cheerfulness, nor have I ever seen so

I

many

many blooming and happy countenances together. "*I was always an admirer of happy human faces.*" The apartments are decorated with the greatest taste, and a neatness, rarely to be seen, reigns throughout the whole. At the porcelain manufactory I could see only the warehouse, as the work-rooms were already shut up; the painting of the china is nearly equal to the Berlin, both in elegance and brilliancy of colouring.

On my arrival at Mentz I immediately visited the historian John Müller, with whom I had previously corresponded. We had a great deal of conversation on Switzerland and our common friend Bonstetten, and I am not the less desirous of seeing so charming a country, from having heard Müller's account of his travels in the Alps; I hope indeed, it will not now be long ere I shall hail that land of liberty. Müller is undoubtedly one of the most profoundly learned men at present existing throughout Germany; his reading is very extensive, and his memory scarcely inferior to that

of the immortal Haller. The facility with which he retains whole columns of dates exceeds belief; he knows the greatest part of Virgil and Horace by rote, and some of his friends have heard him, more than once, repeat the Hymns of Homer, and David's Psalms, in the original, without the least hesitation. His intimate acquaintance with the ancients first appeared to the public through the *Bellum Cimbricum*. It was to me as unexpected, as it was pleasing, to find in him the author of the *Travels of the Popes*. He carried me to the Charreufe, whence, according to his opinion, there is the finest view of the junction of the Mayne with the Rhine.

At Mentz I hired a vessel to proceed to Cologne. Hitherto I have never seen nature so sublime, so rich, so splendid, so charming, and so various, as from the former town to the Seven Hills. I do not feel sufficient confidence in my own powers, to attempt describing the environs of this part of the Rhine, and I should be ashamed of sending a chaotic detail of mountains, rocks, ruins

ruins on hills, rivers, villages, and woods, which might suit equally well for any other landscape to which the reader chose to apply it.

As we approached Ehrenbreitstein, my boatmen said, "It is a great pity that we cannot land here,—you ought to see the garment which the Mother of God made for our Saviour, and which he wore every Sunday as long as he lived."

Notwithstanding the Elector's humanity, he is very little beloved at Bonn, for he keeps no idlers in pay, and exerts his utmost endeavours to repress all luxury and profusion.

Nothing can be conceived more sublime than the far-extended crescent of Cologne appears, when approached by water, nor can any thing be more melancholy and dirty than the inside of that immense town. Most of the streets are as still, and desolate, as in the town, in the *Thousand and one Nights*, whose inhabitants were through a judgment of God turned into marble: and if here and there a human being is seen



scattered about, it is always either a priest or a beggar. The principal rendezvous of these latter, is in the neighbourhood of the cathedral, where they sit on stones, placed in regular rows of which there scarcely seems any termination. Each stone is particular property, and descends as an inheritance from father to son, or in case of a beggar's dying childless, he has a right to bequeath it to any friend or relation.

When Petrarch was in this town more than four hundred years ago, he was excessively struck with the urbanity of its inhabitants, with the noble carriage of the men, and the elegant neatness of the women. On St. John's Day, as he was on the shores of the Rhine, he was surprised with the sight of one of their most favourite exhibitions. A numberless multitude of females handsomely dressed, and ornamented with garlands of flowers collected on the river-side about sun-set, and all washed their hands and arms together while they pronounced certain mystical words. One of his companions told him  
that

that it was an immemorial custom among the females of Cologne to perform this lustration every year on St. John's Day, by which means they believed themselves to become perfectly secure from disease and misfortune till the return of that day again.

Bigotry and an abhorrence of heresy, according to the accounts of all enlightened travellers, are hardly carried to such excess in any other town in Germany as at Cologne. Under the sanction of that Phalanx of intolerance, the priesthood, the grossest outrages are often committed by the Catholic rabble, against all who are suspected of Protestantism. Very lately a young woman, who was servant in the house of a Protestant, returned home spat-tered over with mud from head to foot.

As I was in St. Peter's church, looking at the crucifixion of that Saint, one of Rubens' finest pictures, and stood quite lost in contemplation of so incomparable a work, a dog who had followed me from the inn, came up the steps of the altar,

and there, at the very side of the Priest as he was saying mass, was guilty of a misdemeanor very common among his species. Instantly the word *heretic*, (for as such I was probably recognized even at my entrance,) resounded from all sides, while a hundred female hands, brown and hard as those of the spinners in the *four Faquirs*, pointed at me all together. Happily I espied, close by me, a side-door behind a pillar, through which I made my escape as fast as possible. My host, to whom I related my adventure, assured me solemnly that if I had not thus fortunately saved myself by flight, such an opportunity of saluting me with the usual ceremonies, would never have been passed over.

Rubens made a present of the above-mentioned picture to the church of St. Peter, because he was baptized there, and the letter which he sent with it, is still preserved in a holy casket.

I took a walk one day to Bensberg, a castle belonging to the Elector Palatine, about

about three hours distance from Cologne; a true fairy-palace, which, situated in a woody solitude, on the summit of a high hill, has the appearance of enchantment. No lover of the arts should pass by Bensberg, on account of the fine collection of paintings, by Sconians, Bellucci, Pellegrini, and Weenix, nor any admirer of nature on account of the rich and extensive landscape to be seen from the lantern of the cupola.

From Cologne to Düsseldorf I went in the stage, the driver of which being ill with an ague, only drove us (to use a Suabian expression) a snail's pace. The company consisted of an Ecclesiastic from Brabant, who spoke a mixture of French, Latin, Dutch, and broken German; a monk, who carried with him an immense flask of brandy; and a student of Cologne, who declared that if the Protestants should obtain a church in that city, the students would consider it as a sacred duty immediately to demolish it again.

At

At Jacobi's, the privy counsellor's, I spent a very pleasant evening in company with Heinse. I learnt here the name of the young Wirtemberger, Wizenmann, whom Jacobi celebrates as having a very great genius for philosophical studies. We have now hopes of a second part of the Woldemar. Heinse is at present printing a romance, a specimen of which appeared some time since in the German Museum, and has with reason excited great expectations.

In the statue gallery, whither Heinse carried me, my attention was chiefly attracted by Guido-Rheni's Madonna, Raphael's John in the Wilderness, and some work of Rubens'. The rest I merely glanced over, or to speak more properly, did not look at them at all, for even now I have no other idea with regard to them than of having seen a confused mass of colouring. But John in the Wilderness, which made the strongest impression upon me, and which I stood the longest time contemplating,

templating, is fixed in my mind as plainly and as accurately as the figure of the moon in a still lake.

I send you the fragment of a treatise upon the best mode of study to be pursued by a rising poetical genius. It was given me by a friend, and from the spirit and stile of the work, you will have no difficulty in guessing at the author.

## THE FRAGMENT.

Oriental poetry must always be the first studied\*, not merely on account of its antiquity, its simplicity, and excessive im-

\* Although the author in this first period speaks of oriental poetry, by which we should understand the poetry of the Eastern nations at large, yet we must suppose from the context, that he means to confine his observations to the sacred poetry of the Hebrew scriptures, otherwise the beginning of the piece is wholly unintelligible. Indeed it appears throughout somewhat obscure, but it is not therefore the less likely to be from the pen of Klopstock, to whom it is ascribed. T.

agery,

agery, but rather because we, who have no national poetry, nor any mythological language of our own, must thence receive our first impressions. For it is impressions such as these which can alone awaken the genius of the poet, and whoever has had his imagination thus called forth, is unfortunate if it should be smothered again amidst a mass of scientific trash, foreign conceptions, or false taste, nor can do better than immediately endeavour to regenerate it, as much as may be in his power, by new images and impressions derived from the same source. And as those taken from religion always strike the soul most forcibly, let him begin with studying such sentences, hymns, grand maxims, and songs, as though not poetry themselves, inspire the youthful mind with poetical ideas, and give it a general tone for sublimity and harmony: from such a stock which lies like a chaos at the bottom of the soul, he may select with skill as inclination or opportunity shall offer, and in due time produce works of his own.

Lowth

Lowth on the Hebrew poetry, is a work much to be recommended for this purpose: yet I would wish every one to endeavour to feel the beauties of the sacred poetry more ardently than Lowth himself seems to have done, for excepting in particular passages, the beauty of which he undoubtedly felt in its fullest force, he does not appear so deeply impressed by his subject as might be wished. The nearer one can come in this respect to the original language the better, although I doubt whether any person could feel more in these pieces, than their animation, their harmony, and the liveliness of their imagery. The Hebrew Grammar should be a field, and indeed the best field, for gathering poetical flowers; it is however, like the Grammars of all other languages, a mere dry philosophical skeleton. But two other things may be recommended as of great assistance in gaining that intimate acquaintance with the spirit of the language, the acquisition of which is so very desirable. In the first place, Travels into the East, of which we  
have



have some that are excellent, though indeed to speak truly, the generality are little better than chaff; but Maillet's Letters on Egypt, Shaw's Travels, d'Arvieux, Pococke, and Niebuhr, in parts at least, if not throughout, I have read with pleasure. I believe that in Hasselquist also, some useful things might be found, although his travels are chiefly botanical. Secondly, the ways of thinking and habits of the countries adjoining to Judea, particularly of the Arabians, may be studied with advantage. For, as the Arabic language is, as it were, the living Hebrew, and the customs of that people those which display most accurately the genius of the Eastern nations; so is their history both before Mahomet, during his life, and since that period, full of rich veins of poetical ore. That part of the Universal History, which relates to these nations is well executed, but the subject is treated in a superior manner in Guthrie's Abridgement. The Arabian poetry, the Koran, &c. are in this respect also well worthy of attention,

tion, still only as guides to understanding the spirit of the Oriental poetry, from the vestiges of antiquity which they describe as still extant among a living nation.

Now let us take a great leap to North-America, to the history of the *Five Nations*, little of whose poetry it is true is known in Europe, but their customs and ways of thinking are the best mirror, if I may be allowed the expression, in which to see how, with a certain mode of education, poetry without any art or rule, but merely through the instinct of nature, acquires great force and grandeur. The travels of Charlevoix and of Lafiteau, will be here the best assistance; the last are a sort of compendium of the ethics and poetry of savage life. It is certainly of great advantage, in more and weightier points of view than merely with respect to poetry, to make oneself thoroughly acquainted with the manners of savage nations, even to become, as it were, oneself a savage in order to enter more fully into their simple strength of character.

The

The Edda of the ancient Northern nations, I recommend merely as the reverse of the coin, that the one side may illustrate the other, for these people were in former times, on the European side of the globe, what the North Americans are now on theirs. They had strength of soul and boldness of imagery, in common with each other; and as these Northern nations were in some sort our parents, it is to them perhaps, that we owe the small remains of national modes of thinking which are now left among us. Yet the going through the Edda itself, is merely wandering amid remnants of customs and manners, and Mallet's first part of the History of Denmark, has as much both of the Edda of poetry, and of introduction to history, as is requisite for our purpose.

But the richest discovery of our century, and which in every respect may be called a treasure, are the remains of ancient Celtic, Scotch, or Erse poetry, published by Macpherson, and on the authenticity of which, Gibbon should be heard before all others. They

They had best be read in the English translation, from which the German translations are taken, but otherwise that of Denis is very useful, particularly on account of Blair's treatise, who in his province is not inferior to Lowth. In this people were united a strength of feeling, an elevation of character, and a liveliness of imagination, with a softness and tenderness of heart, not to be found in other Northern nations, among whom all is flint-stone, and ready to strike fire. Their images are very simple and often repeated, but they are strong, just, and striking. Oh, they are Nature! Nature!—for which reason they in many respects approach the Orientalists very nearly. There cannot be a greater contrast than between Ossian and Milton, as to poetical invention; and the time will come when, in more than one point of view, we shall say, we shut up Homer, Virgil, and Milton, and read Ossian over and over\*.

We

\* It is perhaps not very surprising that a foreigner should entertain such ideas with respect to the comparative merits

We may indeed reckon him the nearest to Homer, who excels him in nothing so much as in a sweet loquacity, and a fancy which through the simplicity and beauty of his mythology can exalt every thing into an idol. Homer must not be considered either wholly as a classical school hero, or as an allegorist, a philosopher, an alchymist, or a broker of wise saws, neither as a songster mounted on the triumphal car of epic poetry; to regard him in any

merits of Milton and Ossian. The perfect simplicity of the latter is much more easy to be understood by one not thoroughly acquainted with the English language, than the noble elevation of style, sublimity of sentiment and description, profound learning, and classic taste of the former, whose unrivalled poem contains beauties which none but an Englishman, and not even every Englishman, can truly feel. But far from concurring in opinion with the author of the Fragment, the English reader will rather compare Ossian with the Georgium-Sidus, which though insipid in itself, yet as being newly discovered, excited attention for a while, but soon sunk again into its original obscurity. Milton, on the contrary, will be likened to the steady planet Jupiter; which, wanting novelty, attracts no particular notice, yet whose brilliancy has always been the admiration of every soul of seeing, and will remain so, till time shall be no more. T.

of

of these lights singly, is to dress him in false colours. He is in fact a ballad-singer, an *αοιδος* of the flowers of the *αοιδων* that went before him, who with his lyre in his hand sings in immortal Hexameter the sayings of former times, which simple and unadorned seem as silvery waves, gently rolling over each other, and producing such soft tones as penetrate the very soul.

Next in order let Pindar follow, in whom we see the Homeric mythology, wisdom, and poetry, in the finest and most laboured abbreviations. The most remarkable thing in him is the sublime manner in which he frequently starts away from the Olympian course, and runs hither and thither plucking flowers from history to twine them into wreaths for adorning his victors; unless thus considered, his *γνωμαί* become old women's saws, and his mythology a confused gallimatia.

And now to Sophocles. His tragedy is indeed more properly heroic opera; the unities of action, place, and time, ought not therefore to have been imposed on any other nation where the object was different;

and it was to preserve these that the chorus with the religious solemnities were introduced. Sophocles cannot therefore in any respect be taken as a model for tragedy, but his style, his simplicity of action, his powers of exciting the passions, and his elevated declamation, will always deserve our admiration, particularly if his pieces are read with the idea of being in Greece among an assembly of the people, and hearing them in the recitative accompanied with action in which they were recited or sung.

To Sophocles succeeds Shakespeare, but the one must in no respect be compared with the other, for they are not comparable. Shakespeare is the history of mankind placed before our eyes; all his scenes are single leaves out of the great book of Nature, and for this reason every thing in him deserves attention. With respect to character, the Greeks knew little or nothing of that kind of humour with which all Shakespeare's are coloured, and which seems to come forth as it were, from the bottom of the heart: and in each individual

dual you do not merely see and hear him act and speak, but you also feel that he could not have acted or spoken otherwise. With respect to the passions, he does not merely make them boil over, when we must necessarily hear the storm, but he carries us at the same time to the enchanted caves whence they spring, and lays open to our view every avenue which leads to their most interior recesses.



## LETTER V.

Zürich, August 15th, 1787.

FROM Heidelberg to Stuttgart, I travelled in company with a Dutch officer who had been stationed for twenty years at Columbo in Ceylon, and who was now just returned with his wife and children to Kempten his native country.

At Stuttgart I spent some days with my friend Hartmann, whose family is one of the most estimable that I know. I saw again, and with added pleasure, the sleeping Venus, of which Tischbein says, that it unites all Titian's beauties, without having any of his faults.

Schubart, in whose company I spent some time, has, undoubtedly, most splendid talents, only he wants a Plato to remind him from time to time of the golden saying *Ὁς τὰς χερσὶν*. The history of the first years of his imprisonment, which he related to us with ever increasing animation, pierced me to the very soul; even  
 now

now he appears only to drag on a lengthened chain. Since Bach, at Hamburgh, I have never heard any one play so finely on the harpsichord, especially when he rises into the expression of the more animated passions. His compositions have not hitherto met with that esteem to which they appear entitled; his accompaniments to the war-songs of our Tyrtæus are admirable\*. The very small salary which he receives as director of the theatre at Stuttgardt would scarcely keep him and his family above want, but that deficiency is in some measure supplied by the extensive sale of the chronicle in which he is concerned.

I consider my acquaintance with Huber as a real acquisition; he is a man of sterling worth without allay; open, honest, and upright; and though possessed of distinguished endowments of understanding, perfectly modest and unassuming. His early poetry deserves to be ranked among that of our golden age in this sublime art,

\* By Tyrtæus is probably meant the famous poet Gléim\*, who has published war-songs not less full of spirit than those of the Grecian bard. T.

and he has acquired himself a considerable station among the bards of the Hallerian school by his "*Conversations with God*\*."

The Counsellor of Legation, Abel's, collection of engravings, contains the most celebrated works of Frey, Edelink, Audran, Bolßwert, and Vorßtermann, from the great Italian and Flemish masters; particularly many from Rubens, Raphael, Poussin, and Jouvenet; also the Romualdus, well known as the chef-d'œuvre of Andrew Sacchi engraved by Frey.

Never were my feelings more sensibly awakened to the vanity of all human greatness, than at the sight of the hill between Göppingen and Geißlingen, where formerly stood the house belonging to the ancestors of the Dukes of Suabia, the village close by which still retains the name of Hohenstaufen. No student of history could contemplate, without emotion, the small remains of the wall upon the top of that hill. On viewing it, I involuntarily ran over in my mind the annals of that

\* A methodistical kind of work, as may be inferred from so strange a title. T.

celebrated period from Conrad the Third to the great Conradin, a portion of history so splendid, and so enriched with great exploits; and in a fit of enthusiasm I called on the spirits of Barbarossa and his great-grandson, to come forth like the shades of Ossianic heroes, from out the moss-clad walls of their ruined castle.

The little town of Geislingen belonging to the state of Ulm, is in a romantic situation between high rocky hills, only sparingly scattered over with shrubs. At the post-house, a number of young girls were assembled, who with most indefatigable mercantile eloquence intreated us to buy their ivory toys, the turning of which is a principal branch of their industry.

At Ulm I visited Professor Miller, whom I found precisely the man of which his writings had led me to form an idea. He made numberless inquiries about Klopstock, Voss, and the two Stolbergs, in whom he seems to take the deepest interest. We ascended the Minster, whence there is a very fine view over the beautiful valley  
of

of the Danube. Even in its unfinished state, the Minster at Ulm is one of the finest remaining monuments of Gothic architecture. Miller pointed out to me the place where, in the year 1495, the Emperor Maximilian the First stood, when he visited it; and at the same time shewed me the strongly marked and expressive portrait of that monarch, which is no disgrace to the talents of Lucas Kranuck\*.

From Lindau, a little town upon an island in the lake of Constance, and united to the main land by a long bridge, I went over to Rorschach. The passage here, which is the broadest part of the lake, takes about four hours. Rorschach belongs to the Prince Abbot of St. Gallen, and by means of its extensive linen-trade is become very flourishing.

The Thurgau, through a part of which I travelled, is strictly speaking a garden. I have never hitherto found so much riches of nature, united with so many striking

\* Lucas Kranuck was a very famous painter of those times. A fine head of Luther, by him, is to be seen in the castle. T.

traces of the industry of man, excepting in the duchy of Wirtemberg, the Palatinate, and the Four Lands near Hamburg\*. The houses stand single, and are surrounded by gardens and fields as in the march of Holstein.

The church-yard at Rommishorn is undoubtedly the most advantageous spot whence to view the lake of Constance. The town of Constance once so flourishing, but at present almost desolate, has now some prospect of reviving again through the declining state into which Geneva is brought by the late emigrations.

Thence I took a sail to the island of Reichenau, the Benedictine monastery on which, is one of the oldest now in existence, and was the burying-place of Charles le Gros. The body of the Evangelist Mark, which is preserved here, is asserted to be the genuine one, while the venerable

\* The Four Lands, are four villages on the banks of the Elbe in the neighbourhood of Hamburg, and are places of great resort in the summer for parties of pleasure. They are particularly celebrated for the excellence of their vegetables. T.

fathers pronounce that shewn at Venice to be an absolute imposture. They shew a finely-formed antique vase, which probably is of Grecian origin, as the Canaanitish wedding-cup, and a *fluor mineralis* of almost thirty pounds weight is exhibited as an emerald. The key-hole of the library-door was woven over with cobwebs; this will undoubtedly call to your recollection the poor's box, in a similar condition, in Hogarth's Marriage-a-la-mode.

In a church at Constance is a painting which for originality of design must stand unrivalled. It is true that I did not see it myself, but the circumstantial description given me by one well worthy of credit, enables me to give you, at least, its leading ideas. It is called the Conception of the Holy Virgin. An old man lies on a cloud whence he darts out a vast beam which passes through a dove hovering about just below; at the end of the beam appears a large transparent egg, in which is seen a child in swaddling-clothes with a glory round it. Mary sits leaning back in an arm-

arm-chair, and opens her mouth to receive the egg.

An inhabitant of this place, who has let a part of his house to a family from Geneva, has brought forth an old stone figure, which tradition calls the statue of Hufs, and which for time immemorial had stood in an obscure corner among some rubbish, and has now fresh coloured the face and clothes, and set it up in the hall of his new lodgers.

I went by water from Constance to Schaffhausen. As a tempest seemed coming on, the vessel was obliged to put in at Ermatingen, whence it proceeded onwards at three o'clock next morning. At Stein on the Rhine the lake terminates, the shores contract, and the current of the river becomes perceptible.

I did not stay long at Schaffhausen, but went immediately to the fall of the Rhine, where I spent the whole day. Of all the descriptions of this cataract which have come to my knowledge, that of Meiners appears in every respect to claim the first place. I read it over again upon the very spot,



spot, and after the closest comparison found the picture exactly agreeing with the original. That indeed represents the fall of the Rhine individually, and not merely, if I may use the expression, gives its generic, but also defines accurately its specific character; whereas almost all other writers draw up a description in a flourishing Dithyrambic style, which would serve just as well for the cataracts of the Nile or of Senegal; nay, which in some parts would answer equally well for an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, or a representation of the earthquake, in Calabria.

The exclamation of that poet\*, who, at the first sight of this fall, broke out, "God what a water-hell!" may serve as a contrast to the phlegmatic remark of an Englishman, who said on a like occasion, "Faith, one would think that the Devil was cooking himself a mess of milk-porridge, down there!"

\* The German poet Lenz.—"Gott! welch eine Wasserhohe!" is the original exclamation. It may have force and meaning to a German ear; to an English one, it conveys not much of either. T.

I spent the greatest part of my time at Zürich with the Senator Füssli, one of the most liberal and enlightened of men, and eminently active in promoting the public good. In these respects his equal is scarcely to be found among the Helvetians: his memory is quite a history of his native country. During his residence in Italy he was the intimate friend of Winkelmann, in whose posthumous correspondence some letters to him are inserted. A picture of Winkelmann by Angelica Kaufmann hangs in his work-room.

Füssli carried me to the forest of Sihl where Gessner usually spent his summers, in a rural habitation in the midst of a true Arcadian Wilderness, on the bank of the loud-roaring Sihl. Few men have made a more pleasing impression on my mind than the honest, cheerful, unassuming Gessner, who is become the pride of the German Parnassus, from the Tejo quite to the Neva. Fate appears to have balanced his deserts against his domestic happiness with an equity which she rarely observes. He has now for some years renounced poetry,

poetry, and devoted his leisure hours entirely to painting; but his landscapes are true Idylls of the pencil, and unite with the utmost originality of genius, the greatest charms of design and beauty of colouring.

Some time since I saw also the Chanoine Tobler, the author of the well-known Ascetical Works, and the translator of Thomson's Poems, who through his patriarchal hospitality won my whole soul. Mere literary acquaintance are indifferent to me, but the friendship of a man who is all nature and cordiality contributes essentially to the happiness of my life.

## LETTER VI.

Nion, on the lake of Geneva, Oct. 30th, 1787.

**A**T Murten the German and French languages are jumbled together, and the inhabitants speak the one as ill as the other. Hence the line of separation between the two languages runs through Friburg, where the lower part of the town does not understand the upper, and thence proceeds through the Sane Vales\* in the Valais.

The quantity of bones in the Charnel-house at Murten, has from various causes been for some years visibly diminishing. In the first place, almost every traveller who visits them takes some away as a *souvenir*; but what consumes them much more rapidly is, that on account of their

\* In the Sane Vales the French and German languages are divided by the hill of Vaunel, on which stand the remains of an ancient castle. In the village of Twan which lies at the foot of Mount Jura, over against the island of St. Peter in the lake of Biel, the line of division is formed by a little rivulet. A.

extraordinary whiteness, they are now much employed in turnery-ware, particularly in making handles for knives. The post-boys of Geneva, to whom credit is due for discovering this new branch of trade, carry them away in large quantities, in order to make money of them in their native town: Boussetten assured me, that ten years ago, this heap of bones was at least some feet higher. In ancient times it was a frequent practice among the inhabitants of Burgundy to come hither, for the purpose of carrying away as many as possible of these remains of their unhappy countrymen, that they might transport them over the borders and bury them in their native soil. But more curious was the fate of two skulls which the celebrated naturalist Hebenstreit took with him on his journey to Africa: before Tunis, where a religious bigotry prohibits the keeping of any human remains, they were discovered by the people who searched his chest, and thrown into the sea.

We lately passed over the fields and meadows where formerly Aventicum, the  
Roman

Roman capital of Helvetia, occupied a large square, the great extent of which is accurately defined by the remains of the town wall distinguishable in so many places: the walls of the Amphitheatre are also very conspicuous, although a part of it is entirely buried. The well-known Mosaic is most unwarrantably misused; two other pieces, which were exposed in former years, must, to judge from the drawings of them, be extremely beautiful; but from some motive, unknown to me, they have been closed up again. Very lately, a most exquisitely wrought Corinthian capital, with a fragment of a fluted shaft were dug up, the diameter of which authorizes a conjecture that they must have belonged to some building of considerable magnitude.

On the whole, the antiquities here exposed, are very much neglected; some of the statues have even been destroyed in lime-kilns; at least an old lime-burner assured Bonstetten, that some years before he had frequently had such Heathenish idols to burn.

The inscription upon the monument of the Aventian Priestess Julia Alpinula found among these ruins, and published by Grütter, is inexpressibly affecting. Her father was put to death at the command of Aulus Cæcina, notwithstanding that the daughter sought with prayers and tears to soften the heart of the austere judge and move him to forgiveness. The pious maiden did not long survive the stroke, but followed the departed to the grave in the earliest bloom of life. The tribute paid to her memory is here subjoined.

### JULIA ALPINULA

*Hic jaceo*

*Infelicitis patris, infelix proles,*

*Deæ AVENTIÆ sacerdos;*

*Exorare patris necem non potui*

*Male mori in fatis illi erat.*

*Vixi annos XXIII.*

In summer, particularly if the weather be very dry, the streets of this town are still discernible in many places, by the long streaks running in parallel lines and at right angles, where the grass is scattered

tered very thinly on account of the little depth of earth over the pavement\*.

On the eminence where now stands the modern Avenches, like a feeble bush sprung from the root of the mighty oak, formerly stood the castle. The epocha of the destruction of Aventicum is veiled in impenetrable obscurity.

“ But the whole nation sunk into oblivion,” says Müller, “ without any historian’s having marked the date of its fall, while the Geographer only notes it as the Helvetian Desert.” Ammianus Marcellinus mentions at the end of the fourth century, “ In the neighbourhood of the Penninian mountain lies Aventicum, now deserted, but the splendid remains of which point out its former flourishing state. The circumference of the walls is still to be seen; a solitary pillar stands in

\* *Sic transit gloria mundi.* Many centuries have now elapsed since the fall of this beautiful and celebrated city. Perhaps in the mighty revolutions of states and empires, many centuries hence London now so opulent and flourishing, theemporium of arts and commerce, may be discernible only by similar traces. F.



“ the midst of a meadow, like that of the  
“ superb temple of Juno at Samos ; grass  
“ grows in the Amphitheatre, and the plough  
“ strikes on statues, altars, tombs, mighty  
“ walls, and other traces of ancient opu-  
“ lence \*.”’

\* Not far from the high pillar here mentioned, a number of Sarcophagi have been discovered, which are all in a style of the highest simplicity, and do not bear the least appearance of the Roman taste. A.

## LETTER VII.

Genthod near Geneva, June 12th, 1789.

**I** HAD already engaged, upon Bonnet's pressing invitation, to prolong my stay with him some days, when I received your proposal, my dear Bonstetten, and I must therefore with regret decline accepting it, and leave you to make your little excursion alone.

My host continues to read his works with me every morning, and we have now entered upon his "*Contemplation de la Nature.*" I read aloud, and when any passage occurs which he thinks wants explanation, he gives it with that clearness and precision which he so peculiarly possesses. We dwelt for a long time yesterday on the *Phalæna rossus*, and on the work which Lyonnet has written upon that animal, with which I now for the first time became acquainted. The history of the origin and progress of this work is very extraordinary. Lyonnet, who unites to the most ardent passion for

natural history, uncommon perseverance, excessive thirst for fame, and profound observation, determined to strike into a path which should be perfectly new, and to produce a work single in its kind. He first thought of writing on the *Alphis*, then on the *Polypus*, but through an extraordinary caprice of chance, he found that in the former Bonnet would be his rival, in the latter Trembley. The question then was, to find another subject wherein so many difficulties should be combined, as effectually to preclude him from any danger of competition, and this point he attained by engaging in the dissection of the *Pbalana coffus*. But on applying to different persons to undertake the designs for the plates, his expectations seemed so out of all bounds, that it was impossible to answer them, and every one shrunk back affrighted from the task. He therefore immediately applied himself to learn drawing, in which art he made in a short time such a rapid progress, that he was able to execute designs so incredibly difficult, with a delicacy and exactness astonishing to every one,

one, both connoisseurs and practitioners. But now he was precisely in the same predicament with the engravers as before with the draughtsmen; no one had sufficient confidence in his own abilities to hope that he could satisfy him, and he was compelled therefore to learn this art also, in which he soon arrived at such perfection, that the engravings to his work are of very distinguished excellence. Lyonnet's portrait is much more deserving of the inscription, "Man *can* do whatever he is *resolved on*," than the figure of that long-forgotten *Kraftmann*\* in Lavater's Physiognomy.

The following trait of Lyonnet, as it is quite appropriate, may serve farther to illustrate the character of so extraordinary a man. A rope-dancer of the Hague, whose exquisite dexterity was the astonish-

\* *Kraftmann*, from having been a term much in use in Germany as an epithet of distinction, is now become a mere cant phrase, and chiefly applied to an author who affects any peculiarity of expression, particularly the use of very high sounding words; or who makes a great boast of his superior attainments, and having, as he thinks, thrown off all prejudices. T.

ment of the public, excited Lyonnet's emulation to such a degree, that he exclaimed, " This man has no more muscles " than myself, nor is formed after any " other manner; I must therefore be able " to do whatever he can ! " Immediately he had a rope stretched in his court-yard, and applied himself with such unwearied assiduity to rope-dancing, that he at last left his astonished master very far behind. .

Besides Haller and Bonnet there are probably few persons, even among the literati and naturalists, who have read Lyonnet's work quite through. The latter, indeed, has made so excellent an epitome of it, as to render the reading the work itself (which even to an ardent naturalist is a sort of Herculean labour) quite superfluous. Among the papers left by Lyonnet was found a manuscript on the Butterfly of the *Pbalana coffus*, together with the drawings belonging to it, but we can hardly dare to hope for its publication\*.

\* Lyonnet also drew and engraved the plates for Trembley's work on the Polypus. A.

A letter came hither to-day from Lisbon, the author of which signifies his intention of translating Bonnet's "*Analytical Essay*" into Portuguese. How truly he enters into the spirit and sentiments of his author is manifest, among other things, from his taking him for a disciple of Spinoza. Even this most nonsensical letter Bonnet intends to answer; for, like Leibnitz, he never omits answering any that he receives.

I have read with very great interest Bonnet's sketches of the characters of those literati with whom he corresponds. They are subjoined to each separate correspondence, which he always carefully preserves, and which already amount to several volumes; but these will never, with his consent, be made public, except the correspondence with Haller, doubtless the most important and instructive of the collection. The manuscript of this, has indeed been for some time prepared for the press, but the printing has been prevented by many unforeseen circumstances. The great Haller, for the space of twenty-five years, communicated to him almost all his observations and discoveries, whatever he corrected or refuted, and what-  
ever

ever his own labours had given rise to in others ; particularly his discoveries on generation his observations on the salt-works at Bex, his experiments for drying up the marshes in the Gouvernement of Aigle, and a collection of anatomical, philological, historical, and moral disquisitions.

Bonnet's correspondence with the Swedish naturalist Geer, began in the year 1746, and that with Du Hamel in 1750. He very earnestly recommended the latter's physiology of trees to all his scholars, as an excellent work for the developement and exercise of their judgment and faculties. Spallanzani's letters contain the result of many important experiments which he had undertaken, principally at the instigation of Bonnet, as appears from his answers. Merian's letters unite learning, taste, ingenuity, and elegance of diction. "

Sulzer, who became personally acquainted with Bonnet, in his journey to Nice, wrote him thence a series of letters full of observations on politics, natural history, and philosophy, which all bear the genuine stamp of truth and philanthropy.

No foreigners of note have been here for some days, excepting some young travellers, who appeared as if they would very much have preferred being at the coffee-house, to visiting the Sage of Genthod, but who had submitted to the despotism of fashion, one of whose ordinances to all travellers is, to see the face of every celebrated personage whose habitation does not lie too far out of their road. I cannot resist giving you the sketch of a dialogue between Bonnet and one of these gentlemen, but which must be premised with a short introduction.

Three days ago I was at Geneva, and dined at a *table d'hôte*. A young Englishman sat by me, whom I soon recognized as one of the storks in Lessing's well-known fable, who in their excursions, seldom concerned themselves with any thing except to ascertain the topography of frog-ditches. He asked me where Bonnet lived; this introduced a conversation between us, which at length led to my inquiring if he had ever read any of Bonnet's works?



works? he answered, "No; I know no-  
 " thing at all about him; but he is here  
 " in my list;" and immediately taking  
 out his pocket-book, he produced a paper,  
 whence he read the following inventory of  
 things worthy of observation at Geneva:

## I.

The portico of St. Peter's church.

## II.

The junction of the Arve with the  
 Rhone.

## III.

Sauffure's cabinet of natural curiosities.

## IV.

Monsieur Bonnet.

## V.

\* Monsieur Bourrit.

"As you have never read any of his  
 " works then," said I, "might it not be  
 " as well to go to the bookseller's, and get

" L:—

“ him to shew you some : his *Contemplation*  
“ *de la Nature* for instance : read some  
“ chapters, and you would then not only  
“ be less embarrassed in case he should  
“ ask whether you are at all acquainted  
“ with his writings, but you would, I am  
“ sure, have very great pleasure in the per-  
“ usal.”

He thanked me for my advice, which he said he should certainly follow, and then left me, after having carefully entered the name of Bonnet's place of abode in his pocket-book.

Yesterday, after dinner, as we were playing at chess, a foreigner was introduced, whom I immediately recollected to be the very person I had seen the day before. Bonnet received him with that cordiality and conciliating kindness with which you are so well acquainted, and begged him to sit down on the sofa. After the conversation had run through the customary forms of “*whence come you,*” and “*whither are you going,*” &c. &c. Bonnet addressed him :

“ You

## LETTER VII.

“ You have probably occupied yourself, Sir, with speculative philosophy ?”

“ No, not at all,—but I saw all your works yesterday.”

“ Saw them !”—He stopped short, but supposing that the young man, who spoke French very ill, had made use of some wrong expression, immediately proceeded, “ It would make me very happy if my writings afforded you any entertainment. —Might any thing in particular strike you ?”

“ Yes, yes, indeed, the Glaciers in particular, for they are all *excellens naturels*.”  
—I give you his own expression.

There was no occasion for an Oedipus here to divine that, according to my advice, he had been at a bookseller's, where confusing *Bonnet* with *Bourrit* as they stood together on his list, he had inquired for the works of the latter, and had seen his *Travels in the Alps*, the engravings in which had probably attracted his attention, and were the only part of which he had any idea. Bonnet immediately perceived

his mistake, and it was really quite affecting to see how, instead of taking advantage of it and leading him on to stumble farther and farther, so as to produce a *piquant* scene, (as an hundred others would have done in his place,) he instantly with inexpressible forbearance and benevolence, gave the conversation another turn, and asked him many questions about his own country, his family, and even about his dogs and horses.

Such traits as these, which at the first glance may appear insignificant, are however those by means of which Plutarch, in his Biography, gives such impressive pictures, and which so completely delude the imagination, that Timoleon, Dion, and Philopœmen do not appear as spirits called forth from the hoary ages of antiquity, but as intimate friends, with whom we have lived in social intercourse for many years, in the same town at least, if not under the same roof. And after all, this kind of forbearance is one of the most amiable features in the human character, and perhaps one of the most difficult to practise. According to what

what is related in the *Memorabilia* of Socrates, even that sage had not sufficient command of himself, in similar circumstances with Bonnet, to act in a similar manner; and with what bitter mockery did not Voltaire treat a weak and ignorant traveller on whom some witling had imposed a belief that every thing which had ever been written or printed was from the pen of that philosopher. Under this impression, the poor wretch when he was introduced to Voltaire, retaining little recollection of any thing he had read, except Rollin's *Ancient History*, addressed him, "I have read your *Ancient History* by Rollin, with equal improvement and pleasure."

You know Bonnet's warm patriotism, and how the alternate depression and elevation of the republic of Geneva, which has been shaken nine times since its foundation, through intestine commotions, now sinks him into the deepest affliction, and now penetrates him with the most lively joy; you will therefore easily guess how much I must have been affected with hearing

ing

ing and observing him, when lately on descrying again his native town, which he had not seen for many years, and whither he was called by important business, he exclaimed in the words of the dying Paolo Sarpi, “ *Esto perpetua !* ”

Bonnet likes much to hear me talk about Germany, but most of Frederick the Great, whom he venerates extremely, and of whose domestic life he knows a great deal from his friend Merian. He is accustomed to compare him either with Cæsar or Epaminondas, the former of whom he principally resembles, from never losing a single moment of time ; and the latter in that he has raised a once feeble state to grandeur and power, through the mere force of his own genius.

I have become acquainted here with a young musician who possesses uncommon powers on the violin, and whom connoisseurs consider as Lollis's best scholar. His name is Hensel, and he has an engagement with the Empress of Russia.

In the evenings with Madame Bonnet we have accompanied Volney in his Tra-

vels through Syria and Egypt, with still increasing interest, and left him with regret, at the end of his course, some days ago. We do not seem here, as in Savary's Letters, to read a flowery fairy-tale out of the *Thousand and one Nights*, but the manly narrative of a sensible reflecting mind, furnished previously with all the knowledge requisite for travelling, and who holds truth and accuracy of description as sacred duties.

We have now begun the correspondence between the King of Prussia and Voltaire. We had read very few letters before we unanimously exclaimed, "How far is 'Voltaire below Frederick!'" and this opinion is the more confirmed the farther we proceed. What abject flattery, what contemptible aims at wit, what shallow reasoning in the letters of the former! and on the contrary, what elevated self-confidence, what dignity of expression, what flashes of genius in those of the latter!

I shall be at Nion in a week at the latest. I hope you will be returned

home by that time. Think of me at the foot of Süchet, and in the grotto of Moncherands. *Vale et bene rem gere*\*.

\* Bonnet died on the 20th of May 1793, at Geneva, at the age of 73. His whole literary inheritance has descended to a young relation, who neither knows its use nor value. A.



## LETTER VIII.

Bex, July 7th, 1786.

I FOUND here, very unexpectedly, your fellow-traveller through Italy, Monsieur S—— G—— and his family, who invited me in the most friendly manner to accompany him to-morrow in ascending the Anzindas, one of the highest of the Alps in this canton. Under the excuse of fatigue, I have retired early to my chamber, to give you an account of my journey through the vale of Chamouny. I am aware, however, that to you, who are already so intimately acquainted with the Alps, a slight sketch will suffice, and more I could not at present promise. Indeed you must ere long, yourself tread this holy ground, in the outward courts of which you have for some time wandered, where nature has in a contracted circle inclosed an endless variety of wonders, any single one of which would sufficiently repay a  
 painful

painful toiling through wastes and sands to arrive at it.

I left Genthod on the third of July, and stayed that night at Geneva, where I found a companion in Mr. F—— from London. We hired a carriage to Sallenches and set out on our journey the following morning. After we had passed through Chefne the boundary of the Republic of Geneva, the view became at every step more extensive, various, and grand. The forms of the hills changed every moment as by the stroke of an enchanter's rod, so that at first sight of the Mole and the Saleve I did not recognize either. The Egyptian pyramid, the splendid appearance of which, when illumined by the evening sun, had so often charmed us as we contemplated it from the terrace at Genthod, now became a wide-extended ridge of hills, broken by intervening valleys; and the vast wall of rock which rises behind Geneva and seems to form an insurmountable barrier, was now *diminished* to the Colossal monument of a Northern hero. From the village of Contamine the road runs along the high bank

bank of the Arve, on steep piles of rocks, through a landscape, where the pleasing and sublime are so magically intermingled, that every turn of the road seems to present some new creation. Above Bonneville, the principal town in Faucigny, where we stopped, the high chalky hill Brezon, at the foot of which runs the Arve, rises perpendicularly like the Saleve. About an hour from Cluse, the road passes the grotto of Balme, the entrance to which is discernible on the declivity of a steep rock\*. Saussure was the first naturalist who explored this wonderful cavern, which is supposed by the peasants of the country to be the work of fairies†. Here according to an-

\* The entrance to this cavern is seven hundred feet above the level of the Arve, and forms a tolerably regular natural arch, ten feet high, and twenty wide. Within are natural halls with very high arches, which seem as if built after the Gothic taste, and with the finest Stalactites. Saussure reckons that from the entrance to where the roof closes so nearly with the ground, that it can be explored no further, is six hundred and forty paces. A.

† The *Cornua Ammonis* and *Turbinites*, which are found in abundance about Cluse, are considered by the inhabitants as works of art, in making which the fairies employ themselves in their leisure hours. A.

cient

cient tradition, is deposited a treasure of immense value, guarded by an ever-waking black monster, whom nothing could lull asleep but a spell of relics and sacred torches. It appears to me as difficult and hazardous a task to climb up to this cavern as Tournefort describes it to be to that at Antiparos; and as we had not set out early enough from Geneva, and were necessitated to proceed on to Salenches, we the more readily gave up the adventure.

Not far from the village of Maglan, we were suddenly struck with beholding the beautiful cataract of Arpenaz\*, which we believed to be still at some distance. It surprised me more on account of its extraordinary height than its fulness; it is not a thundering column of water whose mighty force excavates rocks, but a transparent silvery stream, which flitters in playful curves over the grey stone wall, and breaks below into a thousand slender

\* According to the measurement of Piktet and Trembley, the water-fall at Arpenaz is eight hundred feet high. A.

threads. I stayed so long surveying this lovely scene, that at length my soul was tranquilized into that delicious state, where the future and the past were lost as in a mist, and I was alive only to the charms of the present, and to contemplating the wonders by which I was encompassed.

We entered Sallenches about sun-set, when Montblanc, which through the whole journey had been concealed by other hills, burst at once on our view, in all the glory of its evening splendor: and as the atmosphere was clear and cloudless, we enjoyed this most sublime prospect in its highest beauty. What we see of Montblanc at Nion, as I conjecture, can scarcely be the half of that enormous mass, whose crown, as beheld from Sallenches, appears to glitter in the starry region, and not to belong to this petty<sup>\*</sup> ball of earth. Here my thoughts could not fail of recurring to that man<sup>\*</sup> who with unexampled fortitude,  
attended

\* Dr. Palkard, the person here alluded to, is the first who is known to have reached the top of Montblanc: he however merely reached it, and came down again, without

attended only by two companions, first gained this highest summit of the ancient world, the rarefied atmosphere of which, as far as our annals reach, no mortal had breathed before him. It is glorious in the moral as well as in the physical world, to have been the first to stand on any spot which was only to be attained through toils and dangers; and even should no *immediate* advantage thence arise to society, (as appears to have been the case in the instance in question,) still such an example of fortitude, perseverance, and self-confidence animates every soul susceptible of feeling with an electric force, and essentially contributes towards bringing still greater actions to bear, by strengthening our conviction in the powers of man, when vigour

without staying to make any observations. Saussure, who followed him, stayed on its summit more than four hours, but, from the excessive rarefaction of the atmosphere, was unable to make all the experiments he wished. A very interesting and entertaining account of this extraordinary undertaking is to be found in his *Travels in the*  
*alp. T.*

and

and resolution are blended together in the requisite proportions.

We have visited Monsieur Bacler d'Albe, a French landscape-painter, who has fixed his residence here, and from time to time traverses the surrounding country to take the most remarkable Alpine views. He comes near to the easy and pleasing manner of Brandoir at Vevay, and we saw several pieces by him, among others the entrance to the grotto at Balme, which promise no common artist when his talents shall be more matured. I bought here the portrait of Doctor Pakkard, which bears the following appropriate inscription from Claudian :

Scandit inacceffos brumali fidere montes.

We hired mules for ourselves and our guide, and proceeded on our excursion at day-break on the fifth of July, after spending a sleepless night, partly on 'account of the wretchedness of the beds, partly through the incredible number of mice which haunted the room.

In

In the wild and horribly sublime country through which we now travelled for a long time, we were consoled by the sight of a small clear glassy lake, overshadowed by the most beautiful trees, one side of which was bordered by a rock grown over with moss and ivy, and the other by a verdant meadow, enamelled with thousands of flowers. The whole formed so lovely a landscape, that it seemed as if, like the Santa Casa, it could only have been taken up from Elysium, and brought through the air by spirits, to be deposited in this wilderness. The effect produced on the mind by so charming a painting in a spot where all the surrounding scenery bears the character of the terrible, the sublime, and the immense, is not to be described. We were attracted, as if by an invisible power, to the transparent flood, and rested for some time under the shade of the trees, which were literally painted in its crystal mirror, since not even the gentlest zephyr disturbed the surface of the water. The effect of this calm scene was the more deeply felt, by the contrast



contrast we soon after experienced in beholding the fierce Arve rolling with such horrible fury over monstrous blocks of granite, that our very souls shuddered at the sight.

The object which principally engaged our attention on the road from hence to the village of Servoz, was a high rock, which has the appearance of a vertical table of slate. It is the remains of a hill which fell down about forty years ago, when the dust occasioned by the pieces of rock perpetually grinding against each other in falling, ascended in such clouds as to darken the air around. This scene of terror continued for some days; the inhabitants of the neighbouring country fled, and as some asserted that they had seen flames among the *black smoke*, (for such they believed the dust to be,) the rumour of a volcano's having burst out soon spread abroad, and made its way even to Turin: nor were the fugitives freed from this terrible apprehension, till convinced of the real truth by the naturalist Donati, whom

The King sent to examine the phenomenon on the very spot\*. A black torrent precipitates itself with a hollow noise through these ruins.

Not far from the castle of Servoz, where we dined, our guide pointed out to us the remains of the castle of Saint Michael, of which he related, with very solemn seriousness, some wonderful stories, not unworthy of the work of a Ha-

\* A very interesting letter of Donati's, containing his observations on the fallen mountain, is published in the second part of Saussure's Travels in the Alps, wherein among other things he says, "After journeying four days and two nights, I came in sight of a hill, which seemed totally enveloped in smoke, and from which pieces of rock continually broke off with an astonishing crash, even louder than the report of thunder, or an explosion from a battery of heavy artillery. All the neighbouring fields were covered with a dust which appeared a perfect ash, but which was in reality marble pulverized. I approached the supposed cloud of smoke, and saw a monstrous rock precipitated into the abyss, which certified me beyond a doubt that the smoke was nothing more than the dust occasioned by this tremendous fall. Six houses, six men and a great many cattle were buried under these ruins." A.

milton

milton or a Musäus\*. He took it very much amiss that F—— seemed to doubt their truth; and broke off the thread of his narration hastily; for a long time we entreated him in vain to proceed, he continued sullen and silent, till a glass of wine restored us to a perfectly good understanding.

The entering the valley of Chamouny seemed to me like entering a world of enchantment; the magnificent Glacier of Takonay, which we first saw, will for ever be present to my imagination. As we approached the Glacier of Buisson, a peasant met us, who begged to conduct us up; we accordingly left our mules at a cottage by the road-side, and ascended between Larches and lofty *Tannen*†, plucking the flowers of the

\* Musäus is a famous German satirist, who has published among other things *Physiognomical Travels*, intended as a ridicule of Lavater, in which he has collected together every possible circumstance that could place his system of physiognomy in a ludicrous light. He is well known in this country by his *Popular Tales*. T.

† The *Tanne* is a sort of fir peculiar to the Alps. It will only thrive in very rocky parts, where according

the beautiful Rhododendron, on the edges of the eternal ice, and thence proceeded onwards upon the Glacier itself, which slopes down from Montblanc, and which is bordered with greenish pyramids, perfectly transparent. We jumped, not without some hazard, over a cleft of indiscernible depth, and then crossed to the opposite shore of the Glacier, where a more commodious path than that by which we had ascended, carried us down the hill. It was already pretty late when we arrived at Prieurè, the principal place in the valley.

The journey to Montanvert was fixed for the following morning; but how great was our mortification on awaking, instead of seeing the tall granite column which rises behind the Glaciers, to find only dark clouds spread thick all over the valley. The heavy rain which immediately began to fall, soon convinced us that all hopes of attaining our object must be at an end for

according to appearance, there is scarcely soil sufficient for its nourishment, yet on these spots it grows to a greater height than any other tree in the country. T.

that day, consequently finally ; for my companion, on account of urgent business, was unable to extend his absence from Geneva beyond a few days longer.

But notwithstanding the rain, we went to the source of the Arveiron. A grotto, as if regularly vaulted by the hand of the architect, is formed of transparent emerald green ice, the entrance of which appeared to me at least fifty feet high, and thence the Arveiron rushes with incredible force.

We also visited Doctor Pakkard, who gave us a very plain and modest account of his ascension of Montblanc, for which bold undertaking he does not appear to assume to himself any particular merit, but asserts that any one with like physical powers might have performed the task equally well. He is at present employed in a work upon the Glaciers, which will contain the result of many years examination into their origin: from an intelligent man, who lives at their very foot, and can observe them at every season, we may reasonably be led to expect something satisfactory relative to so important and curious a subject.

subject. I obtained from him a piece of green *schoerl*, which he brought from Montblanc as a remembrance.

The inhabitants of Chamouny have many peculiarities both in their customs and dispositions. The men employ themselves exclusively in hunting the Chamois, in searching for chrystal, and as guides to strangers, leaving all domestic cares, as well as the culture of the lands, to the women. Since this valley has become so much the resort of travellers, the inhabitants of Prieurè have endeavoured to assume a polish in their conversation, which, united with their natural rusticity, has a very ludicrous effect. They overwhelm strangers with civilities and fine speeches, and it is often astonishing to hear from the mouths of such rough mountaineers very refined and select modes of expression. About half a century has now elapsed since the famous Pocock first visited the Vale of Chamouny; the people were then wild and rugged as their surrounding hills, but simplicity of manners and unadulterated honesty dwelt in their obscure huts. Alas! that among so harm-

less a people gold and vice should have found their way!

The rain ceasing towards noon, we mounted our mules again, and bent our course towards the *Tête-noire*, a hill over which runs the road leading to the Valais. On quitting the Vale of Chamouny we ascended along a rugged road through a region where only naked rocks seemed to threaten heaven itself, and where broken blocks of granite lay scattered all around; no sound was to be heard save the hollow roar of distant torrents, and the screaming of the eagle hovering about the summits of the hoary rocks.

In the midst of this wilderness, where we expected to meet with nothing less than with a human being, we saw three female forms stretched around a fire, in a niche vaulted over by the hand of Nature. They wore caps and cloaks of sheep-skin, which gave them a most grotesque appearance, nor could F—— forbear, at sight of such a groupe, repeating several passages from the witches' speeches in *Macbeth*.

But

But I must hasten to a conclusion, and only carry you by a rapid flight through the dark forest of *Tête-noire* to the little village of Trian, and thence over the Forcla to Martinach. Not far from this place we met a peasant of the Valais, with whom, according to my usual custom, I entered into conversation. He was very curious to know for what purpose we could possibly come into that country; and when I answered him that it was principally to see the famous cataract in this neighbourhood, he exclaimed in astonishment, "And so you come all this way to see a handfull of water fall down a rock! Oh, if it were the ocean now, I would travel a hundred miles to see that, could I but afford the money!"

"And that gentleman," said I, pointing to my companion, "has travelled hither from the ocean, to see your handfull of water which is celebrated throughout Europe." This appeared to him so absolutely incredible, that he would



scarcely be convinced we were not, according to a common practice among travellers, endeavouring to banter a poor simple peasant.

We stayed all night at Martinach, which place we left very early this morning. The grand cataract impressed me more strongly than even that of the Rhine, as its head lies at a much greater height, and the water consequently falls with increased force. Soon after quitting this magnificent object, we reached the hospitable Bex, whence I now write.

I am sensible that I have given you a very hasty and imperfect sketch of this excursion, but indeed my time is too much limited to admit of a more minute and circumstantial detail; added to which it was not in my power to take notes during any part of the journey, since we were almost constantly in motion, and in the short intervals of our stopping for rest, I was too much fatigued to dedicate a moment to writing. The ingenious landscape-painter Brandois, and  
Madame

Madame R—— from Saint Domingo, are to accompany us to-morrow to the Anzindas, whither the day after, the herds will be driven from the Lower Alps. Adieu.

## LETTER IX.

Rolle, May 17, 1789.

IF you are not too much occupied with business, my dear Bonstetten, come hither to-morrow, to participate with me in the enjoyment of a new acquaintance which I made yesterday at the evening *conversazione* of Madame ——. On my entrance I perceived a short, but somewhat robust looking man, with a fine colour, and very animated eyes, standing at a window turning over the leaves of a book. I inquired the name of this foreigner, of the person who sat next me, and was informed that he was an Englishman of the name of Chandler. "Perhaps," said I, "the same who travelled through Greece and the Lesser Asia?" Finding, however, that no one could give me satisfaction on this point, I applied to the very man himself, and found to my infinite satisfaction, that he and the publisher of the *Ionian Antiquities* were one and the same person. He  
 appeared

appeared not at all displeased to find himself thus recognized as that learned and celebrated traveller, since in such a country as the Pays de Vaud, where a Reverdil or a Levade\* is a rare phænomenon, it was more than he had perhaps reason to expect. A B——d could acquire a name in these parts, because he scattered his gold about profusely, and he will long be remembered at all the tea and gaming tables; but the celebrated Gibbon is rarely mentioned, and if he happen to be so accidentally, all that seems known concerning him is, that he pronounces French better than most of his countrymen, and is famous for making fine speeches to the ladies.

I immediately entered into conversation with this enlightened man, and in a few minutes we were transported from Rolle to Athens, when, notwithstanding the many questions I asked, Chandler's complaisance in answering them all in the most circumstantial manner, was unwearied. You know how often it has been my wish to

\* Two literati of that country. T.

meet with one who had actually trodden that sacred ground. In order to give me a more clear and precise idea of the situation and circumference of Athens, he carried me to the banks of the lake, and pointed out the distances of such and such things by near and remote boats, by trees, and rising ground. A tree on a distant eminence was Acropolis, and a promontory running into the lake the Piræus. He accurately defined also the distance at which Salamine would appear from hence, and described the prospect from Hyminettus, which he pronounced to be one of the most charming and varied in the world, with the utmost glow of animation. How different did I find this description given from Nature, from Pauw's sketch of the same view, in his *Researches upon Greece*, copied only from the relations of others.

The temple of Cybele at Sardis was, in Chandler's opinion, one of the first *chef-d'œuvre* in Architecture, and had as just a claim to be called the standard of that art as the famous statue of Polycletes had to be stiled the standard of sculpture: Chis-

hull

hull saw the portico of this temple, which was of the Ionic order, and had eight pillars in front, still complete; but Chandler found only five of the pillars standing, the capitals of which he describes as of exquisite beauty.

I afterwards accompanied him to his lodgings, to see Villoison's edition of the Venetian Codex of the Iliad. He was so obliging as to lend me this work for some days, and made me particularly mark a passage in the Prolegomena, where Villoison mentions the Tzaconians, whom he calls the Helvetians of Greece. They are descendants of the ancient Spartans, and live between Nauplia and Epidaurus, on wide and rugged hills, divided into three districts, and have hitherto remained unknown to all geographers and narrators of travels. They are benevolent, honest, laborious, hospitable, courageous, robust, and often live to the age of an hundred without disease or physician. It is very remarkable, that in the midst of their hills they retain many ancient Doric words which are become obsolete among the rest of the modern Greeks.

Greeks. For example, they say κακὰ for κακῇ, ἀμέρα for ἡμέρα, ἑορτὰ, βροντὰ, ὄρμα.

This brought us at length to talk of Pope's Homer; and notwithstanding the partiality of most English literati for whatever is the produce of their own soil, Chandler allowed that Pope had very greatly misrepresented his bard, and stripped him entirely of his Homœism. He considers Robert Wood's Essay on the Genius and Writings of Homer as far the best work ever written on that poet, and he also speaks in the highest terms of Wood's moral character; he has but little sensibility to beauty, but embraces the *great* and the *good* with unequalled warmth. Wood is a member of the Dilettanti Society, at whose expence the journey to Greece was undertaken; and it was he who drew up the instructions for Chandler and his two travelling companions Bevet and Pars; he also wrote a preface to the *Ionian Antiquities*. What prejudices me more than any thing in favour of Chandler, is his unassumingness, and his open and natural manners.

Among

Among all the interesting objects which he has seen in his travels, there is none except the Parthenon which I so much wish to see as the stupendous ruins of the temple of Apollo at Ura, near Miletus, the description of which has perfectly transported me. Chandler saw them towards evening, when a herd of goats had spread themselves over the majestic reliques, climbing among blocks of marble and massy pillars, while the whole was illumined with the richest tints of the setting sun, and the still sea glistened in the offing.

I have invited Chandler to Nion, because I wish that Reverdil also should become acquainted with him.



## LETTER X.

St. Cergue, August 21st, 1789.

**T**HE rain at present imprisons me here. Yesterday I was more fortunate in cloudless heavens and a clear horizon. You are in the right: it is scarcely possible to conceive a more sublime idea of nature than amid this circuitous chain of Alps, the highest summits of which appear only as satellites to their great king Montblanc, whose head towers so majestically in the midst of the vast amphitheatre, while at his foot stands the mighty Lemman Crescent, the whole of which, from Geneva to its junction with the Rhone, with all the towers and creeks that surround it, is visible at one glance. The view from Rigi may be richer and more varied; but there the eye roves unbounded over a labyrinth of lakes and isolated hills, unable to find a point on which to rest, while here every part combines to form a sublime and harmonious whole.

I have

## LETTER A.

I have made a tolerable collection of Alpine plants, some of which are of such transcendent beauty, that they deserve poetical celebrity as much as the *Gentiana Lutea*, and the *Antirrhinum Alpinum*, in Haller's Alps. How much would many a picturesque poem gain in local interest and originality, by such descriptions, but our poets are almost compelled to restrain themselves in their effusions to roses, pinks, jessamines, lilies, and violets, because the most beautiful flowers often bear such harsh and barbarous names, that the introduction of them into poetry would offend against real taste. What can be conceived so absurd, so totally devoid of harmony and beauty as the generality of German appellations for flowers; and how would *devil's-bit*, *step-mother*, *brook-lime*, *cock's-foot*, *hunger-flower*, and *goose-flower*\* found in such a poem as Kleist's Spring. It would therefore be a real acquisition to poetry, if an attempt were made to introduce smoother and more

\* By the very bad effect the above English names would have in English poetry, an accurate judgment may be formed of the effect of the German names in German poetry. T.

dignified names into general circulation, some of which might be taken from Linnæus, others from the French Flora of the Chevalier Lamarck, or the English translation, and for the rest we might have recourse to our own invention. Not till such a reform shall be accomplished can we hope to see a didactic poem on botany worthy of the subject; but undoubtedly a very fine field would then be opened for a person of genius to bring forwards into light and action all the powers bestowed upon him by Nature. No subject could be more forcible, various, new, and truly poetical, than the œconomy of plants after the Linnæan system. With what exquisite effect might the poet alternately introduce the most enchanting sketches from the classical mythology, particularly from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, the sublimest views of Nature after the manner of Thomson, and the most lovely scenes of pastoral life from the *Idylls of Theocritus*\*. How much the soul is affected

\* Had not Dr. Darwin's truly beautiful Poem, the *Botanic Garden*, been given to the world long before these letters,

affected with the sight of a favourite flower, and how lively are the impressions made on the imagination by the knowledge of botany, can only be felt by those in whom that study is become a passion. Thus it is that even Linnæus, that tranquil, deep investigator, in describing the *Andromeda Polifolia*, in his *Flora Lapponea*, rises into such lofty and poetical flights.

I found here Haller's Poems, and have read *The Alps* again with increased pleasure. You know that I am one of the warmest admirers of that poem, and now feel with even increased ardour, a wish that some person of distinguished poetical genius would undertake to write more fully upon so inexhaustible a subject; because I am convinced that notwithstanding all which has hitherto been done, far the greatest part of the Alpine world still re-

Letters, no unfair conjecture might arise that he was indebted to them for the hint of it, since he may justly be said to have realized all Matthiſſon's ideas, and produced a work that for elegance of imagination and imagery of versification, can hardly be exceeded. T.

mains *terra incognita* to poesy. Such a work might not indeed be an Iliad like Homer's, but the man who should engage in so bold a flight, ought to unite with Haller's poetic genius and knowledge of nature, Klopstock's force of expression, and Lessing's critical accuracy.

## LETTER XI.

Lausanne, October 11th, 1789.

THE prospect of my approaching separation from you, my dear Bonstetten, never quits me for a moment. I shall feel your loss too, doubly in a foreign land, where perhaps my heart may be even less understood than my language. By occupation alone can I hope to soften the severity of this absence, since that is the only infallible medium through which to regain composure under such circumstances. I will summon together all my powers in hopes of producing something which may emancipate my name from the obscurity in which it is now enveloped, and perhaps my endeavours may not be wholly vain. Where is the man of any feeling whose soul has not been inspired, at least once in his life, with an ardent wish

to live to posterity, and who does not revolt from the idea of being forgotten by those he leaves behind, with the last shovel-full of earth thrown upon his coffin. The Roman left himself to be buried in the highway, with this inscription on his tombstone, "*Lollius lies here,*" that every one who passed over might say, "*Lollius, farewell !*"

I yesterday visited Gibbon. His exterior is very striking, he is tall and athletic, but withal somewhat unwieldy in his motions. His countenance is one of the most extraordinary physiognomical phenomena imaginable, on account of the irregular proportions of every part to the whole. His eyes are so small that they form the most inflexible contrast with his high and stately-arched forehead: his flat nose is almost lost between his full projecting cheeks, and his very long double chin makes a face already somewhat of the longest still more striking. But notwithstanding these irregularities, Gibbon's countenance has an uncommon expression of dignity, and speaks

at the first glance the deep and acute reasoner. Nothing can exceed the glowing animation of his eyes.

Gibbon has thoroughly the address and manners of a polished man of the world; he is coldly polite, speaks French with elegance, and has acquired (which is considered as a real phenomenon in an Englishman) almost the pronunciation of the Parisian Literati. He listens to himself with great complacency, and always speaks slowly because he first considers with care every sentence that he utters. He preserves the same unaltered mien in all circumstances, whether pleasant or unpleasant, and hears with a like steadiness of feature, a tale of joy, or a story of the deepest woe; nor, while I was with him, did his countenance once vary into a smile, notwithstanding that the conversation led him to relate a very humorous occurrence. The most excessive punctuality and order reigns throughout his house, his servants must dispatch their business to a minute, or they run the hazard of being dismissed.



Of this exactness he sets them the example himself, for his day is divided like that of the Anglo-Saxon King Alfred\*; he goes, at the striking of the clock, to work, to table, or into company, nor continues at any of these employments one minute longer than the unalterably established order of the day allows. A hair-dresser was discarded because he came a few minutes after the time appointed; his successor in order to be perfectly secure came a few minutes too soon, but he shared the same fate, and the third only who entered the house door as the clock struck was retained.

Gibbon is at present employed in making a catalogue of his library, in which are

\* Alfred, King of the Anglo Saxons, divided his day into three equal parts, of which the first was dedicated to sleep and meals, the second to the business of Government, and the third to religion and literature. In that age of ignorance and barbarism, (he died in the year 900,) as no method of artificial measurement of time was known, he made use of tapers of an equal length and thickness, which he kept burning in a lantern, in order to distinguish accurately the divisions of the day. A.

many

many choice and expensive works, particularly excellent editions of the Classics; and in general it is considered as one of the best private libraries ever collected. The first work that he published was written in French while he was very young, and he told me it was become so scarce, that a copy was lately sold at an auction for two guineas, although it was only a small pamphlet. It was among the ruins of the Capitol that he first planned writing "*The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*;" and he has with manly perseverance run the most laborious career ever pursued by any historian.

Our conversation soon turned from the ancient English literature, wherein he shewed very great knowledge, to the German. Gibbon, one of the greatest scholars of our age, whom nothing worthy of attention which has been produced in England, France, Italy, or Spain, almost in every branch of human learning, has escaped, yet betrays an extremely confined know-

ledge of the history of our language and literature, nor had even heard of the German imitations of ancient metres. He mentioned Algarotti's Treatise on Rhyme\*, in which the author, entirely passing over the Germans, only enumerates the unsuccessful attempts at hexameters made by the English, French, and Italians. I was induced by this to enter on a short sketch of the history of our language: I recounted the rapid improvement made in it within a few years, and concluded with mentioning a German Odyſſey, in which the translator has not only preserved the metre, and number of verses in the original, but in many of the hexameters retained the very feet. My memory was faithful enough to enable me to repeat both the Greek, and German, of the two celebrated verses on Sisyphus rolling

\* In Algarotti's treatise, with which no lover of poetry should be unacquainted, a burlesque hexameter of Queen Elizabeth's is preserved, which, if I mistake not, she pretends to have been an extempore production, designed as a ridicule upon the absurd attempts made by some of the poets of her time at this sort of verse. A.

his stone, from the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*.

Λααν βχῖ ἀζοντα πελώριον ἀμφιρρῖνι :

Einen schweren Marmor, mit grosser Gewalt  
forthbeand

Αυλῖς περὶ πιδονδῖ κυλιωδῖσῃ λαοῖ ἀναιδῇς

Hurtig mit Donnergepolter entrollte der tückische  
Marmor \*.

Notwithstanding his ignorance of the German language, he could not but be convinced, merely from his ear, of the

\* The whole passage, of which these two lines form a part, is thus Englished by Cowper in his translation of the *Odyssey*.

“ There too, the hard-task’d Sisyphus I saw

“ Thrusting before him strenuous, a vast rock

“ With hands and feet struggling he shoved the stone

“ Up to a hill-top, but the steep well nigh,

“ Vanquish’d by some repulsive force, the mass

“ Rush’d again obstinate down to the plain.

And thus more elegantly and harmoniously by Pope, if, perhaps, not so accurately.

“ I turned my eye, and as I turn’d survey’d

“ A mournful vision, the Sisyphian shade ;

“ With many a weary step, and many a groan

“ Up a huge hill he heaves a huge round stone ;

“ The huge round stone resulring with a bound

“ Thunders impetuous down, and smoaks along  
“ the ground.”

T.

masterly

masterly construction of both these hexameters, nor can I describe his astonishment, as he made me repeat them many times over. He immediately conceived so high an opinion of the improvement of our language, and of the gigantic progress of our literature, (as he expressed himself,) that he declared his resolution to learn German as soon as he should be sufficiently at leisure\*.

I hope you will seize the first opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with this celebrated man, whose house is the resort of the most select society, and of all intelligent foreigners that come into these parts. I embrace you with my whole soul.

\* It is probable that he never carried this design into execution, as no mention of it is made in his *Memoirs*. P.

## LETTER XII.

Lyons, November 10th, 1789.

**S**HENSTONE is in the right: *Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse\**. I have found the most friendly reception possible here, and I live in one of the most amiable of families, yet still you are wanting to me, my dear Bonstetten! In every other respect I have great reason to be satisfied with my situation, for I am treated by all around me entirely as if I were an old acquaintance: and as they unite a high degree of cultivation of mind, with the purest moral rectitude, I

\* These words are quoted from an inscription on an urn at the Leasowes, dedicated to the memory of a young relation of Shenstone's.

D. M.

*Ah MARIA!**Puellarum elegantissima**Ah flore venustatis abrepta!**Vale.**Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari**Quam tui meminisse. A.*

have

have learned in a very few days to love and value them highly.

I met with no unpleasant occurrence whatever in my journey from Geneva to Lyons. At the Fort de l'Ecluse I was conducted to the governor, an ancient chevalier of Saint Louis, whom I found at dinner. He examined my papers with great care, and at the conclusion said, "You travel in a country which will shortly be the happiest in the world!" How seriously soever he affected to speak these words, still the tone of irony was too evident to be mistaken.

I was so near the *Loss of the Rhone* that I could not refuse the solicitations of some peasant-boys, who earnestly entreated permission to conduct me thither; they call this natural curiosity *La Perdition du Rhone*. We descended down a narrow foot-way, and soon came to a place where the river falls, with a horrible noise, into a rocky gulf, and at some distance is lost in a subterraneous channel. The length of this invisible course may be at most a hundred paces, but I had not time to visit the place  
of

of its re-appearance, which besides is represented as very difficult of access.

Almost at every village through which we passed, we found the peasants exercising themselves with arms, who raised a loud shout as we stood looking at them. At the inn at Nantua, I had some conversation with an old soldier who had served in the seven years war; he was a warm admirer of Frederick the Great, and asserted, among other things, that France only wanted such a King to have made her the happiest and most powerful nation in the world without any revolution: but as things were, the revolution was their only hope, and if that should not succeed, of which however he did not entertain the least doubt, all was lost.

In spite of Mercier's panegyric, I cannot have any taste for the lake of Nantua: the surrounding rocks are so barren and uniform, that in my opinion the borders of the Lac de Joux, are paradisiacal compared with them. The only thing which in any measure reconciled me to so dreary a spot, was a very fine rich cascade by a mill,



mill, below which, runs the road ; it brought very forcibly to my mind the fall of Saint Saphorin, which it doubtless strongly resembles. The valley of Cerdon on the contrary has transported me ; the road runs along a terrace on a perpendicular chalk-rock, on the summit of which, to the right, a church at the very edge of the precipice rises out of the trees, and to the left, far below the road lies a valley through which a rivulet foams, while far in the back ground are two considerable hills crowned with old castles. But what gives the greatest animation to this charming landscape, is a water-fall exceeding in height that which I mentioned above, and which falls into the valley down a dark rock overgrown with thick bushes.

Never will the impression I received from the first sight of Lyons be erased from my soul ; nothing can be conceived more magnificent than its situation. The noble houses on the quay of Saint Clair were illumined by the morning sun, and a pellucid vapour floated round the hill of Fourviere.

On my first arrival I made it my request to Monsieur S——, whose friendly civility to me daily increases, that he would introduce to my acquaintance the surrounding country, as well as the most remarkable things in the town, and this he very obligingly undertook. The Roman remains hereabouts are pretty numerous: the day before yesterday we went to the village of Chapauneaux, about a mile from the town, where fourscore arcades of an aqueduct remain still entire. On the following day we saw the insignificant ruins of a Roman theatre, in the garden of the monastery of the Minorets; a well preserved and very beautiful Mosaic pavement; a Taurobolium, which is preserved in the Maison de Ville, and other antiquities, with the account of which I will not fatigue you. We then ascended to the church of Notre Dame de Fourviere, where is a wonder-working image of the Blessed Virgin, whose numerous cures are testified by the votive tablets that cover the walls of the entrance as with tapestry hangings. The figures delineated on these would not disgrace

disgrace the-court painter to the Emperor of China; Callot's caricatures when compared with them become Graces and Aninous's. This church crowns the amphitheatral eminence, on the slope of which lies a great part of Lyons: thence the whole of this immense town is seen at a glance, while the eye can follow the course of the Rhone and the Saone, even to the point of land where the two rivers unite.

I also visited the state-prison Pierre En-cise, which at present contains very few prisoners. It is particularly remarkable for its situation, on a very steep rock; the ascent to it is by a small staircase, besides which no other access appears possible. It contains some dungeons hewn out of the solid rock, whence the inventive genius of Latude\* himself could scarcely have found means to work his way again to the light. In the inner court I saw an old man with a venerable aspect, walking with slow yet

\* He ought have added, or of Benvenuto Cellini, whose wonderful escape from the castle of Saint Angelo probably furnished hints to Latude. T.

firm steps, whose uncommon height struck me forcibly. He was neat, but old-fashioned in his dress, and my conductor persuaded me to talk to him, for he loved conversation. I began therefore by observing on the weather and the very remarkable situation of the castle, but I soon led him to the subject of his imprisonment: "It is now sixty years," he said with a resolute tone, "that I have seen nothing but these walls, and eighty-five that I have been in the world; I might have regained my freedom twenty years ago, but it was then too late, and I continue here above, where at present I am very well off;— I do not know that I should be so, down below." Of the cause of his imprisonment I inquired in vain; only thus much I learnt that he is of an illustrious family, and that he has never answered a single question on the subject of his captivity.

On my return I saw the castle of Duchere, which lies to the right of the town on a pleasant hill, and where Henry the Fourth once passed some days with the fair Gabrielle.

Not far from Paisible is a little spot which Nature seems to have consecrated entirely to lonely meditation. Three rocky walls covered with moss and ever-greens form a sort of grotto, shaded with trees and shrubs in the midst of which a little spring bubbles up. Through a brake in the bushes may be seen a part of the town with its splendid buildings, and the innumerable country houses which cover both banks of the Saône. Here Rousseau, during his abode at Lyons, spent most of his solitary hours, and in honour of him, it is since called Rousseau's grotto, and considered by all the admirers of his genius as holy ground. They believe that traces of his name carved by himself are still to be discovered on the trunk of a tree; and on the stone seats, inscriptions to his memory are so crowded together, that scarcely is there room sufficient remaining to introduce even an Anacreontic verse.

From what I hear, it appears that the enthusiasm for Rousseau has for some time risen to such a height in France, that little hesitation would be made in exchanging  
the

the flask of holy oil at Rheims, notwithstanding its high rank among national relicks, for the pen with which the *Contrat Social* was written. A small piece of Rousseau's writing sells at so high a price, that more than one person have been exercising their industry in endeavouring to counterfeit his hand. If this circumstance should ever become known to the good people at Saint Peter's Island, how will they regret having baked biscuits in some of his posthumous papers.

I was yesterday at the theatre at the performance of *Zemire et Azor*. Madame d'Herboville, who played Zemire, is a great favourite with the public; her voice is rich and clear, but equal commendation cannot be given to her talents as an actress; her manner is cold, and her action often unnatural. Saint Aubin as Azor was applauded so profusely and continually, that he was several times extremely embarrassed how to fill up the long pauses occasioned by the peals of clapping. A young player who appeared on the stage for the

first time, and only in an under part, was hissed off because in one single passage he was not accurate in his speaking. It is incredible how much attention must be paid to this point by a French actor who would wish to acquire any degree of reputation, since a careless speaker cannot hope to experience the least favour even in a petty provincial town. What Wieland says of the ancient Romans may be applied with equal propriety to the modern French; "Their ear is not content merely to be pleased, it must be enchanted." In Germany I have known players who scarcely delivered one sentence right, yet gain the warmest applause merely by uttering frightful shrieks, and disfiguring themselves with horrible contortions. I was once present at a performance, I do not say where, in which the players gave us specimens of the Suiabian, Austrian, and Bavarian dialects in their greatest *purity*, yet the piece (which besides was one of those dramatic monsters that exhibits the hero riding his rocking-horse

horse in the first act, and in the last expiring in the arms of his grand-children) not only received the loudest and most unbounded acclamations, but its second representation was expected with infinite impatience\*.

The

\* Baron Riefbeck dwells very strongly and circumstantially upon the corrupt taste that had gained the ascendant over the German stage when he was at Vienna in 1780. This he ascribes in great measure to the evil influence of Göthe's example, particularly in the instance of his celebrated drama of *Göz von Berlichingen*, supposed to be intended as an imitation of Shakspeare. It may safely be pronounced however that if such was the idea with which this work was written, Göthe knew not how to discriminate between the beauties and defects of his model, and has copied only the latter. Yet as being founded on a popular national story, the play acquired a high degree of reputation; consequently it had soon a number of imitators, who, "*out-Heroding Herod*," ran into even greater extravagancies than their master, and thus were produced a swarm of dramatic anomalies that for a while too successfully perverted the public taste. "As," says Riefbeck, "in *Göz von Berlichingen* the scene is frequently changed, the poet now thinks it necessary to carry the spectator through every part of the town. Göthe was rather lavish of executions in his pieces, and now there are hangmen innumerable upon the stage." Hence also arose that passion for shrieks and suspensions of which Matthäson complains, and which appears therefore not to have been wholly

eradicated



The word *Theatre* is inscribed over the entrance of that at Lyons, according to the advice of Voltaire, to whom application was made to recommend an inscription. "Write *Theatre* over the door of your play-house," said he to the deputies, "and then we shall immediately know at least what it ought to be."

My daily walk is along the banks of the Saone, as far as the *Isle de Barbe*. This river is so smooth and tranquil that scarcely any current is perceptible: it is constantly covered with little boats which they call *beches*, to the management of which the women seem to have an exclusive right, at least it is very unusual to see a man rowing one. They are commonly employed by the inhabitants of Lyons for conveying them to their country houses upon the Saone: they are well protected both from the rain and sun by a

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eradicatèd when he wrote. That it is now reforming, if not "reformed altogether," we are assured from our own knowledge, since many of the most modern dramatic productions in Germany are "genius pages out of the great book of Nature itself." T.

canvass

canvass awning, and a person may read and write in them very conveniently. The banks of the Saone are so pleasant and so enriched with country-houses and gardens, that from the description I have heard you give of the banks of the Brenta, I should think those of this river must resemble them very strongly.

Over-against Paisible, on the opposite shore of the river stands a very slender round tower, which for time immemorial has been called the *Tour de la belle Allemande*. This name of course struck me, as a German, exceedingly; especially since it was in a place whose inhabitants in general appear to know as little about my country as about Japan, Siam, or Cochin-China; I have therefore endeavoured to trace the origin of this name, but without any success. On the *Ile de Barbe* there is a pleasant walk, and some pretty considerable buildings: an old castle which rises above the tops of the trees, gives a very picturesque effect to the distant prospect; and Mr. Brandoin has taken two different views. It is an ancient custom

among the Lyonnese to make parties to this island in their *beches* in the Whitsun-holidays. At this festival which is called *La Vogue*, the river is sometimes crowded with vessels till the water can scarcely be seen, while both banks are thronged with the inferior inhabitants of the town, who not partaking of the parties are at least desirous to be spectators of them.

The light is almost at an end, it is already very late, and as my letter must go to the post early to-morrow morning, I cannot add any thing farther. I am extremely impatient to hear from you again. Farewel.

## LETTER XIII.

Lyons, February 28th, 1790.

**I**N little more than a month I shall hope to see you, my dear Bonstetten. Our departure for Switzerland is fixed for the first of April, and, a week, at farthest, I hope will bring me to Nion. With what transport shall I behold again the forest and lake of Prangin.

I enclose a poem in which I have endeavoured to describe the scenes of my childhood, and request you to give me your sincere and impartial judgment upon it. My idea is that at present it is somewhat too long, and may for that reason fatigue; make a cross 'therefore' over such stanzas as you think had best be omitted. You know that Pope considered the art of *blotting* as one of the most important and difficult required of an author. Swift, to enforce its importance in the strongest manner on the mind of a young writer  
who

who had requested his criticisms upon a poem he put into his hands, returned the manuscript without a single remark, but with every line from beginning to end scratched over till it was so completely obliterated that not one letter was distinguishable from another.

I could hardly give you any information relative to the political situation of this town, which you will not have heard already from Monsieur B—, as I do not recollect any occurrence or alteration worthy of notice since his departure. It is the constant resort of the discontented in the country, and must be considered as an isolated wheel in the great revolutionary machine, not likely at present, if ever, to be brought into action. Lyons, as a manufacturing town, cannot possibly look with a favourable eye upon a revolution the fundamental principle of which is so inimical to the stimulation of the products of luxury. It is therefore generally expected, that all the strength hitherto scattered over different parts of the kingdom for the purpose of disseminating counter-revolutionary principles,

principles, will at last be concentrated here. The old national attachment to the *Grande Monarque* continues to be cherished among the principal Lyonæse with the accustomed warmth, nor do they scruple to display it unreservedly both in the coffee-houses and at the theatre. When the opera of "*Richard Cœur-de-Lion*" was lately performed, at the air of "*O, Richard!*" "*O, mon roi! l'univers t'abandonne,*" the party that applauded were so much more numerous than the whistlers, that they very soon clapped down their opponents.

We availed ourselves of the first fine day to make an excursion to Mont-Cindre, a pretty considerable hill in this neighbourhood, which commands an extensive view over Lyons and its environs. We visited the cell of a hermit, who far from following a Theban Anchorite in his ways of life, is intent only on filling his wine-vaults, by cultivating a good understanding among the neighbouring villages; in other respects he appears a rough and ignorant man. A peasant of Saint-Cyr, who certainly bore him no good will, went so far as to assert that

that he could neither read nor write, and it cannot be denied that we found nothing in his cell but what was very remote from all appearance of literary pursuit. He asked me with great anxiety if I could tell him what the National Assembly were about, and what they intended to decree, or perhaps had already decreed respecting his cell; for he lives in constant apprehension of being driven from it, and thrown back again upon a sinful world.

Since my residence in these parts I have had abundant opportunity of correcting the very false ideas I had conceived of the tone of society among the French. Certainly no nation since the Athenians has attained an equal degree of polish and refinement. Some time ago, I supped at Monsieur Saint L——'s, where the company consisted of two Canons of this place, or Counts of Lyons, a Marquis, a navy officer, and several other persons of fashion. I observed the course of conversation the whole time with great attention, and uniformly found ~~that not~~ one of the party uninvited, made himself the hero of his

his story, as is very commonly done by men unacquainted with the world and unimproved by education.

“ I the little hero of each tale.”

On the contrary they took every possible opportunity of interweaving into the subject something relative to the person to whom it was addressed. In no country indeed that I have visited, have I seen the practice of this first principle of good breeding so strictly attended to, as in France. Here, any traveller who in conversation with a lady, instead of fixing its principal interest upon herself, should entertain her with his own concerns, with the history of his connections, his amusements, or the incidents of his travels, would be instantly considered as a man without education, (*un ours mal levé*), and be thought *ennuyant* in the extreme, even though his adventures might be more extraordinary than those of *Klimin* and *Gulliver* united.

In the intercourse with the female sex, a delicacy is observed in this country rising

even



even to excess of scrupulousness. To kiss the hand of a lady\* at her entrance into company, or at her departure, would be considered as a terrible violation of decorum, and equally unpardonable as in Germany under like circumstances to kiss the mouth: and should any one in the eagerness of conversation so far forget himself as to lay his hand on the arm of the lady he was addressing, supposing they were merely common acquaintance, he would be instantly stigmatized as *un homme familier*, the most debasing appellation he could receive, and as having been formed in a school not to be mentioned in polished company. Whether any solid benefit is derived from these over-strained restrictions, can be judged by every one capable of making observations upon the world and mankind.

A young man, a perfect deity in his art, has lately by means of the magic powers with which the graces have endowed his

\* The usual mode of salutation in Germany is to kiss the hand of a woman when she comes into company, and again when she retires. T.

fect, drawn an enchanted circle round the inhabitants of this place, in which he exercises a sway so absolute and undivided, that the National Assembly is no longer mentioned, or at least is only made the subject of conversation in obscure coffee-houses and the work-shops of mechanics, while Vestris the dancer is the exclusive object of attention in all the higher circles. Every night that he performed, the concourse to the theatre was so great that it was impossible to get a place without being there at least two hours before the commencement of the performance. I was present on the last night, and have actually in great measure fallen in with the general enthusiasm. It is indeed impossible not to be transported at the ease, the agility, and harmony of all his motions: they are so exquisite, that he scarcely appears a mortal but rather a sylph formed of Etherial mould, and destined to skim aloft in higher regions. On that night, as being his last, he seemed emulous even to surpass himself, and scarcely was the performance

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ance ended, before wreaths of flowers and poetical *morceaux* addressed to him were thrown in abundance upon the stage, accompanied with the most incessant clapping, and earnest entreaties from the pit that he would not leave Lyons at the time he had fixed, but if possible stay and appear before the public at least once more. Upon this he came forwards himself, and in the most graceful manner returned thanks for the undeserved applause with which he had been honoured by an audience so highly respectable and so distinguished for its refined and exalted taste, but he was penetrated with the deepest despair at the utter impossibility of complying with so flattering an invitation, since the court had refused to prolong his leave of absence.

Vestris's figure is slender and elegant; his countenance is not handsome, but possesses a *je ne sçai quoi* extremely interesting and fascinating. The simplicity and modesty of his manners form a striking contrast with the self-conceited and supercilious manners of his father, who during the  
time

time of Voltaire's last stay at Paris, said in a public company, " There are only three  
 " great men now existing in the world,  
 " Vestris, Voltaire, and the King of Prus-  
 " sia." It is said that while his son was  
 a boy he would not unfrequently hold out  
 his foot to him, saying, " Kiss this im-  
 " mortal foot which enchants heaven and  
 " earth."

I lately was present at the performance  
 of Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis*. It is im-  
 possible to describe the impression made  
 upon me by this sublime and masterly  
 composition; I do not recollect ever to  
 have heard any music that affected me so  
 deeply, excepting Handel's Messiah.

Nothing can give a more striking ex-  
 ample of what a theatrical cabal is able  
 to accomplish, provided it be skilfully con-  
 ducted, than the manner in which this *Iphi-*  
*genia*, now the subject of universal admir-  
 ation, was received upon its first repre-  
 sentation at Paris. It was condemned as  
 if it had been the vilest offspring of the  
 lowest descendant of Midas; " *Ah, Iphigénie*  
 " *est tombée!*" exclaimed Gluck to a friend

in a tone of despair : "*Oui, du ciel,*" answered the other. Never was any thing spoken with stricter truth \*.

\* During the three winters that I resided in France, between the years 1789 and 1792, the ruling taste, particularly at Lyons, was for Gretry's music. His *Barbe-bleu* was performed times innumerable, and always with full houses and the most unbounded applause. Monsignot, Philidor, and Duny very rarely appeared. After Gretry, Duleyrac was the most favourite composer; but no town in France, excepting Paris, has yet attained sufficient maturity of taste to admire Gluck's music. A.

## LETTER XIV.

Nion, April 2d, 1796.

I WRITE to you, my dear Bonstetten, from the green-closet. Yesterday restored to my sight those beloved objects Montblanc and the Lake; why was I not also blessed with beholding my most cherished and intimate friend?—From your last letter I expected you would have returned from Bern two days ago, but, alas! on my arrival I received the unpleasant intelligence that in consequence of fresh business you cannot be with us till the day after Easter. Till that time I shall certainly remain here, though we can hardly be together more than two days, since the time of my stay at Nion must of necessity be extremely limited, as I cannot omit visiting Genthod and Rolle, and paying my devotions at every spot rendered sacred to me by friendship.

Yesterday evening I was at Promentou. That sequestered grove I have in solemn seriousness allotted as the place of my interment, supposing I should die in this neighbourhood; and I desire to have my grave planted round with poplars, and a plain stone laid over it, inscribed only with my name; *ut dicant prætereuntes: Vale.*

The evening was fine, and the opposite shores were splendidly illumined with the setting-sun. The sight of Thonon and Ripaille brought forcibly to my recollection our water-party to Evian, when we read Horace's Brundisian Journey in the church of the Capuchins; and when, as our bark pushed off from the shore, the Prince of P—— stood at the window holding up his finger to you in a threatening manner, because you had dared to look at him through your glass; an offence for which you soon after too dearly atoned by the loss of that cherished memorial of your beloved Gray. Nor was the rock of Meillerie forgotten, round which we sailed by moon-light, and where we projected the

the

the delightful scheme of devoting ourselves, at some future period, solely to the acquisition of knowledge, either at Tivoli, or on the island of Nisida.

I spent a part of this morning with Count Gorani, whose gloomy and misanthropic manners had hitherto deterred me from seeking his society, and whom, I believe, you have only seen transiently and by accident. Notwithstanding the brevity of our acquaintance, I have found my intercourse with him both pleasant and instructive, particularly from the many ingenious and acute illustrations of various reliques of antiquity which I have by this means obtained. Gorani appears to have acquired a large mass of useful information in his various travels, and to have reflected very deeply on legislatures and forms of government. He has collected a great number of materials respecting Italy, particularly on the subject of its political situation, but these will hardly be published during his life: his observations on the arts, and on works of art, display unwearied study and a well-formed taste. The merit



that he allows to Sulzer and Winkelmann is extraordinary in an Italian, and shews a mind not fettered by any contemptible national prejudices, but open to the impresson of truth and beauty wherever they are to be found. He learnt the German language at Magdeburg, where he was confined as a prisoner to Austria during the seven years war, and has read all our best writers both in prose and poetry. I challenged him to publish an account of his journey to Morocco, which would doubtless contain much novelty and valuable information. While he was at Milan he was extremely intimate with Count Alexander Veri, of whose distinguished talents he speaks with much warmth. During that time also, Gorani wrote several letters to Bonnet, who mentions him in very handsome terms, in his *Anecdotes of his Correspondents*. In Gorani's general judgment upon, and view of, mankind, reigns a misanthropical severity, which sufficiently accounts for his total seclusion from society\*.

S—

\* Count Gorani went afterwards to Paris, where he was made a French citizen, and published his observations  
upon

S—— was extremely mortified at not meeting with you. He proceeded on his journey this morning, and by this time cannot be very far from Vevay: he considers himself as secure of your long-promised visit. Charles and Edward have charged me with abundance of love to you. Farewel,—I number the minutes till our meeting.

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upon Italy. But foreseeing the fate of the Brissotine party to which he had attached himself, he returned into Switzerland a short time before their downfall; finding however that it was impossible for him to remain there, he very soon quitted the country again. His subsequent fate is unknown to me. A.

## LETTER XV.

Grandelös, June 29th, 1793

LET me now proceed, my dear friend, to give you a detail of my late mountain rambles. We ascended on horseback to the village of Yvorne not far from Aigle. The road was at first beautiful, winding among pines and citysus-trees; the clusters of yellow flowers on the latter formed a striking and charming contrast with the dark green hue of the former, while at intervals, through openings in the bushes, we were enchanted with a perspective view of the valley of the Rhone and the wild snowy hills of the Valais. We continued this ascent for about two hours, when we arrived at a place called *The Ruins*, a name wholly appropriate to the nature of the spot, since the road now became almost perpendicular, and nothing was to be seen on either side but broken masses of rocks towering above each other.

Scarcely

Scarcely had we passed this wilderness, when we were rewarded by arriving upon a plain whence we beheld the whole expanse of the lake of Geneva lying at a great depth immediately below us. We stopped here for some time at a *Sennbütte*\*, where we were very hospitably entertained by the simple owner, and found excellent milk. After this refreshment we again proceeded forwards, and towards evening reached our night-quarters, which was another *Sennbütte* at the foot of two majestic rocks, one of which has the exact form of a flattened cupola, and is called *La Tour de Mayenne*.

Impressed with an ardent desire to reach the summit of this eminence, whence I

\* These are a sort of dairy-houses peculiar to the Alps. They are situated in the high parts of the mountains, and inhabited only in the summer months during the time that the ground is free from snow, and affords pasturage for the cattle. Matthißen, in his eighth letter, mentions that the day following that on which he was to ascend the Anzindas, the herds would be driven thither from the Lower Alps. The herdsmen then accompany the herds and take possession of the *Sennbütten*, whence they supply the country below with the produce of their dairies. T.

promised

promised myself a glorious view over the Alps of Savoy, together with a rich harvest of plants, I could not the next morning resist making an attempt to accomplish my wish, especially as my host assured me that the undertaking was neither difficult nor dangerous. Accordingly, furnished with my Linnæus and a little basket containing some wine and a piece of bread, I commenced my excursion and arrived at the top of the rock without the least obstruction or accident. The view exceeded my expectations, nor was I disappointed in my promised botanical acquisitions, and all had been well, could I have been content to return quietly by the same commodious path that I had ascended; but unfortunately some dæmon possessed me with the idea that by going round to the eastern side of the hill, I might find another track, by which to descend, and thus acquire a farther knowledge of a spot, I was desirous of exploring as much as possible. I had certainly never attempted the execution of this plan, had I been aware that the ridge of rocks among which I hoped to find this path,

path, rose perpendicularly above a horrible precipice.

After walking for about half an hour, first along a valley, and then ascending a hill again, I found myself at the foot of a very steep rock, up which I climbed with some difficulty by the aid of bushes growing out of the clefts, and arrived at a gentle slope covered with the *silene acaulis* as with a purple carpet, where finding myself somewhat fatigued I sat down to rest, it being then exactly noon. After taking a refreshing repast from my little basket I ascended the slope, and as every trace of the foot of man was lost, directed my course by the sun and *La Tour de Mayenne*, which lay exactly to the east of the *Sennabutte* where I had left my companion. I have seldom been more disagreeably surprised than with the change of scene which now presented itself to my view. Scarcely had I reached the summit of the slope, when I saw before me as far as the eye could reach, a boundless wilderness overspread with snow, broken only by vast chasms or points of rocks, and  
where,

where, as on the boundaries of a chaos, all vegetable life seemed to die away.

Had my strength been wholly unimpaired, I could scarcely have formed so wild an idea as that of endeavouring to press on through these regions of wintry desolation, and now that I was already wearied with my previous exertions, I thought it by far my wisest plan to turn back without delay, and regain as fast as possible the path by which I first ascended. But when I came back to the rock I beheld with shuddering the invincible difficulty of getting down a precipice, which in ascending I had scarcely thought formidable.

It is very often the case in mountain regions, as you know by experience, that a rock may be ascended with ease which could not be descended again without the most imminent hazard. Here it was not merely hazardous to attempt descending, it was a thing impossible to be done, since nothing could save me from falling down the precipice, but stepping precisely upon every bush and shrub that had assisted my ascent,

ascent, and this I could by no means be secure of doing, unless I had had eyes in the soles of my feet.

To the right and left frightful abysses denied me every possibility of extricating myself from my perilous situation, consequently no other means remained for my deliverance but to attempt wading through the snowy waste, to which alone I was obliged to leave the decision of my fate. I arrived once more at the slope with the purple carpet, and trod again the borders of the wintry desert, where the loose snow made the walking extremely laborious, nor can I find words to describe the difficulties I had to encounter, but they were so great, that with a less degree of natural strength I had inevitably sunk under them. Often was I forced to descend into deep chasms filled with snow, whence I could not climb out again without the utmost exertion, and at last had perhaps not gained above five or six yards of direct way. My ankle-bones became quite excoriated with repeated falls between broken points of rocks, and my hands were no less galled with grappling them, till at length I  
found



found myself so completely exhausted that I could proceed no farther. It was then half past four.

Hitherto I had not lost all hope of emancipation, but as my strength was gone, and the desert still appeared to stretch as far before me as at the first step I had taken, my fate seemed now inevitable, and I looked forward to death as my only means of deliverance from such a maze of difficulties. I drank my small remains of wine, and ate my last piece of bread with as firm a conviction that I had taken my last meal, as impressed the noble Spartans at Thermopylæ, and lying down on a rock which had previously served me for a table, I almost instantly fell into a profound sleep.

The life of your friend, my dear Bonstetten, now hung upon a very slender thread. Exhausted as I had been, it was more than probable that my sleep would continue till after sun-set, and in that case I must inevitably have fallen a sacrifice to the night-frosts, which even in this season had covered a small lake, that I passed upon these heights with a very  
thick

thick coat of ice. For the hand of man, to snatch me from this benumbed and torpid state, was as little to be expected as if I had been in a wilderness upon an uninhabited island, and I shall always consider the accident to which I owe my deliverance as one of the most extraordinary casualties that ever happened to a mortal. A bird of prey, which probably had a nest somewhere near, was the sole means of giving me back to life and the society of mankind; with a loud scream he swept so closely by me, that notwithstanding my death-like torpor I awoke with the noise. His voice which I could still hear when he was at a great distance seemed to be that of an eagle, and I was afterwards assured by the chamois-hunters, that the nests of the stone-eagle are found in abundance among these rocks. The great owl called in France *grand-duc* is also an inhabitant of these parts, and hides in the clefts and cavities, but it does not seem probable that he was my deliverer, since he is not accustomed to come abroad by day-light. My half-dreaming situation

when I was first roused, rendered me incapable of observing the creature with any degree of accuracy, and by the time that my recollection was perfectly returned, he had soared to such a distance as to preclude the possibility of my distinguishing his form clearly.

It was six o'clock when I awoke, and my strength being now recruited, I was resolved once more to exert every possible effort for effecting my escape. I laboured still for about an hour with inexpressible difficulty through snow and clefts, when at length I reached the bed of a mountain torrent, as yet empty of water, and only in some places filled up with snow. My spirits, which before had every moment been more and more depressed, were now on a sudden as highly elevated. I hailed the joyful harbinger of my deliverance, and entered the channel in full confidence that since in milder weather it conveyed the water to the plains below, it would now convey me thither.

I wound very slowly down between towering masses of rock, which were alternately

nately more smooth or rugged according as the stream rushed over them with increased or diminished force, till at length I once more heard the bells of the herds, and the songs of the herdsmen. Never did the notes of the sweetest music strike with such a charm on my ear, as did now these harsh tones, since they removed in an instant every lingering doubt remaining within me of my restoration to mankind. A smoke which I soon after observed ascending from amidst a forest of pines, served as my guide for the rest of the way, and about eight o'clock in the evening I came to a *Sennbütte* at a considerable distance from that whence I ~~had~~ departed in the morning. The herdsmen fancied at first that they beheld an apparition, so disfigured were all my features and so wan my countenance: nor was ~~this~~ surprising, after fourteen hours spent in such a toilsome expedition, without any thing to support me except a small quantity of bread and wine.

The honest mountaineers made a circle round me to hear my story, and evinced a sympathy for my sufferings, and an anxiety

to relieve them, which affected me deeply. As I pointed out the way by which I came down, they shewed the most expressive signs of astonishment, and assured me that the country above bears a very ill character from the frightful precipices with which it abounds, and that it is never visited by the chamois-hunters before August, and even then not frequently.

Such, my dear Bonstetten, is the faithful and unembellished narrative of my last Alpine excursion.

## LETTER XVI.

Lyons, February 20th, 1791.

**S**WITZERLAND alone, my friend, could furnish such pleasing intelligence as your last letter contained. How happy are you in the bosom of your Alps, which form an impenetrable barrier against the tempests that assail other countries, and insure the abode of peace within their borders, though all the rest of Europe should be enveloped in flames. That country may indeed be said to be blessed by the hand of Nature, which unannoyed by the earthquakes, tornados, plagues, and other desolating calamities to which so many parts of the globe are subject, has no national scourge to apprehend except war, since that is one that may always be averted by a resolute determination to maintain peace. This it is to be hoped will be the fixed resolution of your country, as the only means of preserving her political relations from being

O 2

violently

violently torn asunder, and partaking in those unheard-of convulsions that now agitate so many of the European systems.

Lyons is at present perhaps the only large town in France where it is possible to live as quiet as at the solitary Valcires. She still keeps herself free from scenes of horror, and her share in the progress of the revolution is not more important now than in the preceding years. The regulations for preserving the public peace are so excellent, that all endeavours at *volcanising* the town (to use a newly-coined expression) have hitherto been unsuccessful. For the rest, the inhabitants, who wish to live in peace, observe every ritual and costume of the revolution with the most scrupulous exactness. Some wear, besides the national cockade, a tri-coloured ribbon fastened to the button-hole, and even those young men who were formerly the greatest macaronics in their dress, now wear brass shoe-buckles, because Lyons after the example of many other towns carried in her silver as a patriotic offering to the nation.

It

It is curious to observe how every thing, not only here, but in every part of the kingdom, is *de la nation*, and *à la nation*. A man who has for some time carried on the trade of "*Cleaning all possible sorts of Ruffs, from all possible sorts of stains,*" has now assumed the title of *Degraisseur de la Nation*. The owner of a house upon the quay of Saint-Clair, over the entrance of which were placed heads in bas-relief of Henry the Fourth, the Duc de Sully, Louis the Sixteenth, and the Count d'Artois, was lately compelled to take them down, and at the *Hotel de la Reine*, the black board over the door has been sawed off at the place where the word *Reine* began, and instead of it *Nation* inscribed on the wall with red brick. A hawker this day paraded through the streets crying with a most hideous yell, "*The true balsam against aristocratic hydro-*" "*phobia,*" and upon inquiring what this meant, I found it was the title borne by one of the numberless revolutionary pamphlets, which like ephemera come out in the morning and are consigned to eternal



oblivion before sun-set. But a still more striking thing than all, is an enormous national cockade cemented upon the left knee of the statue of Louis the Fourteenth in the *Place Psillecour*.

All this apparent compliance however on the part of the higher orders, does not seem to have the least real influence upon their sentiments; on the contrary, the tone of reserve and forbearance so conspicuous last winter is now strikingly changed. The boldest dared not then venture farther than a casual stroke of light wounding irony, and even these were scattered about very cautiously and sparingly, but now they scruple not to utter the most poignant sarcasms; and many persons, whom, at that time, they only consigned to bedlam as fools, or *têtes enragées*, are now condemned to the lowest depths of Gehenna, as the most refined and dangerous of villains. Mirabeau in particular is become one of the principal heroes of their daily animadversions, and they relate stories of him which Richardson had too much respect for probability to have imputed even to his Lovelace.

lace. As a specimen I will give you an incident recorded of his marriage at Aix, and which, however extravagant, is far from being among those that throw the greatest odium upon his character.

A young woman of irreproachable character and heiress to a family of large property and illustrious rank, was betrothed to a man whom she tenderly loved. Mirabeau's avarice was inflamed with the idea of her fortune, and he resolved to secure that, by getting her into his power, let it cost what it would. For this purpose he corrupted her maid, and engaged her to let him into the young lady's chamber one morning after she was risen and gone out to take a walk. He then came to the window dressed in his night-gown with his hair dishevelled, and seeing some young men of his acquaintance sitting at the door of a coffee-house directly opposite, he first saluted them with significant nods and winks, and soon after went down and joined the party, telling them, with the most exulting self-satisfaction, that he had

at last succeeded in vanquishing the prudery of that Lucretia at whose window they had seen him inhaling the fresh morning air. In a few hours the scandalous chronicle spread this choice piece of intelligence all over the town, and the lady was consequently dishonoured in the public eye since appearances were so manifestly against her. At the same time the worthless maid conducted herself in such a manner as to indicate that she was charged with some important secret, and thus excited suspicion in the lover and provoked him into entering upon a strict investigation of the affair, which ended in his conviction of his mistress's infidelity. Mirabeau had then the assurance to come to the father and offer to repair his daughter's honour and raise her to the rank of Countess of Mirabeau, provided he would exert all his influence to detach her from her former lover; adding that he hoped her family would not be insensible to so great an instance of magnanimity on his part. The poor, duped father consented to all he desired,

fired,

fired, and thus the innocent young woman was made the victim of this most detestable intrigue.

This story, the gross improbability of which is obvious at the first glance, was related in a large company, precisely as I have now detailed it, by a person who assured us that he knew it to be a fact, for that he was himself at Aix when the circumstance happened. His audience were perfectly satisfied with this assurance, nor did any one of them appear to hesitate for a moment in believing the authenticity of the narrative.

I have always neglected to mention Doctor Gilibert, one of the most skilful physicians in this town, and a great botanist, who has led me to the study of the Cryptogamick plants, and at the same time allowed me the free and uncontrolled use of his very large Herbarium. He was formerly physician in ordinary to the King of Poland, and Professor of Natural History at Wilna, where George Forster was his successor. A Flora Lithuaniensis,

anienfis, which he published ſome years ago, firſt introduced him into public notice ; and he has now acquired increaſed reputation by a new edition of an Introduction to Botany, deſigned for the uſe of the Veterinary School here ; which uſeful work he has enriched with ſo many corrections and explanatory notes as almoſt amount in themſelves to a volume. With an acute ſpirit of obſervation, and unwearied zeal in the purſuit of his favourite branch of knowledge, he has viſited the Alps of Switzerland and the Deſſinat, and even penetrated into ſome of the vallies among the Pyrenees which have hitherto ſcarcely been made objects of botanical reſearch. His Herbarium conſiſts of more than thirty folio volumes, and is enriched with a number of Siberian and Aſtracaneſe plants, for which he is indebted to his friend Pallas. Gilibert, through his humanity and diſinter-eſtedneſs, attracts univerſal eſteem, and in moſt families where he attends in his professional capacity is no leſs the friend and counſellor than the phyſician.

He lives in perfect friendship and harmony with Vitet, whose transcendent skill in the Veterinary art is well known to you, and who next to Gilibert has the greatest practice here in his medical capacity. The Lyons Academy of Sciences, of which Gilibert, La Fourette, and Rozier are members, is principally indebted to them for the distinguished character it has gained by the able and judicious selection of its prize questions\*.

My love for the antient works of art, which I owe very much to my acquaintance with the halls of antiques at Manheim, and to the study of Winkelmann's works, often detains me for hours together in the workshop of Chinard the Statuary, who is undoubtedly

\* Since the unfortunate town of Lyons was taken by the troops of the Convention, I have been in great measure ignorant of the fate of the truly-excellent Dr. Gilibert. All I know is that he was for a time mayor of Lyons, and was afterwards thrown into prison; but that at length, by the judicious dispensation of a considerable sum of money, he succeeded in opening the doors of his prison and reaching a place of security beyond the borders. A. . .

the first artist in Lyons\*. His sublime and fertile imagination is inexhaustible, and his designs are no less admirable for their simplicity than originality; he is peculiarly happy in his allegorical ideas. The Genius of the Antient Arts appeared to him at Rome, and pointed out a path by which to arrive the neatest to the perfection of the Antients;—then, like Michael Angelo, would he stand whole days contemplating the Hercules, and hang with glowing enthusiasm over the Apollo and Laocoon, till he seemed to catch from them electric sparks of that genius which animated the artists to whom they owed their existence. His groupe of Perseus and Andromeda, the model of which he shewed me, even then obtained the academical prize at Rome, and was afterwards placed in the Capitoline Museum. He has lately finished a bas-relief in white

\* Chignard was afterwards appointed to the rank of captain in the national guards, which left him scarcely a moment for the pursuit of his business; he went again to Rome in the year 1792, where he is said to have perished in a tumult. A.

marble,

marble, representing Cupid and Psyche embracing; scarcely can I imagine it possible, that even in Greece during the most flourishing epocha of the arts, this charming design could have been more happily executed.

At present Chinard is employed in a marble groupe with which an opulent merchant intends to surprise his wife as a present on her birth-day. He was directed to introduce father, mother, and son into the same piece, but the choice of some historical or mythological subject, suited to the purpose, was left entirely to his own taste, and I think he has adopted an extremely happy one. The idea is taken from the Adventures of Telemachus; the mother, as Minerva, is turning away the arrow which Cupid was aiming at the heart of Telemachus, who, in the likeness of the son, lies asleep at the foot of a rock, while the figure of the father, in the form of Ulysses, is represented in bas-relief upon a shield lying on the ground near the Sleeping Youth. The likeness of the three figures is said to be striking; Chinard is indeed generally very happy in his likenesses,



nesses, as appears by the bust of the celebrated Gretry, and the statue of a boy of eight years old, in the semblance of a zephyr breathing on a rose.

To his great professional talents, this worthy artist unites extensive knowledge in antient and modern history, and his taste was formed even in his early youth by reading the best poets of his nation. He is passionately fond of the Travels of Anacharsis, which he has just finished for the fourth time, and which he declares it is his intention to keep constantly in reading as long as he lives. Far from considering himself as already near the goal he is ambitious of reaching, he on the contrary regards his career as scarcely yet begun, for his ideas of perfection soar to such a height, that none of the works he has hitherto executed have by any means satisfied him; he looks upon them only in the light of previous exercises, necessary to be gone through for the attainment of that excellence by which he hopes to bequeath an unperishable name to posterity.

## LETTER XVII.

Lyons, March 15, 1791.

I RETURN you Gray's Letters, which do equal honour to him and to yourself: there reigns throughout a manliness of sentiment, a strength of expression, and a beauty of language, which in my opinion would have ranked them among the first in Mason's collection, if you had not refused them to his solicitations. I have selected the most interesting parts, and inserted them in the notes to my Stanzas on the Lemn Lake, in which Gray is introduced\*. I am delighted at displaying this memorial of your friendship with one of the most charming of men, in a country where he has so many admirers, and where every one who has any taste for English poetry knows the *Elegy in the Country Church-yard* almost by heart. The hand-

\* For the translation of the stanzas here mentioned, with the notes containing these Letters of Gray's, see the Appendix. T.

some things which he says of you in these Letters do you more honour than an eulogium from Thomas or d'Alembert. Gray's knowledge in natural history, and particularly in entomology, was till now unknown to me: what would I not give for a sight of the copy of Linnæus enriched with his notes.

Scarcely any poet since Perſius has acquired ſo much celebrity through ſo ſmall a number of verſes as Gray: but he, with leſs than a hundred pages, travels much more ſecurely on the road to immortality, than the Polygraph of Ferney with his ſeventy volumes.

In a ſhort time, but the day of my journey is not yet fixed, I look forwards to a re-union with my trueſt friend, and to beholding again that dear ſpot of earth on which I hope ſome time or other to erect myſelf a little cot. Then far from the ſtreams of Lava, and ſhowers of aſhes that pour from our political volcanoes, I will live only to nature, to the muſes, and to friendſhip. *Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes angulus ridet. Vale et ama.*

## LETTER XVIII.

From the Monastery of the Grand Saint Bernard, July 6th, 1791.

**T**O this highest inhabited spot of the ancient world I came on foot, and accompanied only by my dog. While the Chanoines read the Moniteur, the last Number of which I brought with me as my travelling study, I will write to you, my dear Bonstetten, although I do not know when, or by what means you will receive this letter. I would dispatch it by an eagle, but these haughty birds (and perhaps here, where Jupiter formerly had a Temple, they are even more haughty than elsewhere) scorn the servile employment, of which Anacreon's carrier-pigeon appears to have been absolutely proud. To-morrow it is my intention to descend into the valley of Aosta, and possibly even to go as far as the triumphal arch of Augustus: the letter, in the mean time may wait at the monastery,

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naftery, for the first opportunity of conveyance to Martinach.

After a very toilsome day's journey, through great heat, and over many a tedious hill, I at length reached the village of Saint Peter, the last in the Valais, yesterday at six in the evening. While a ragout of Marmot was preparing for me, I went to see the fall of Dranse, which, to the best of my knowledge, no traveller has yet circumstantially described, though it certainly is one of the grandest waterfalls in Helvetia. The surrounding country, from its rude sublimity, reminded me of one of the wildest landscapes of Salvator-Rosa, where a vast torrent confined between two rocks rushes down into a gulph, and where, as here, overhanging masses of stone, seem ready, with a mighty crash, to fall after it. The Dranse, springs from the Glacier of Valforey, famous for a monstrous ice-grotto, and flows into the Rhone not far from Martinach.

A part of my route to-day led me along the side of this charming torrent, through truly picturesque scenery. From Saint Peter

Peter to the monastery is a journey of three hours; not far from the village I was extremely struck with a rock which rises like an obelisk, from amid the dark waters of the roaring Dranse, and on the side of which the beautiful *rhododendron ferrugineum*, then in full flower, grew in uncommon abundance; a cross, which crowns its rounded summit, completed the romantic appearance of the scene. A few steps farther I saw a beautiful butterfly, I believe the Apollo, sitting on the *Gentiana acaulis*, to which majestic flower the animal seemed to pay its court with great delight: it impressed me with the idea of a lovely gem.

The country now became perfectly wild and barren; ere long, no more green trees were to be seen, all verdure was lost beneath a boundless waste of snow, and no sound was to be heard but the song of the Alpine lark, or at long intervals the bleating of the Chamois. But even these tones ceased, after I had proceeded about half an hour longer in the snow, nor, till I came near the monastery, did any others succeed

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but

but the awful thunder of the rolling *Lawine*\*. It is in the midst of this frightful solitude that travellers are so often overwhelmed beneath these tremendous masses, or benumbed in snow showers, and through the benevolence of the Chanoines of Saint Bernard, assisted by their dogs and sounding poles, rescued from such a state of destruction, and restored again to life.

The perpetual sinking in the snow fatigued me so much, that I began to hesitate whether I must not sit down and rest myself, when I heard the great bell of the monastery, the sound of which, pouring with a slow and hollow clang through a wild rocky chasm, had an inexpressibly solemn effect: the conviction it afforded me, however, that I was near the end of my toils instantaneously renewed my strength, and I pushed on eagerly, when I soon beheld the edifice itself, high above me in the deep blue atmosphere, at the edge of a

\* The dreadful masses of snow that fall at times from the Alps, known in other parts by the name of the *Avalanche*. T.

rugged rock. To an eye accustomed to beholding the habitations of man surrounded by gardens, meadows, rivulets, and groves, the sight of a large and regular pile of building situated in the midst of this wilderness on a gigantic eminence, with clouds rolling at its foot, and encompassed only by beds of ice and snow stretching through a boundless labyrinth of rugged vales and gullies in mournful immutability, was awfully impressive. In this chilling region, elevated twelve hundred and forty-six fathoms above the level of the sea, the air preserves a never-ceasing winter, and even at mid-day in the month of August the thermometer rarely stands above the freezing point. A small lake which lies on the south side of the monastery is never wholly thawed, nor does any green sedge or rushes relieve the desert appearance of its borders.

I now entered the monastery, and found the Chanoines at breakfast. They received me with undissembled hospitality, and in the most polite and obliging manner entreated me to prolong my stay with them



at my own pleasure. Their dining-room is large, not furnished splendidly, but with taste; and what is better than ornamental paintings, sparkling lustres, and mirrors that almost cover the walls, perfect neatness reigns in every part of their establishment. Among the Chanoines I found some whose manners and conversation bespoke them persons of refined education, and I experienced great pleasure in their company, exclusive of the gratification I felt from the accomplishment of one of my most favourite wishes. Long, very long, have I been desirous of becoming personally acquainted with a society, the benevolence of whose institution has always been the subject of my warmest veneration, and almost all of whose members have deserved civic crowns. With what an heroic sacrifice of the prime enjoyments of life, particularly of the sweet enchantment of female society, which dispenses such transcendent blessings over the days of mortals, do these men, in one of the most inhospitable corners of the earth, cold and unfriendly as the foggy regions of Greenland,

land, devote themselves to exercising the most sacred duties of humanity. Gratuitously, and without distinction of rank or religion, the wearied traveller is here lodged and fed, the diseased are nursed with the tenderest care, and the benumbed wanderer is snatched from the horrors of impending fate.

In the very coarsest seasons, as often as it snows or the weather is foggy, some of these benevolent persons go forth with long poles, and, guided by their excellent dogs, seek the highway, which these sagacious animals never miss, how difficult soever to find. If then the wretched traveller has sunk beneath the force of the falling *Lauwine*, or is immersed in the snow in a benumbing swoon, how deeply soever he may be buried, the dogs never fail of finding the place of his interment, which they point out by scratching and snuffling, when the sufferer is dug out and carried to the monastery, where every possible exertion is used for his restoration. The number of those who lose their lives in the field of battle is known to all

Europe, but no one could give me an account what number have thus had the gift of life conferred on them a second time.

Yet notwithstanding all the care and attention of these real friends of mankind, and their faithful dogs, scarcely a year passes, but as the snow melts away in summer, the dead bodies of travellers are discovered, who, remote from their homes and all that was dear to them, have perished here unnoticed and unknown. As the ground for a considerable extent round the monastery is solid rock, the dead are collected together in a chapel, lying on its eastern side, which is made to admit a thorough draught of air, by openings in the walls guarded by large iron bars, as in the charnel-house at Murten. The sight of so many unfortunate persons, probably collected from various parts of the world, yet how far remote from each other in life, brought father by an unfortunate similarity of fate to rest together in death, affected my inmost soul. They are all covered with palls; and as in this frozen

frozen region no exanimate body moulders, but only gradually shrivels and dries away, so the features in the face remain undistorted for a considerable length of time, and some have even been recognized by friends and relations after having lain here for two or three years. The bodies are not disposed one over the other, but are all placed upright, and each fresh corpse leans its head on the breast of the former: this disposition has something familiar in it, and gives them the semblance of being united only in a general slumber. Four rows of these slumberers already rest here, from the faces and hands of many of whom the palls have slipped off and left them uncovered: these have all a perfect mummy-like appearance.

In this chilling region, where fire-wood is among the first necessities of life, and where an incredible quantity is consumed, it must all be brought by mules up a steep and rugged road which is not passable for above two months in the year.

Six o'clock in the evening,

THESE Chanoines appear to live together in great harmony; the utmost cheerfulness presides at their table, and their behaviour to each other is like that of brethren. The *Moniteur*, which they had read, occasioned them to ask some political questions that convinced me they had a very imperfect idea of the late occurrences in the world, and viewed them only as in a deep twilight. Of the flight of the royal family from Paris they had collected some confused and dark intimation, but had never heard a syllable of their return. Indeed they do not, like many other persons who before the revolution devoted themselves exclusively to science, now employ their time in comparing and endeavouring to reconcile the daily contradictions in the public papers, or in sketching with prophetic pencil grotesque monsters upon the curtain of futurity; their leisure hours are still occupied in some favourite pursuit, such as natural philosophy, mineralogy, or botany, and some also study  
ancient

ancient literature with great industry ; but the moment that suffering humanity calls for their aid, they leave every other occupation, and hasten to their posts with military punctuality.

No sooner had they learnt of what country I was a native, than they began to talk of Frederick the Great, who continued from that time the only subject of our conversation. Choiseul Gouffier could hardly be more astonished when a monk of the Isle of Patmos inquired of him about Voltaire and Rousseau, than I at being questioned by these inhabitants of the clouds after the hero of the seven years war ; but I found they had all an accurate and tolerably circumstantial knowledge of his character, and the history of his reign.

Dalaye, the steward of the monastery, a pleasing and agreeable man, to whom I had a particular recommendation, carried me to Jupiter's Plain, where in the times of the Romans stood a temple to that God, from which the hill took its name of *Mons Jovis*. Antiquities have been dug up in various

various parts among the ruins of this temple, and particularly a quantity of copper-plates covered with votive tablets, which, as Saussure ingeniously remarks, clearly proves that the Romans considered the passage over this mountain as very dangerous. Not far from the monastery I gathered the *Azalea procumbens* on a little patch of turf which grew under the shelter of a projecting crag.

I was too much fatigued to undertake the arduous task of visiting the Mirror-rock, though it is undoubtedly one of the greatest curiosities of the country. A stony spot of considerable size, has so perfect a polish, that, according to what Daleve assured me, objects are reflected by it as clearly as in the brightest mirror. No one has hitherto been able to form any plausible conjecture for solving this phenomenon; veiled in thick darkness, Nature, with an invisible hand, performed the wondrous task of smoothing and polishing the rugged surface.

The famous dogs of Saint Bernard are, alas! all dead, save only one bitch. It is  
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a truly lamentable reflection, that the breed of these noble animals, which like that of the Arabian horses had been so long preserved uncontaminated, must be now, if not extinguished, at least degenerated.

My catalogue of plants collected in this journey is already pretty considerable; the *Aretia* and *Diapensia* have, however, for this time escaped me, because they bloom only on the summits of hills, to which, for want of time, I could not ascend; but I am now certain of finding, in a forest above Martinach, the *Linnaea borealis*, which Saussure discovered only once on the Voirion, but afterwards sought in vain on the same spot as well as in many others\*. The Valais is in general a true *Eldorado* for the botanist, and it was in this country that Haller's excursions were always crowned with the richest harvest.

But he who contemplates mankind in these parts must be overwhelmed with the most melancholy and humiliating reflections in beholding a class of beings, who,

\* The *Linnaea borealis* may also be found in great abundance in the Grisons, not far from the *Via Mala*. A.



while they retain the human form, though distorted into the most hateful caricature, yet in point of intellect fall far below the meanest gradation of brutes: you will easily imagine that I mean the Cretins. In the course of this expedition I saw one about thirty years old, who had not animal instinct sufficient to feed himself; his goitre was one of the most enormous I ever beheld; his eyes were uncommonly small, and remained uniformly fixed in the same unmeaning stare, and his voice, which however is but seldom heard, was a dull moan. In fine weather he is brought out and laid in the sun, where he remains stretched at his length perfectly motionless, till he is carried back into the house. Another, of a still lower class, died some time since at Aigle, at the age of nine years, in whose whole body there was no aperture excepting the mouth. The deceased Dean of Copet, who communicated to an acquaintance of mine many observations which he made upon this miserable being, never could perceive any motion in him but when he gave back that portion of nourishment

rishment which must necessarily be discharged.

Few families in the Valais live without Cretins, but they are seldom in so very deplorable a situation as these, who certainly rank lower in the scale of existence than an oyster or a polypus. Some are capable of being employed in fetching wood and water, and others have even sense enough to make themselves intelligible by signs; but the glaring grin of idiocy, and the hideousness of features, to be equalled only by the Baschkirs and people of Petschory, is common to them all. It is a very remarkable circumstance that women of other parts have been known to bring Cretins into the world merely from spending some weeks in the Valais during their pregnancy.

## LETTER XIX.

Lyons, 21st December 1791.

FATE has long been twisting up a skein so dreadfully entangled, that we perhaps may never live to see it unravelled. The mark at which the people aim is still a shadow which shifts its form every moment, and the legislators, amid childish bickerings, often lose sight of France and its concerns for a week together. The popular party has so strikingly increased at Lyons within the last year, that the aristocratic re-action, which at first seemed to possess a force that might bear down all opposition, is now scarcely of any account. For the rest, the sharp-sighted politicians of both parties are agreed that some frightful explosion awaits the kingdom, whence a new order of things must immediately arise.

The hypotheses which each one erects upon this inevitable re-organization, of course, are modified according to the wishes

wishes and interests of the individual by whom they are formed ; and the visions on the future state of France are in this respect like the visions on the state of man after death, in their speculations upon which, the philosopher interweaves his metaphysics, and the poet his poetical rhapsodies. An anecdote of an archbishop and his nephew will not here be mal-a-propos : they were taking an evening's walk together, when they fell into a dispute about the spots in the moon ; “ I see a shepherdess sitting under a tree very clearly,” said the young man, eagerly ; while the uncle positively asserted that he could no less plainly distinguish the tower of a cathedral church.

The most dangerous enemy which France has to dread, is the egotism of her own demagogues.

Some weeks ago I went in a little boat down the Rhone to Vienne, the famous *Colona Vienenfis* of the Romans. This short excursion included so little worthy of notice, that I should probably have passed it over in silence, had I not in the course

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of

of it seen one of the most interesting monumental inscriptions that has ever fallen under my observation. In the cathedral, a venerable Gothic structure, on the united tomb of two friends are inscribed the words

*Mens una. Cinis unus.*

Two other curiosities at Vienne, are a well-preserved Prætorium, which is said to resemble in form the famous temple of Nîmes, and an old monument in a common field, some hundred paces from the town, which has occasioned the Antiquarians many an anxious hour. It is formed of large pyramids of free-stone, and rests on four pillars united together by arches, but unfortunately has no inscription. What then remained for these gentlemen? In the first place they went over every road, beaten and unbeaten, to find out what destination this monument probably had *not*; then endeavoured irrefutably to prove by arguments carefully drawn from the ancients, that we could by no possible means have arrived at the knowledge of its destination, even if it had fortunately

tunately been furnished with an inscription ; and lastly, to close the subject oracularly, they pronounced that it must have been the monument of some illustrious Roman. This was indeed moving the ocean to drown a fly.

Larive has lately played four of his favourite characters here ; the Cid, Orofman, Tancred, and Philoctetes. This favoured pupil of Le Kain's is so much indebted to Nature, that he wants very little support from Art, to reach a height of theatrical excellence which will secure him the next place in the annals of the French stage to his immortal master. His voice is so full-toned and clear, that it gave me the perfect idea of an Homeric hero's, and his declamation is so correct, that I think it must satisfy even the most severe and stubborn critic. He has studied the pantomimical part of acting to its very minutest shadings, and in his carriage he has none of that affected theatrical stateliness that always seems strutting upon stilts, but a native inherent dignity, which, as Wieland

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expresses himself, would be obvious; and command respect even under a drapery of sackcloth.

The character of Philoctetes is undoubtedly Larive's master-piece: but this could scarcely be otherwise, since it was written expressly for him, and from the most attentive study of his talents and stile of acting. Few theatrical performances ever affected me more deeply than this; indeed the situation of the hero, left in so helpless a state on the desert shores of Lemnos, is one of the most interesting furnished by the records of antiquity. The manner in which Larive, in this character, steps with his wounded foot, as he drags himself along to a neighbouring spring to fetch water in an old rusty helmet, is alone sufficient to draw tears from every feeling heart. 'Tis pity, however, that the great simplicity of the Greek Philoctetes is so much lost in the French imitation, notwithstanding that it is among the best works of La Harpe.

In *Tancred*, I felt particularly eager for that scene in which the hero, on his return

to his native country, after a long absence, breaks out,

*“ A tous les cœurs bien nés, que la patrie est cher ! ”*

Le Kain, in the performance of this character, used to remain silent for some moments after his entrance, as if wholly absorbed in contemplating the objects which called back to his recollection the days of his youth, and then to give vent to his feelings in the words above quoted, which seemed to rush on his mind at the same moment. Larive, on the contrary, began his monologue immediately at his appearance on the stage, which, in my opinion, rendered the effect less impressive. In Orofman too, in that celebrated passage, “ *Zaire, vous pleurez,* ” always eagerly expected by the audience, and with which Le Kain always transported them, I thought Larive’s manner much too cold. Those parts which require a glow of feeling, are always his weakest, since that is a gift with which he is not endowed by Nature. In the Cid he was particularly happy in his recital of the battle.



It is vexatious to see how prevalent the practice has become of modernizing the ancient Corneille. Instead of his strong, rough-toned verses, weak melodious ones are substituted, and his old and expressive words are discarded to make way for new ones not half so forcible; thus a great part of the genuine currency of Corneille, which bore the real stamp of his genius, is ground away to mere file-dust. At Dusseldorf I saw a painting by Rubens, in which the foot of one of the figures far exceeded the just proportions; that was undoubtedly a great fault, but I would not have thanked any inferior painter for attempting to correct it. Why the French do not endeavour to bring their old word *invaincu*, which occurs in the *Cid*, again into circulation, is the less to be imagined, as the language has no other adjective which can express the *invictus* of the Romans.

Restier is justly esteemed one of the greatest comedians in France, but on account of his great age, he now very seldom

dom plays. No actor ever entered so deeply into Moliere's spirit, and with him probably the real characters intended by that Author will be lost to the stage. He excels principally in *Le Tartuffe*, *L'A-vare*, and *Le Malade Imaginaire*. So decided is his attachment to Lyons, that he has invariably refused the offers made him by the Paris managers, though they have been both numerous and advantageous.

Volney has been here some days. He is on his way to Corsica, whither he is going, commissioned by the government, to survey the numerous wastes with which that island abounds, and arrange such plans as he shall judge proper for their cultivation. I have seen him several times; he appears not much turned of thirty, has a fine and attractive countenance, and in his manners reigns all the appropriate urbanity of the Paris Literati. A new work of his is just come from the press, under the title of *Les Ruines*; it contains political and philosophical reflections upon the

Constitutions and Revolutions of States and Empires, made in the character of a philosopher sitting amid the ruins of Palmyra. I have as yet read very little farther than the introductory chapter, and can therefore only say that the bordering displays taste and originality. I dined with him yesterday at a large party at Monsieur F——'s. Before his arrival the company were all pleasing themselves with the idea of the interesting details they should hear from the celebrated man who had seen the Pyramids, the Nile, and the ruins of Palmyra; but during the whole day Volney talked only of the National Constituent Assembly, of which he was a member, and of the necessity of cultivating wastes which had been hitherto neglected, because there appeared great reason to expect, that all the European colonies in the other hemisphere, would in a short time follow the example of those which had belonged to Great Britain, and seceding from their mother-countries erect themselves into independent states. I  
thought

thought immediately of Brasil, that gigantic branch of a dwarf trunk, from which it is incomprehensible that it has not long ago fallen off through its own weight.

## LETTER XX.

Avignon, 18th March 1792.

**S**INCE my departure from Lyons, my dear Bonstetten, I have never remained stationary a sufficient time to admit of my writing ; and the present is the first hour of respiration during my travels in South France which I could devote to you exclusively.

I have nothing very particular to relate of my aquatic journey from Lyons to Avignon ; the company in the packet was numerous, and as usual very mixed. I made an acquaintance with two gentlemen whose appearance pleased me much : one was Monsieur de Launay, formerly an officer in the East Indies, and now going to Avignon in quest of a son in the regiment of Larmarck, whom he had not seen for fourteen years : the other was a Count Tilly, who was present at the siege of Gibraltar, and has since resided for a long time in Corsica.

The

The latter shewed considerable knowledge and a refined taste: we read together in Horace, and in Hume's History of England, the first volume of which I had with me: I am always charmed with the warmth and justice of that author's sentiments, and often astonished at the novelty and ingenuity of his observations. Thus employed, the shores flew by us imperceptibly, for the mind, when amused, sinks into a gradual insensibility to external objects.

To attempt the description of scenery is commonly a thankless labour, because the imagination of the reader almost always substitutes a false picture; without this conviction I had perhaps endeavoured to sketch some of the picturesque views near Viviers, where wild rocks are interchanged with richly cultivated valleys, and the ruins of many a venerable Knight's castle, rise on rugged strata of basaltes.

Monsieur Launay, who seemed to possess a heart full of sensibility, and easily overpowered, thought only of his son, and wished the ship the wings of the stormy winds. Yet no other idea but that of the child

child

child of four years old smiling on him at his departure appeared to reign in his mind; he could not by any means figure to himself that child as a youth of eighteen.

Yesterday towards noon we arrived at Avignon; as we landed we saw three officers of the regiment of Lamarck walking under some trees, one of whom appeared very young. "If this should be my son!" cried the anxious father, and turning immediately to the three officers, "May I be permitted to ask, gentlemen," said he, "if you know the young de Launay?"—"Most certainly I do," answered the young man; "I am the very person." The father, in a transport, clasped him in his arms, exclaiming, "My son!" As long as I live I shall never forget this fine and affecting scene.

In our passage we stopped two nights, the first at a village, the name of which I have forgotten, the second at Saint Audiol, a small town in the department of Ardeche. Here a number of ragged fellows fell instantly upon our baggage

baggage to convey it to the inn. My light cloak-bag, which I could have carried on my finger, was seized by two strong porters, who each possessed themselves of a strap, and proceeded slowly from the shore as if ready to sink under their burthen. The division of Count Tilly's baggage went so far, that his military sword was separated from its belt, and each borne off by a different porter.

At Avignon we entered the Hôtel of Saint Omer, just as the company, which consisted principally of officers, were sitting down to table. One of them related, with the same indifference that he would have talked about the weather, the conflict which had recently happened between the regiments of Lamarck and Bourgogne, wherein several men were killed on both sides. We went after dinner to the place where the fray had happened, and saw the bodies of the slain still lying there exposed to public view. But the people seemed already so much accustomed to like scenes, that they no longer made any impression upon them, since most of them passed on almost



almost without glancing upon this horrid spectacle. The contest arose from a discovery made by some soldiers of the regiment of Bourgoigne, that those of Lamarck consisted merely of hired aristocrats.

We went up to the castle where a short time since Jourdan's rabble\* perpetrated those deeds of horror, which are unparalleled in history, and it is to be hoped will ever remain so. The enormous halls, where, under the effeminate Pope Clement the Sixth, nothing but songs of Jubilee and the voice of luxurious banquetings resounded through the arches, and where the vicegerent of God, laid the triple crown, together with the keys of Paradise, at the feet of the beautiful Viscountess Turenne, were now dyed with the innocent blood of a Russian's victims.

Scarcely half the cruelties of the Jourdanian horde are known through the medium of the public prints. A merchant

\* The *Jourdan* here mentioned must not be confused with the General of that name, who has since made so distinguished a figure in the Annals of the Republic, as they are persons of a very different description. T.

of this town who was an eye-witness of many of these shocking scenes, and whom I believe to be a person of strict credibility, related circumstances which made me shudder with horror. The victims destined to destruction, were, with refined cruelty, kept in tortures for a whole day amid cannibal exultations, and at last thrown alive into ice-cellar. A mother saw her daughter of twelve years old, first ill-treated in the most brutal manner before her eyes, then mutilated of both her hands, and feet, and cast down a precipice. Immediately after, she was herself seized, abused and mutilated with like brutality, and then united with the dead body, as was supposed, of her daughter; yet it is notorious that neither were so soon released from their sufferings, for both were afterwards taken alive out of the precipice, and consigned with others to the ice-cellar. *Sed manum de tabula.* After the arrest of Jourdan and his accomplices, the bodies were brought out from this general grave, and interred separately with great solemnity; the shocking description

tion of these obsequies given in the *Moniteur*, you cannot have forgotten.

The people of Avignon live in constant fear lest the menaces of the Marseillois to set Jourdan and his crew at liberty again, by force of arms, should be verified. On this account most of the principal families have emigrated, and the finest houses in the town are now uninhabited. The church of the Franciscans has never been open since the slaughter that happened there, which prevented my visiting the place of Laura's interment.

Filled with astonishment and detestation at these outrages, I took a walk along the banks of the Rhone, and to disperse the horrid images which still hovered before my eyes, took out my Petrarch and began reading. I happened to open it at the Sonnet *Dodeci Donne*, which brought to my recollection a party of pleasure made by Laura with twelve other ladies, down this river, in a bark which the poet likens to the *Argo*. But because they sailed very slowly they resolved to return back in a cart,

cart, the only carriage of those times, which again, in a flight of imagination, the animated songster transforms into a triumphal car, where Laura sat singing the sweetest melodies to her friends\*. This description carried me back in idea into past centuries, and I traced over in my mind the resurrection of poetry, after so long a night of barbarism, when, under a more serene heaven, the Troubadours began to sing their ballads, their madrigals, and their combats, in the courts of Princes,

\* To Laura's pleasing and impressive voice, her lover in many places bears the most ample testimony. But that she also distinguished herself as a poetess, of which the doating Nostradamus relates so many marvellous instances, asserting among other things, "*Qu'elle romansoit promptement en toute sorte de rithme provençale,*" is indisputably contradicted by the following line from Petrarch:

*Che non curò giammai rime, né versi.*

Probably Laura, according to the mode of education in those times, was, like her contemporaries, carefully instructed in sewing and spinning, or learnt besides, at the utmost, to read and write: and in days when women were kept in such profound ignorance, one who could do these, might easily acquire the title of a *Demoiselle Lettrée*. A.

and in the castles of the great, and gave existence to the *Tribunals of Love* in which judgment was passed upon the contests in poetry and gallantry among these roving bards, by ladies of the first beauty and genius in the country.

In returning back to the inn, I followed mechanically a number of men who appeared to be set in motion by some unusual spectacle. On my questioning them what was to be done, they told me that they were going to the prison to see Jourdan return from his trial. I had by this means an opportunity of seeing this renowned miscreant, whose countenance appears 'more stupid and brutish than fierce and bloody-minded.' His trial is considered on all hands as a mere empty form, and the judges, who have a hundred irrefutable proofs of his criminality, who could bring the whole town as witnesses against him, are said to be determined by no means to convict him capitally.

Lile, near Vaucluse, 10th March.

THE four hours' journey from Avignon hither I have travelled on foot: the road lies through one of the finest and most fertile parts of the Comtât, where the cypresses and olive-trees had to me as well, as the charm of beauty, that of novelty. The lofty Ventoux, still covered with snow, promises, in this flat country, a very extensive and majestic view. Petrarch ascended to its summit more than four hundred years ago, accompanied by his brother; an undertaking, which, though now regarded as a trifle, was at that time considered as no less arduous than the ascension of Montblanc is at present. According to the account of this expedition, which he has left in one of his letters, the view from Ventoux must be one of the most varied and extensive on the earth. He saw at a distance the Alps, the hills in the province of Lyons, and the coast of the Mediterranean from Marseilles to Aigues-Mortes, while directly at his foot he be-

held the course of the Rhone rolling through an immeasurable plain. After feasting himself for a long time with this superb spectacle, he drew out Saint Augustine's Confessions which he always carried about him, and by a curious coincidence opened it at the very place where the Saint says, "We men climb to the tops of hills to contemplate the boundless extent of the sea, or the course of a river, while we lose sight of ourselves entirely." This letter of Petrarch's has always made a particularly strong impression upon me; nor is any one among that interesting writers so constantly present to my recollection. Mass is said every year on the fourteenth of September, in a chapel on the summit of Ventoux; and in the same manner as all the inhabitants round Jura collect themselves upon the Dole on the first Sunday in August, so scarcely any person in the neighbourhood of Ventoux neglects assembling upon that mountain on the above-mentioned day.

About an hour from Avignon, I asked the way to like of a simply, but creditably dressed

ressed man, who followed me with hasty steps. "I am going to Lile, Sir," he answered, "and if it will be agreeable we can walk together." I assented, and we proceeded onwards, when insensibly the conversation turned upon subjects of science, on which my new companion shewed much reading, a sound judgment, and correct feeling. He called Montesquieu, Mably, and Rousseau, the triumvirate who had paved the way for the revolution, and spoke with ecstasy of Pope, Thomson, and Gessner, whom he knew by translations; Plutarch's Lives he had read repeatedly. This brought us still more earnestly into conversation, and I was more and more convinced that I had made an acquaintance with a scholar of great taste and erudition. On our arrival at Lile I proposed our passing the night together at the same inn, when to my surprise he answered that he only came thither to cover a billiard-table, and should return the same evening. I now learned that my philosophical companion was an upholsterer at Avignon, who from his early youth had



devoted all his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge, under the direction of one of the literati of that place. We separated as old acquaintance.

Since the surrender of Lile to France, an alteration has been made in the papal arms over its gates, which I cannot pass over in silence. A patriotic stone-mason has chiselled away all the Gothic carving about the triple crown of the Holy Father, and by shortening and rounding it off, has transformed it into the French cap of liberty.

The inn where I lodge lies without the gate, not far from the Sorgue, the two arms of which encompass the town. I am here only at a short hour's distance from Vaucluse, where I purpose to spend the forenoon of to-morrow.

Before I introduce you to the family of my host, I must premise that the inhabitants of the Comtat are divided into four parties, who persecute each other with inexorable hatred. The first still adheres to the Pope, and consists principally of the old people and Ecclesiastics; the second,  
which

which is called the Aristocratic party, wishes the country, it is true, to remain under the sovereignty of France, but only on condition that the monarchy shall be fully restored: the third is perfectly satisfied with the present order of things, and is called the Democratic party; and the fourth consists of those who under the conduct of Jourdan enriched themselves by plunder, and whose prime wish therefore is to break the chains of their hero, and see him raised again to his former power;—these are comprehended under the title of Brigands.

It was to me one of the most curious as well as the most lamentable of political phenomena to find these four parties united in my inn, where the family consisted of only four persons. The father, a bigoted old man, to whom the metamorphosis of the papal crown over the gate had occasioned more than one sleepless night, was a papist; the mother a vehement democrat; the daughter, who had been a favorite with the former archbishop of Aix, an *aristocrate enragée*; and the son, as having been lieutenant under Jourdan, a furious *brigand*.

*gand.* The enmity between the two young people, however, did not seem carried to so great a height as between the father and mother, who were almost always quarrelling. When I asked the young lady if one might sleep in security under their roof, as her brother, according to her own account, was a brigand; she answered, "Do not be alarmed, Sir, he is a very good lad when he is here, but when he is with Jourdan, he must perform his duty to his captain."

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Avignon, 20th March.

• AND now I have been at Vacluse. With what rapture did I not rest on that spot where one of the most extraordinary and distinguished men, not only of his own century but of every other, consecrated a great part of his life to solitude and to the Muses. Where shunning the idea of worldly strife, he saw no one but a maid, brown and withered as the Lybian desert; heard no sounds but the lowing  
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of herds, the songs of the feathery choir, and the roaring of waters, nor desired other society but that of his faithful dog and his books. Often, for many days together, from the very dawn of morning till night again closed upon him, did he live in the loneliness and silence of a Carthusian, subsisting only on coarse bread and fruit, and clothed no less simply than his neighbours the shepherds and the fishermen. His garden was cultivated with his own hands, his time was spent in rambling about the surrounding hills and meadows, and frequently would he climb alone, in the fearful solitude of midnight, into that dreary cavern, where even in company, and in the full light of day, no one could enter without involuntary shiverings of horror. In the field and in the forest, as in his closet, he was always reading, writing, musing, and running over in his mind the occurrences of the past, meditating on the probable events of the future, and rejoicing at being placed in the blessed middle state between poverty and riches, where he could breathe health and freedom amid  
rural

rural temperance, in the purest air, and surrounded by the loveliest scenes of nature. And here probably would he have ended his days, had not Avignon, which he abhorred, been so near, and Italy, which he so warmly loved, been at such a distance.

Here he composed the Canzoni and Sonnette, of which he himself thought so humbly, yet which have been the principal means of giving lustre and immortality to his name, while his heroic-poem, *Africa*\*, on which he rested his chief hopes of poetical renown, is forgotten: as his friend Boccaccio expected to live to posterity, not through the Decameron† which

\* Although Petrarch himself thought so highly of his poem of *Africa*, and rested upon it as the foundation of his future poetical laurels, it is nevertheless little more than a tedious and prosaic narrative of the principal events in the second Punic war, destitute even of the merit of harmonious versification and purity of style, and what scarcely any man of taste could endure to read. But Silius Italicus was not at that time recovered to the world. A.

† Boccaccio set so little value on the Decameron, (which at Venice alone has gone through sixty editions,) or,

which he considered as insignificant, and even sought to suppress, but solely through his Latin works which at present rest in obscurity.

The Sorgue, which carries boats even at its source, arises from a small lake that rests in an oval basin formed out of the rock, under the arching of a spacious cavern; and thence the water presses forwards into its bed, through a subterraneous channel which issues from the lower part of the basin\*. But the exploring of this grotto, which I had in imagination peopled with gnomes, fairies, and water nymphs, though an adventure for which I had always ardently longed, was denied me; for the

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or, which is still more probable, was so much ashamed of the voluptuous paintings which recur in it so frequently, that his friend Petrarch, in whom he otherwise placed the fullest confidence, remained ignorant of its existence for four-and-twenty years. When at last it came by mere accident into his hands, he was so much affected with the story of *Griseidis*, that he translated it into Latin for the benefit of all who were yet unacquainted with the Italian language. A.

\* A more particular description of Vaucluse will be found in the Appendix, Note XVII. T.

water

water was so swollen, that it fell with fearful tossings over the stony rampart by which it is guarded at the entrance of the cavern, and precluded all possibility of approaching it. The rocks which surround this spring, like an amphitheatre, are nearly perpendicular and lose themselves in the clouds.

My feelings in this sublime solitude were poured out in the following stanzas :

Oh solitary olive ! whose green boughs  
In mourning hang o'er yonder moss-clad stones,  
Breathe coolness o'er the wand'rer, e'en in spring  
Parched by the summer's rays !

Here dwells sweet peace of soul, while golden forms  
Rue from thy clear dark waters, and with sound  
Just audible, blest spirits round the spring  
Flaunt airy pennons wave.

Dreams of the future hence ! as curling smoke  
Dissolve in air, Oh shadows of the past !  
One drop of Lethe grant, and my soothed heart  
Shall tremble with delight.

Near the source of the Sorgue, on the summit of a rugged rock, which appears wholly inaccessible, stands a castle wall, called in the neighbourhood Petrarch's Castle, and by means of this ruin the peasants

fants of the country have that poet's name continually in their mouths. The old story which assigned him this fabric as a residence, with a subterraneous passage from thence to Laura's house, is long since refuted, for the castle at that time belonged to the Bishop of Cavillon. Laura, as is proved by Petrarch's Works, never came to Vacluse, and he himself had a small house built, probably on the same spot where the paper-mill now stands, which, in one of his letters, he expressly likens to the houses of Cato and Fabricius. The garden he called his Transalpine Parnassus lay not far from the spring, on a slope bounded by steep rocks.

Another error, still universally circulated, into which Voltaire has also fallen \*, is to suppose the ode,

*Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque,*

to be addressed to the fountain of Vacluse, the distance of which from Avignon is com-

\* That Voltaire should mistake the spring to which this ode is addressed, appears a trivial and insignificant error ;  
but



commonly represented as very inconsiderable. But it is in reality upon the *Triade*, a spring very near Avignon, where, in Petrarch's time, the ladies were accustomed to bathe in great numbers, and where probably the scene of the little adventure is to be sought, which he describes in his first Canzone.

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but he is guilty of a farther misrepresentation, which is wholly inexcusable, and adds another to the numberless proofs of that author's extreme carelessness with regard to many subjects on which he treats. After citing the beginning of this very poem as a specimen of Petrarch's genius and manner, which, however, he describes very coldly, he proceeds thus. "The beginning  
 " of Petrarch's fine ode on the fountain of Vaucluse, (an  
 " irregular ode which he composed in blank verse, to avoid  
 " wearying himself for rhymes, but which is more highly  
 " esteemed than even his rhymed verses,)" &c.—How it was possible for any one, however superficially he might read this ode, to overlook its regularity, and the care with which it is rhymed from beginning to end, is wholly inconceivable, no less so than that half Europe should pay such implicit deference to the shallow but peremptory decisions passed by Voltaire upon many other poetical works of foreigners, of which he often knows no more than of the *Xi-Kim*. A.

## LETTER XXI.

Nîmes, 22d March 1792.

I NOW resume the thread of my broken narrative. At Avignon I became acquainted with a captain of the national guard of Montpellier, who, as well as myself, was going on the following morning to Nîmes, and as he pleased me much, from his refined and courteous manners, I gladly accepted his proposal of our hiring a carriage jointly. We left Avignon at five in the morning, and crossed the Rhone to Villeneuve, at which little town commences the magnificent *Chaussée* of Languedoc, so celebrated for its extraordinary breadth.

The universal national salutation at present is *Ca ira!* to which *Cela va!* is returned; in the same manner as in some of the Catholic parts of Germany a passenger is saluted *Gelobet sei Jesus Christ!* (Praised be Jesus Christ!) when he is to reply, *In Ewigkeit!* (To eternity.) In every

field and every village, man, woman, and child greeted us with *Ca ira!* and raised a loud shout of rejoicing if we answered *Gévaude!* The enthusiasm for the revolution borders on ecstacy in these parts: they speak as if inspired whenever the word *Liberté* is pronounced, and live in the firmest confidence that this darling idol will raise a structure of such solidity, that the united powers of the whole earth shall not be able to shake it.

At a little distance from Remoufins we saw a boy about nine years old gathering stones in a field: as we approached, he left his occupation, and with a countenance, in which defiance was the principal feature, (probably because he considered a carriage as an appendage of aristocracy,) placed himself in the road, and cried with a loud voice *Ca ira!* My companion, in order to put his patriotic zeal to the proof, replied *Ca ira pas!* on which he stamped on the ground with his foot, and shouted his *Ca ira!* with redoubled eagerness. The officer now stopped the carriage, and springing out, advanced towards him with his

drawn sword, exclaiming, "You die this instant unless you cry *Ca n'ira pas !*" and at the same time put himself into an attitude, as if he was going to strike off his head. The child turned pale, bent himself forwards to receive the stroke, and still with a trembling half-suffocated voice cried *Ca ira ! ya ira !*

My companion, penetrated to the inmost soul with this extraordinary example of undaunted self-sacrifice, caught the little martyr (for such he must certainly be esteemed, ignorant as he was of the drift of this scene) in his arms, and after making him a handsome present, departed saying, "You are a spirited youth, and promise indeed a brave manhood!"

At Remoulins we took a guide to see the aqueduct over the Pont du Gard, which is not far from that village. Highly as my expectations were raised by the description Rousseau has given in his *Confessions*, of this remains of Roman grandeur, the reality far exceeded the picture formed in my imagination. It is impossible to conceive any thing more bold and majestic than the style of this aqueduct, which seems rather

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the work of the gods than of man. The senses are almost overpowered by the sublimity of such a phenomenon, situated in a country so wild, so desert, and so needy, that the sight of the smallest building would be striking, while here we have a structure of such gigantic proportions as impress the mind with the strongest idea of indestructibility. Rousseau says, "this aqueduct is the only object on earth which on seeing I have not found below my expectations: I seemed lost in the enormous arches like an insect, and believed at every re-echoing footstep, that I heard the voice of the ancient sovereign of the globe."

The purpose of this stupendous work was to conduct the water from Uzes, seven hours distant from Nîmes, over the valley through which the river Gardon takes its course, and to unite the summits of two hills by means of a channel running an hundred and fifty feet above the level of the river. Three stories of arcades are raised one above the other; the lowest of these consists of six, the second of eleven, and the third,

third, which bears the channel, of thirty-five arches. The greatest length of the whole, that is where the two hills are farthest asunder, is eight hundred feet.

As evening closed in we entered Nîmes, and went to the hotel of Luxembourg. I waked very early in the morning, and my first excursion was to the amphitheatre, the finest Roman relique out of Italy \*. This structure would have a very grand effect if it stood insulated on an eminence, or in the midst of a plain, and was not, as it is at present, encumbered with a number of miserable houses, not only patched upon the outside, but even placed thick within the arena, so that it is impossible for the imagination, amid such a chaos, to take in the whole circuit at once, or to distinguish its perfect and magnificent form. After having long projected the clearing it, this arduous work

\* The principal dimensions of the four most celebrated Roman amphitheatres are as follows :

	Coliseum.	Capua.	Verona.	Nîmes.
Greatest outward diameter,	574 feet.	518	475	440
Smallest do. do.	475	428	378	317
Greatest diameter within the arena.	263	229	233	229
Smallest do. do.	163	139	136	142

A.

is at length begun by pulling down the barracks erected within the arena, and beginning to clear away the heaps of rubbish piled around it to the height of many feet.

Among all the Roman amphitheatres, no one after the Veronese has been preserved so entire as this, which is the more extraordinary, as it has not only had to struggle against the ravages of time, but the more destructive fury of the barbarians of the middle ages. Yet, though it has escaped demolition, it has as little escaped disfigurement as the Pantheon at Rome, for the Goths placed two great towers on the attic of the front, which appear like a long periwig on the head of the Farnese Hercules. The æra when this amphitheatre was built cannot be ascertained with any certainty, but probably it was about the reign of the first Antonine.

More advantageously situated than the amphitheatre is another remains of ancient architecture, a temple in the Corinthian style, (which bears the unmeaning and insignificant name of *La Maison carrée*,) where the highest elegance is united with the  
most

most exact symmetry. The peristyle consists of thirty fluted pillars, ten of which are free standing, the other twenty are half indented within the side-walls : the carvings of the frize and of the capitals are of such enchanting beauty, that it seems difficult to conceive any thing more perfect in its kind. Mons. Seguier, an ingenious and learned antiquarian, has succeeded in bringing to light the destination of this temple, by restoring the inscription on the frize of the pediment, according to the cavities where formerly were inserted the loose broken metal letters. By this discovery it should appear that the building was erected in honour of the two sons of Marcus Agrippa.

From this temple I proceeded to the spring that supplies Nîmes with water, near which are some insignificant ruins of a temple of Diana. The magistrates have made a public walk about the spring, which, according to the opinion of our Ulysses, N——, is one of the most magnificent in Europe. The interchange of statues, ruins, pavilions, canals, and alleys, is indeed charming, and



in the true spirit of the ancient inhabitants of the *Colonia Nemaufensis*.

A great tower, called *La Tour magne*, which stands on a hill near the town, has furnished no less employment for the antiquarians than the monument I before noticed near Vienne. As it does not appear to be in the original Roman style, some have supposed it erected by the ancient Gauls, and dedicated to their solemn Druidical mysteries. Others have been for making it a Pharos, an ingenious idea no doubt, and the only objection to which is, that there is no sea near it; this is one, however, that these gentlemen can easily obviate, by conjecturing that the Mediterranean might, in ancient times, have washed the foot of the eminence on which it is situated. Eisch, in his justly esteemed Letters on the South of France, seems to have given the most satisfactory solution of these difficulties by suggesting the probability of its having been a Roman watch-tower, and place of garrison, for corresponding with another between Arles and Nîmes,

Nismes, so that by means of concerted signals, each town could apprize the other of approaching danger. But this by no means precludes the idea of its having been also a Druidical temple.

Before my return to my hotel, I was eye-witness of a scene which filled me with the warmest indignation. An old chevalier of St. Louis, who was walking very quietly, was stopped by three fellows of the lowest among the rabble, and insolently asked why he did not wear a cockade. "I have forgotten it," he answered with a firm tone; "and I know not what should impose an obligation on me to give an answer to your inquiry."—"Put this on directly," said a Caliban-visaged fellow, in a savage and insolent tone, while he held out his own cockade to the chevalier. But as the latter, to put an end to the scene, was about to obey him, another snatched it away, exclaiming, "So infamous an Aristocrat does not deserve to wear a cockade; what business has he with that cross at his button-hole." Here he snatched away the cross of St. Louis

and trod it under foot, in which he was joined by the Caliban, when they gave it back to its owner with a strict injunction never to appear again in public with such an odious badge. The people who surrounded these heroes rewarded them with the loudest applause, and woe had been to any daring being who might have ventured to take the old man's part. At present almost every corner of France is daily disgraced by like outrages, in which the people indeed may properly be said to be *privileged*, while no laws can be cited to restrain them.

## LETTER XXII.

Montpellier, March 24th, 1792.

**A**T a village between Nismes and Montpellier, we saw at some distance from us, on a footpath by the road-side, two national guards, who cried out with much vehemence to a third, "Get along, rascal!" But as the latter did not seem inclined to stir, they ran on themselves hastily for some steps to lay hands on their comrade, who perceiving what they were about, attempted to save himself by flight: the others however were too quick for him, and tripped him up so dexterously that he fell flat upon the ground. When we came up to them, my companion asked what might be the occasion of this desperate action, in reply to which we received the following relation:

"You may well be astonished," said they, "at the severity with which you have seen that wretch handled, but he deserves no better."

“ better. The parson of yon village received  
 “ us with the greatest civility, brought us  
 “ plentifully to eat and drink, and begged  
 “ that we would continue with him as long  
 “ as we thought proper, only to-day, when  
 “ we were to leave his house, he gave us  
 “ to understand that one of his silver  
 “ spoons was missing. He immediately  
 “ turned our pockets out, and asked our  
 “ comrade to do the like, when he was  
 “ loudly refusing, we were compelled to  
 “ use force, and the spoon was found.  
 “ He was instantly resolved to clear  
 “ him, and as we should be out of the  
 “ village, he put yourself if we were  
 “ not right, for what man of honour can  
 “ serve with a thief.

They immediately proceeded forwards  
 without concerning themselves farther with  
 their comrade, who at the same time had  
 expiated his offence with his life.

Since yesterday I have been at Mont-  
 pellier.

*Vir uli longum tepidusque prebet*  
*Jupiter lumnas.*

Monsieur

Monsieur Amoureux, a skilful physician and naturalist, to whom Doctor Gilbert recommended me, has shewn me the principal sights of this town.

In the midst of the Esplanade, a public walk, a statue of Liberty has been erected on a column forty feet high, and the *Rights of Man* are engraven on a tablet of black marble upon the pedestal. Hence the tower is seen at a distance, and in the midst of the forests of olive-trees.

Another more remarkable spot is a public walk called Peru, where dwelling pomp is united with elegant taste. The equestrian statue in bronze, of Louis Quatorze, which is one of its principal decorations, is among the finest works of the kind that France has ever produced. Around this are many vacant pedestals, statues for which, it is said, have long been in hand, but it does not seem probable that the present National Assembly will ever decree their erection. An octagon temple, which stands at the end of an aqueduct, engages a principal share of the spectator's attention in surveying this place,

place, since it is undoubtedly one of the first among modern works of the kind. The aqueduct itself consists of two stories of arcades supporting a channel which conveys the water hither from an eminence at a short distance from the town. This noble specimen of modern architecture would appear to still greater advantage were it continued in a straight line, not broken towards the end in a blunt angle\*. The temple, which perhaps is overloaded with ornament, is erected over the great reservoir which receives the water from the aqueduct. From Peru is a view of the Pyrenees to the right, the Alps to the left, and the sea in front.

The new theatre at Montpellier, erected in consequence of the former's being laid in ashes, is circular, and from the elegant simplicity with which it is fitted up, must be an object of admiration to all who have a feel-

\* This aqueduct is curved, because it could only be continued in a straight line by going through an estate the owner of which would by no means be prevailed on to sell the inheritance of his fathers. A.

ing for true beauty. Argand's lamps are introduced there instead of candles.

I saw the *Camp of Coblentz* played; a national piece, in which the Count d'Artois, the Prince of Condé, Mirabeau the Fat, and other emigrants were introduced in the most cutting, burlesque, and laughable manner. This buffoonery was received with transports, the expression of which shook the whole house.

I am going directly to the harbour of Cette, five hours distant from Montpellier, the situation of which has been so much admired by travellers.

Alas! that time is wanting to visit the island of Magellone, where formerly flourished a large town, of which there are now no other remains but the cathedral church, where, according to tradition, the beautiful Magellone lies buried by her husband Peter of Provence\*.

\* It was in the island of Magellone that Apicius's ten books on Cookery were recovered. A.



Cette, March 26th, 1792.

My first sight of that sea, which by the admirers of the two most illustrious nations the world ever boasted, must always be esteemed sacred above all waters that wash the earth, was in the most glorious situation possible, when it was splendidly illumined by the golden rays of the setting sun.

The harbour with a forest of masts, the Mole with its tall light-house; the town of Cette which appears to lie entirely in the water, the high hill rising majestically behind it, some Dutch windmills, the large stone-bridge beneath which runs the canal of Languedoc, fishing-boats near the shore, ships with swelled sails in the offing, all together transported me as much as the view over the Lake of Geneva, and the chain of Alps from the Dole.

The evening was warm as in the midst of summer, the sailors swam among the ships in the harbour, and the fishers sang in their barks; I ascended behind the lines of St. Peter, and throwing myself into the mild flood, with what exquisite delight did

I not

I not bathe. The squadrons of Carthage, of Syracuse, and of ancient Rome seemed to pass in vision before me, the shades of the great Scipios seemed to hover about the waters, and the mourning voices of numerous heroes resounded from their distant tombs over the immeasurable sea which they were accustomed to command.

I afterwards walked on the Mole: the bustle of the harbour gradually died away, and nothing was then to be heard save at intervals a solitary call from the ships to supper or to prayers: the fire in the light-house had indeed long been lighted when I retired to my hôtel.

If the wind be favourable to-morrow, I shall ship myself in a tartane, and sail away to Marseilles.

END OF THE FIRST PART.



# LETTERS,

BY

*FREDERICK MATTHISSON.*

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PART THE SECOND:

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## LETTER XXIII.

Blonay, July 30th, 1792.

**Y**OU, my dear Bonstetten, who are so well acquainted with the bold and solemn situation of the castle of Blonay, upon a very high mountain,—with the rich and extensive view from the terrace over the lake and its junctions with the Rhone, which seen from such a height, appear as if beheld from the clouds in eagle-eyed perspective,—together with the truly sublime contrast of the surrounding  
† country,

country, yielding in majesty and splendour to no other part of the Pays-de-Vaud, not even to Aubonne itself;—You, who have often been charmed with contemplating so noble a scene, will easily judge what must be my transport at the prolongation of our stay within these venerable walls.

I inhabit a room whence I look over a great part of the valley of the Rhone. The fore-ground of my landscape consists of bushy hills and meadowy vales, where villages peep from amidst groves of fruit-trees, and meandering rivulets roll down the gradual slopes of the gardens and pastures, breaking their gentle rills into an hundred little cascades; while the snowy hills of the Valais rising behind in frowning grandeur form a sublime and strikingly contrasted back ground. Not far from my habitation stands an old tower overgrown with ivy, in which the birds of Pallas have at least for a century past built their nests secure from molestation. According to an old tradition in the country, an enormous cavalier clad in a complete suit of armour, with a long shining beard, like the tail of  
of

of a comet, appears every night upon the roof of this structure.

From our journey through the Sauc-Vales, which your Letters on Switzerland had long rendered familiar to my mind, we have been returned about a fortnight. The better to insure our not missing any of the curious plants which that country affords, we took with us, as a guide, a person of the name of Thomas, a farmer, and village-judge at Fennaley near Rex. This man knows the whole *Flora Alpina* by heart, and not only can tell the exact situation in which to look for every plant therein described, but even remembers the precise spots on which they have been found, with an accuracy that often excited astonishment even in Haller himself, whose own memory is so extraordinary. He was indeed of material use to that great naturalist, when he was compiling his *Historia Stirpium Helvetiæ Indigenarum* in collecting the plants necessary for the work; and in return for his services, Haller has made grateful mention of him in his preface.

Thomas, it is true, has not investigated the philosophy of botany, and is consequently to be classed among those whom Rousseau by a very just distinction calls herbarists rather than botanists. But so correct is his knowledge of every Alpine plant, and so tenacious and comprehensive is his memory, that even at the first glance, and often at a considerable distance, he will distinguish its class, order, genus, and species, with an accuracy that not only merits attention but admiration. He might with the strictest propriety be likened to a Librarian who is perfectly well acquainted with all the titles of his books, who can run them over fluently, and immediately refer to the exact class and shelf in which any one is to be found, yet is a perfect stranger to every thing beyond the binding.

Point out to this singular character any hill you please in the Valais, or in the Gouvernement of Aigle, and he will immediately inform you, without the least error or hesitation, what plants are produced upon every part of it, in what month they flower, and whether they grow in the shade

or

or in the sun; in the marshy spots, or by the sides of springs; among the woods or on the open commons. In an excursion which I made some time ago to the Anzindas accompanied by him, among other plants for which I inquired, I asked if the *campanula thyrsoidea* was to be found in those parts?—Instead of making a direct answer, he, with his accustomed coolness, raised up his stick, and pointed to a ridge of rocks at about half an hour's distance from us. We immediately repaired thither, when Thomas stopping at the foot of a nearly perpendicular rock said, "It must be up there." He then ascended the rock with the agility of a Chamois, and, without looking, reached his arm over a sort of Cornish, at its summit, as if he had been reaching to a well-known shelf in a closet, and brought out the flower upon which he had at once laid his hand. Besides knowing the Linnæan names of plants, he is also perfect in the Hallerian. He has for some time past carried on a considerable trade in trees and shrubs, particularly with England and France. He



allerts that he has discovered a new sort of gentian, to which he would give the name of *gentiana elegantissima*; according to his description it resembles most the *gentiana punctata*, of which, after all, it is perhaps only a variety. It is scarcely necessary to add that under the auspices of such a leader, our botanical harvest proved richer in this, than in any former excursion.

The first sight of a plant which I have long sought in vain, excites in me emotions of transport which must appear so ridiculous to one less ardent in the study of botany than myself, that I would readily acquit him, even though he should shrug his shoulders with a smile of compassion as if he fancied himself witnessing the ebullitions of a mind not in perfect sanity. Such transports can only be felt by those who have been initiated into the sacred mysteries of the Flora Alpina in the bosom of the Helvetian hills, and on a fine day in July, joined in solemnizing the feast of that goddess in view of the eternal ice, while his whole soul and body were renovated by the animating influence of the

pure mountain breezes. As I am never weary of recalling to my mind the paintings of Raphael or Guido; of hearing the charming melodies of Seekendorf; and reading Plutarch's Biography; so am I never tired of searching after a favourite flower, even through ways the most rugged and toilsome.

Never were these transports more ardently excited than lately at beholding the *andromeda polifolia*. The poetical description given of this flower by Linnæus\* in

\* Andromeda, virgo hæc lætissima pulcherrimaque collo superbit alto et vividissimo (PEDUNCULUS), cujus facies roseis suis labellis (COROLLA) vel optimum Veneris fucum longe superat; juncæ hæc in genua projecta pedibus alligata (CAVLIS INFERIOR INCUMBENS), aqua (VERNALI) cincta, rupi (MONTICULO) adfixa, horridis draconibus (AMPHIBIIS) exposita, terrum versus inclinat mœstam faciem (FLORUM), innocentissimaque brachia (RAMOS) œclura versus erigit, melioris sedæ fatoque insignissima, donec gratissimus Perseus (ÆSTUS) monitis devictis, eam ex aqua eduxit; e virgine factum fecundum matrem, quæ tum faciem (FRUCTUM) erectam extollit. Si Ovidio fabulam de Andromeda conscribenti hæc ante oculos posita fuisset planta, rix melius quadrarent attributa, qui more poetico ex humili tumultu produxisset Olympum.

Linnæi Flora Lapponica, Amstelod.

1757, p. 126. A.

his *Flora Lapponica*, and the annexed drawing, had united to impress upon my imagination an idea of uncommon beauty, and induced in me an ardent wish, one day to behold it. Judge then with what exultation I must have received the charming prize from the hands of the valiant Thomas; for valiant he was, although he did not evince his bravery by encountering a fearful sea-monster to purchase her deliverance, as did Perseus of old for the rescue of her lovely sister in name; but he had waded through a long tract of bog to obtain the treasure for which I sighed. Certainly I had saluted the object of my wishes with the rhapsodies of a transported lover, had I been alone, or accompanied by one who could have entered with deeper sympathy into such enthusiastic sallies, than my unpoetical and unmythological companion. Your presence, my friend, would not have operated as a restraint upon my raptures, but would rather have promoted them, since from you I could have entertained no apprehensions of repulsive ridicule—from you, who could not even treat  
with

with devotion the holy simplicity which can press to its heart and lips the sacred chaplet at Loretto, with an enthusiasm bespeaking a foretaste of the joys of Paradise.

Most certain it is that some of the happiest hours of my life have been those I have spent in solitary excursions to botanize in mountain valleys; and I am persuaded that if my soul was with gloom and vapours, nld disperse them with celerity as a walk with my Linnaeus, even were I labouring of real and severe affliction, I do not believe any thing would so soon, or so effectually, soothe my mind into composure, as some new discovery in the vegetable world. How often have I caught the glow of Bonnet's feelings, when we wandered together among gardens, fields, and groves, examining with curious attention every plant, every shrub, every majestic sympathetic being, delighted, in this union of tastes and pursuits, to experience, in its most

most refined degree, our allotted sum of happiness and enjoyment.

Would Apollo, from among all the gifts with which he blesses the days of mortals, grant me that, whence I might promise myself the purest and most lasting transports, I would give up the lyre, that ardent passion of my earlier years, and grasp the golden arrow, by means of which Abatis flew over land and sea swift as lightning or the wind. Thus would the vegetable treasures of every zone lay spread at once before me, and those of which Forster, Thun, Kummerfon, and other Argonauts in investigating the stores of nature, could vanquish but a small part, and that through inexpressible toil, would immediately become accessible to me, almost without exertion, and in immeasurable abundance. Then would I rove from one end of the earth to the other, from the burning fields where towers the kingly Palm, to the regions where only pale Alga clothes the farthest cliffs that bound the icy seas of the North; from the Isle of Ascension, where the earth yields

yields no more than four genus' of plants even to the promised land of botany, Madagascar.

I spent a sufficient time in the Sane-Vales, and particularly in the neighbourhood of Ösch, Rougemont, and Jessenay, to be convinced that your letters upon that interesting part of the canton of Berne, are among the most faithful and happy descriptions of their kind. How much is it to be wished that your intention of treating in like manner on the Pays-de-Vaud, may at last be carried into effect. Through monographs of this sort alone, could one hope ultimately to obtain such an universal description of Switzerland as should fully comprehend the endless wonders and curiosities with which that celebrated country abounds. Such descriptions of the vales of Emmen and Siben, Hasli and Entlibuch, are more particularly desirable, because of the much more striking originality in the characters of their inhabitants, and the many peculiarities observable among them, in their customs, manners, language, and method

method of agriculture, as well as in their national virtues and national failings.

The life I live here is as quiet and secluded as that of the inhabitants of the Eddystone light-house. The road from Vevay to Blonay, is for the most part so steep and rugged, that there is very little reason to apprehend visits of mere lounging and interruption. I have now for many months wholly escaped from that irksome kind of society in which no subjects are introduced more interesting than cards, scandal, weather, and like frivolities. Most persons of this description, it is true, hold the Lake of Geneva in great veneration as a rich conservatory for fish, but can as little conceive the delight to be felt from the magnificence and sublimity of its shores, as that a life devoted to solitude could pass without *ennui*. Simplicity and Nature with them have no value, and they almost shrink back if accidentally surprized by the latter, in a situation where according to their opinion *Art* alone should hold absolute and undivided sway. I never shall forget a  
scene

icene to which to which I was once eyewitness; a lady, with the state and solemnity of a tragedy-queen, strutted up to a rose-tree in full blow, which was standing in a very splendid drawing-room, and had raised her hand to touch and admire the flowers, when suddenly she dropped it again, and starting back with mingled horror and contempt, exclaimed, "Ah, my God! they are only natural."

To a collection of such caricatures the inscription *Περὶ ἀπίστων* would be applied with much more justice than to *Palasatus de incredibilibus*.

The ancient Swiss honesty, sincerity, and simplicity of manners, is now only to be found amid the lowliest roofs of the Alpine shepherds. There indeed I seek and find real men formed from Nature.

Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms :  
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,  
 Clings close, and closer to the mother's breast,  
 So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,  
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

GOLDSMITH.

Long



Long as I have now resided in the environs of the beautiful Lake of Geneva, and been in the daily habit of contemplating Alpine scenery, still it has lost nothing in my eyes of that warm and enchanted colouring in which it appeared to me when I beheld it for the first time five years ago ; nor have I found in all that time the least abatement in the original ardour of my wishes to end my days on these shores. The prospect of great and elevated nature is become almost essential to my happiness, and I should at this moment feel it a sort of hardship to be compelled again to live on the plains of Magdebourg, a situation in which the sound of the \* *Kuhreigen*

\* Or *R r* *Vala*. "The tune sung by the Swiss herdsmen when in the month of June they drive their cattle from the valleys into the high Alps. A Swiss who hears it, is instantly seized with the *mal-du-patrie*, and many soldiers serving in other countries have been known to desert and return home from the mere enchantment created by the sound of these simple notes. For this reason the tune was prohibited in France and Holland." *Vide* Count Stolberg's beautiful fiction *Die Insel*. The Studigardens are said to feel the same attachment to their homes as the Swiss, and if removed only to the distance of thirty miles to feel the *mal-du-patrie* in a like degree. T.

would

would be unnecessary to awaken in my bosom a longing after the hills and lakes of your happy country ; since without such a stimulant, that longing would, like Horace's *Care*, be my inseparable companion, "would ascend the ship, and mount the horse after me," nor leave me a moment free from the most deadly *mal-du-patrie*.

Oh that I might be permitted to pass the remainder of my allotted days in rural retirement amid the true Elysian scenery round the Lake of Geneva, in the society of what I so long sought in vain, but at last happily found—a man of similar sentiments and feelings with my own ! There, unannoyed by worldly tumults, undazzled by the glittering scenes of public life, happy in the pure union of our hearts, we should find our highest enjoyment in the bosom of nature, and in the farther cultivation of our minds. Every morning would we waken as to a jubilee, and unwillingly close our eyes again in slumbers : scarcely marking the vicissitudes of revolving seasons, and unassailed by anxious forebodings, find ourselves insensibly at the close of our life's career.

And

And oh ! that Death, for once touched with compassion, might at last conclude this happy scene by closing our eyes with a lenient hand at the self-same moment, that neither might be left to weep over the ashes of the other !

\* \* \* \* \*

I have not for a long time heard any thing of our Salis ; I do not even know where his regiment is stationed, and whether he may be at a distance from the enemy, or in his neighbourhood. Should he fall, he would fall like Kleist, nor would we lament his lot ! “ Happy are they who  
“ fell in their youth in the midst of their  
“ renown ! they have not beheld the tombs  
“ of their friends, nor failed to bend the  
“ bow of their strength.”

I shall conclude this letter with some information from the Pelew Islands, lately brought home by two English ships which stopped there for some time ; I impart it principally with a view of recalling to your mind the recollection of those charming evening hours, when, by the fire-  
side

side, in the green closet, we read the account of these islands together with so deep an interest.

Abba-Thule received the tidings of his darling Lee-Boo's death with a firmness of soul which would have done honour to a Marcus Aurelius or Epictetus. Raa-Kook and Ara Kooker, his brothers, are since dead, as well as the Englishman Blanchard, who chose to remain there at Captain Wilson's departure.

Farewell ! The good Genius who watches over our fate, preserve us, now and ever, from the good 'King Abba-Thule's cord with thirty knots.

## LETTER XXIV.

Vevay, September 20th, 1792,

**Y**OU have often assured me, my valued friend, that one of the highest of all possible enjoyments was now within my reach, that of reading *La Nouvelle Heloise* in the very centre of those scenes chosen by its eloquent author as his theatre of action. I have at length made the experiment, and acknowledge with gratitude that you have not deceived me. With what transport have I perused that interesting work since my residence here, and how many times have I rejoiced that Rousseau did not follow his original idea of placing his actors in the Borromeo Isles, a boundary much too circumscribed, and a scene too artificial for a story like his; but that he rather determined on this charming spot, so richly endowed with the beauties of nature, and animated by souls in which every reader, whom, to use Horace's expression, Apollo has

has formed with hearts of refined clay, will find sentiments so congenial to their own.

With what different emotions would the Iliad be read on the fields watered by the Scamander from what are experienced in poring over it amid the gloomy walls of an academic study? By a like difference of emotions was my breast inspired on reading *La Nouvelle Heloise* upon the banks of the Lemman Lake, from those felt on perusing it in the midst of that inhospitable plain, where I resided when it first fell into my hands.

In such a spot I had neither colouring nor scale which could lead me to form any conceptions of Alpine nature, and my imagination could therefore only sketch the sublime scenes described by Rousseau, according to the reduced contours and faint tints to be caught from the ideas inspired by the neighbouring country. Here every scene was present to my eyes, and so perfectly assumed the semblance of historical truth, that in the enchantment of the moment, the existence of Julie at Clarens seemed as certain to my mind as your

existence in the castle of Nion; and I as little doubted the truth of Saint Preux's solitary wanderings among the wild rocks of Meillerie, as of Hannibal's wonderful passage over the Alps.

Ever since I indulged in this enthusiasm, my imagination has continually been occupied in tracing out the exact spot of each minute occurrence, and I find every topographical incident so accurately and faithfully represented, that both at Vevay, at Meillerie, and elsewhere, I could almost fancy that I see these fictitious personages standing in the very groupes and attitudes painted by their Creator. Rousseau, indeed, in this respect, does not appear behind Theocritus himself, who, according to the testimony of a very learned and sensible traveller, in the descriptions introduced into his pastoral world, absolutely places before his reader's eyes the fine and rich valleys of the fertile island of Sicily. At Clarens alone incongruities are to be found, which threaten to annihilate all deception; the most considerable house in the village is disfigured with patched windows, ~~at which~~ tattered linen,

linen, or Indian wheat strung in rows, are usually hanging to dry, and at the door, instead of beholding the lovely countenance of the divine Julie, I only saw an old peasant woman, with a face not less tanned and sun-burnt than that of the brown Mariornes herself. This circumstance I felt to be extremely vexatious, and turned away as indignantly as I suppose the wandering spirit of an ancient Greek would have done on beholding, upon the very pedestal on which a Venus of Praxiteles had been accustomed to stand, one of our clumsy modern Madonnas, with her head surrounded by a stiff metal glory. Reduced to this sad dilemma, I had no other resource but to suppose the remains of an old wall the ruins of Julie's charming villa, — that villa in which a community of real men, formed upon the simple model of nature, and attracted by the most powerful bands of sympathy, joined their hands together in solemn union before the sacred altar of true philosophy.

Wandering on the romantic heights where the slender tower of Moutri, encompassed with nut-groves and vineyards, rises above



the rugged shores of the lake, I think of Julie's grave within the white walls that surround the cemetery, and reflect upon the concluding words of her confession of faith, engraven on her monument: "*Qui s'endort dans le sein d'un pere, n'est pas en souci du réveil.*"

Not less has Chillon, the boundary of my daily walk, acquired an interest in my heart from the description of Julie's son falling into the water at that spot, and his anxious mother's accident in attempting his rescue; a piece of heroism to which her life ultimately became a sacrifice.

Near the castle of Chillon is, according to my opinion, the most beautiful point in the shore between Geneva and Villeneuve; and should a fairy appear with an offer of erecting for me, by a stroke of her wand, a little rural retreat on any spot I would appoint, I should, without hesitation, fix upon the meadow where the two cascades precipitate themselves from the midst of a clump of dark bushes.

The length of time that I delayed reading *La Nouvelle Heloise* by the Lake of Geneva, which

which has been now so long in my power, reminds me of an Englishman who resided thirty years at Rome, and yet, notwithstanding that he had a warm enthusiasm for the arts, would not see Raphael's transfiguration till within a few days of his departure, and for this reason, that the impression he promised himself from this sublime chef-d'œuvre might be carried back into his own country as fresh and unimpaired as possible.

For the rest, the re-perusal of this work has confirmed me more strongly in my opinion, that next to Demosthenes, no mortal ever possessed the powers of eloquence in so eminent a degree as the author of *La Nouvelle Heloise*.

## LETTER XXV.

Grandelos, January 25th, 1793.

**Y**ESTERDAY, my dear Bonstetten, our friend Salis left me again. The pleasant hours we have spent together, rendered still more delightful by our long separation, are distinguished in the records of my heart in characters of gold. After the scenes he has encountered during the last epocha of his military career, the horrors he witnessed upon the principal theatre of the revolution, on the 10th of August, and the tumult of perpetual marches and encampments, as his regiment has ever since been kept in almost incessant motion from one frontier of France to another; after living such a harassing life for many months, nothing could be more grateful to him than the enjoyment of a short interval of repose in the bosom of the peaceful Alps.

As

As I conducted him into my habitation, I thought of the well-known verses of Lucretius :

*Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis  
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem.*

As much of the time we spent together as the weather would permit, was employed in excursions about the neighbouring country. In these, I assure you, I performed the part of Cicerone most conscientiously, by introducing my friend, who during his youthful abode at Lausanne was never farther than Vevay, to all the most interesting and remarkable scenes which this neighbourhood affords : but often as the snows and wintery storms compelled us to relinquish our rambles, and sit down contentedly by the fire-side, our hours were chiefly devoted to the Muses.

In the course of a few weeks a small volume of Salis's poems will appear in print ; among the most charming, in my opinion, are the "*Stanzas to a Valley* ;" but all, as Wieland says, deserve to be sung by the Graces. As for the author, he himself  
thinks

thinks so humbly of his poetical efforts, and considers them as so far removed from the ideas of perfection to which his mind aspires, that nothing but his well-grounded fears of their falling into the hands of some injudicious and ignorant editor, would have induced him to consent to the present publication. Some of the pieces contained in this collection have already appeared in the flying publications of the day, others are now printed for the first time.

The following is an extract from the preface which accompanies this work \*.

“The Poet was very early in life summoned to his destination in the military service of France, and thus were his blossoming talents transplanted into a soil, which, like the hard-beaten earth in the highway, did not appear to promise sufficient nourishment for bringing them to maturity, or expanding their vital powers. But the glittering scenes of that brilliant court, and luxurious capital, could gain no ascendancy over his mind. They were to

\* The preface is written by Matthiesson himself, who undertook to be the editor of this little volume. T.

“ him

“ him only as the fleeting charms of a  
“ fairy creation ; and the tinsel glare of fa-  
“ shionable life, which often holds the  
“ senses of the novice enveloped in a species  
“ of enchantment, scarcely fixed his at-  
“ tention so long as was necessary (ac-  
“ cording to the expression of a British  
“ sage) to teach him to read this chapter  
“ of the book of mankind in the original.

“ But even in the castle and park of Ver-  
“ sailles, and afterwards amid the marshes  
“ of Flanders when he was surrounded by  
“ the din of battle, no less than while he  
“ remained on the picturesque banks of the  
“ Seine, the rural Muse still continued to be  
“ his inseparable companion, and would  
“ often lead him in idea into the sacred  
“ shades of a solitary wood, inspiring him  
“ with equal enthusiasm as when he was  
“ an inhabitant of the peaceful vales of the  
“ Rhætian Alps.

“ Thus remote from German literature,  
“ and the conversation of Germans, and re-  
“ stored to them only at distant periods, and  
“ for short intervals, he has had to struggle  
“ with many difficulties in the cultivation

“ of

“ of his native language ; but like Win-  
“ kelmann and Haller, he seems by this  
“ means to have gained additional strength  
“ and vigour of expression.” Thus much  
for the preface.

It is to me a very unpleasant reflection  
that these poems must be published at a  
period in which, notwithstanding their dis-  
tinguished merit, they may possibly in the  
course of a year sink into perfect oblivion.  
The republic of letters, with us, is un-  
doubtedly at present in a state that calls  
loudly for some reformation ; and in re-  
volving over in my mind the many yet  
untried means that might be devised for the  
revival of sinking taste, I have frequently  
thought, that the establishing of a Lessing  
or a Wieland, in a temporary dictatorship,  
over this pure democracy, might prove the  
most efficacious. At present scarcely any  
literary production outlives its year, but  
the favourite author of one day is sup-  
planted with incredible celerity by another,  
and this again by a third, till the poetic  
Muse has withdrawn herself indignantly  
from the literary market, and will scarcely  
return

return while the present passion for novelty continues to infatuate the people, and the power of the hundred-handed Polygraphia is still supported, under shelter of the ἐρμῆς κερδῶος \*.

\* Perhaps the foregoing and following passages may appear hardly intelligible to the English reader, without observing that a censure is here intended upon the torrent of new publications with which Germany is annually inundated. Literature, which for a long series of years was greatly neglected in that country, has now become a rage, and every body turns author. Amid such an influx, if some choice flowers may be selected, as is undoubtedly the case, the greater part must be almost inevitably weeds in the garden of knowledge, even less useful than those that encumber the earth, since, by a retro-active process, they may be employed to enrich again the soil they had once exhausted, whereas these ephemeral productions seem wholly useless. Yet, however contemptible, they can always find a ready sale at the fairs to which they are brought, of which those at Leipzick and Frankfort are the most considerable. This is doubtless an evil, yet perhaps of a less pernicious tendency than putting even such restrictions upon the freedom of the press, and the right of every man to employ his talents in any way he himself shall choose, provided it be not inconsistent with morality and the general peace of society, as might be imposed by the taste, judgment, and liberality of the dictators suggested. Indeed it is an evil which like all others contains within itself the germs of its own reformation.

T.

This



This passion, the precursor of barbarism, as it too commonly proves, is more particularly cherished by the prodigious mushroom genus of modern romances from *days of Chivalry* and *days of Yore*, which spread themselves frolicsomely around, far and wide, in hill and valley, in plains and meadows, over marshes and fallow-fields, in immeasurable abundance. Indeed it is only by the action and re-action of this love of novelty in the readers, and desire of feeding it in the writers, that such a luxuriant crop as the German literary soil produces, which in the year 1788, consisted of no less than six thousand one hundred and ninety-four volumes, can always reckon with certainty on publishers and purchasers.

At an English bookseller's, the *new* is always less inquired for than the *good*; for this reason, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Young, Addison, Shaftesbury, Sterne, Fielding, Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, and the rest of the classic authors of the nation are constantly re-printed and re-perused, and are

are almost as frequently to be met with on ladies' toilettes as in the libraries of scholars\*. In England, more than in any other country in Europe, flourishes that universal taste, which indeed alone deserves to be considered as genuine taste, that can esteem and countenance every thing within the realm of literature which bears the stamp of real genius, from the Epigram to the Epopœa, from the Dialogue of the Dead to the Tragedy, from the Fairy Tale to the philosophical History of Nations. Just as a Linnæus passes over nothing in the kingdom of nature with indifference, but no less makes the *mould* in the vegetable, and the *vorticella* in the animal world, objects of his investigation, than the Adan-

\* It is always of great advantage to an object to be viewed at a distance; but probably were our author equally conversant with the taste of our country as of his own, he would find the rage for novelty not less prevalent in England than in Germany. Perhaps also, were he admitted more behind the curtain, another error he has here fallen into might be corrected, and he would find English toilettes as well as those on the continent more frequently decorated with *milk of roses*, *pearl powder*, *Spanish wool*, and *Olympian dew*, than with the invaluable writings of an Addison, a Robertson, &c. T.

sonia

sonia and the Elephant. "*That elevates them above us* \*."

But to return to our friend whose works occasioned this digression. He sends you his warmest salutations, with an assurance that he certainly would have visited Nyon, had not his time been so limited as to preclude the possibility of his having that pleasure. He is at present hastening back to his native country, and to the accomplishment of his "*Last Wish* †." In the mean time, since I am not so happy as to be provided with a votive painting suited to the occasion, I will hang up in the temple of Friendship two garlands of ivy gathered from the rock of Moutrü, whence Salis and I one fine winter's evening saw the sun sink behind Mount Jura, and concluded a long conversation upon separation,

\* "*Das hebt sie über uns.*" From a passage in a subsequent letter, it appears that this is a quotation from Klopstock, transposed, the original being, "*Das hebt uns über sie*;"—"That elevates us above them." T.

† See a Poem of Salis's, so called, in which he forms the same wish that many other poets have formed before him, for a wife, a house, a garden to cultivate with his own hands, &c. T.

death,

death, and futurity, with a firm and lively conviction, “ that unions formed from  
“ a perfect sympathy of manners, notwithstanding the changes to which mortality  
“ is liable, will remain indestructible to all  
“ eternity.” Adieu.

## LETTER XXVI.

Grandclos, March 2d, 1793.

**T**HE days are fine and the weather settled,—do you then, my friend, forward my suit with G—— to make me a speedy visit: he must not upon any account leave Switzerland without becoming acquainted with the environs of Roche, Vevay, Bex, and Saint Moritz. Describe them to him with the utmost powers of your eloquence, till his imagination shall be on fire to behold their beauties, and then repeat to him once more, in my name, how much pleasure it would give me to be his companion in this little excursion. I have so decided an attachment to those parts, that it will always be a real gratification to me to ramble about them, especially in company with a man who has so much genuine taste and feeling, that he will not be behind-hand with myself in the admiration he will bestow upon them.

Say

Say to the beloved foreigner, that we will begin our survey with the grand cataract near Martinach, whose ignoble name is a scandal to the Muses and to all their disciples;—from Saint Moritz we will ascend to the Pilgrim's chapel, which stands on a perpendicular rock towering to an astonishing height, and appearing as if placed there by a miracle;—then we will wander along the picturesque shores of the impetuous Avanson, which rolls, as Haller sings, through fallen forests;—thence, clothed in miner's frocks, descend into the subterraneous galleries of the salt-springs at Bevieux, on entering which the whole frame shudders with like impressions as on entering the catacombs;—then in the rocky caves of the castle of Chillon, present an offering to the shade of Bonivard, a tolerant priest, and a Savoyard who loved freedom;—afterwards celebrate solemnities to the memory of Haller, in a pavilion in the garden of Roche, where this great man often used to pursue his employments under the shade of the wide-spreading elms, or, even when arrived at a very advanced

age, compose himself to rest with perusing the interesting fictions of Richardson.—Next we will endeavour to obliterate the remembrance of our disappointment at not being able to trace out the Clarens which Rousseau paints, by contemplating the charming view of the Lake from the church-yard at Moutier;—then behind the village of Noville, which Büsching has exalted to the rank of a fine little town, pursue one of the most charming solitary walks to that sweet spot where the troubled waters of the Rhodan flow into the green but transparent Lake,—and at last at Vevay, whose enchanting situation justly renders it the admiration of every heart really susceptible of impressions from the beauties of nature, solemnize a festival in memory of the happiness we have enjoyed, with the pure and genuine wine pointed out by Horace's bill of fare, at which the nymph of the Alps, whose artless songs I sometimes endeavour to sing, has already engaged to give me a *scolion*.

All this appears not undeserving of the expence of some days to the noble traveller,

veller, and if the business which calls him back to his native country, be not altogether pressing, let him not illude the hopes of a man who regards him with the highest respect and esteem.

And you, my Bonstetten, endeavour soon to find leisure to give me a long and ample letter, and forget not above all things to descant on every minute particular of the ——affair with Homeric circumstantiality. Your last chapter upon that subject was written with such sybillian obscurity, that I can by no means understand it without some elucidation,



## LETTER XXVII.

Grandclos, April 3d, 1793.

**M**y indisposition was of so little consequence, my friend, that there was not the slightest reason for your experiencing a moment's anxiety upon that account. As the god of Epidaurus had no share whatever in my recovery, I hope he will not be so unreasonable as to expect an offering of thanksgiving, and I therefore entreat that the cock destined for this pious purpose may be spared. Let him remain the pride of the court, and crow out his happiness to all the winds of heaven, till fate shall be pleased to cut the thread of his joyful existence.

But trifling as was the malady which kept me for some days imprisoned in my room, the little hymn to Hygeia, which Athenæus has preserved to us, never seemed so sweet to me, as I thought it upon a re-perusal immediately after my recovery from

from this short interruption in my many years of sound health.

Μετά σεῖο μάκαιρα υἱισία

Τεθλε παύσα, και λάμπει χαρίτων ἔαρ

Σεθεν δε χωρις, ὑἱς εὐδαιμων.

A little excursion I have just made to Friburg, from which I returned yesterday, in better health and spirits than ever, will be the most infallible proof of my perfect recovery. I was carried thither by an earnest desire of seeing the famous rocky hermitage, the visiting of which has not hitherto suited conveniently with any of my travelling plans, and I can now say with truth, that however highly my expectations were raised of this wonder of an iron activity, they were by no means deceived.

Four hands alone, after five-and-twenty years uninterrupted labour, accomplished a very convenient, indeed a very spacious hermitage, hewn entirely out of a perpendicular rock, about four hundred feet high. This habitation consists of a chapel with a tower, a sacristy, a refectory, a kitchen, a large hall, two side chambers, two stair-  
cases,

cases, and a cellar. The length of the chapel is sixty-three feet, and the breadth thirty-six; the tower is seventy feet high, and six wide; the great hall is ninety feet long, and has, as well as the other apartments, large windows which look on the river. In this stream which runs by the rock with a hollow rushing noise into the woody deep, Jean du-Pré of Gryerz, the man who with a single assistant begun and ended this Herculean task, found his death in the year 1708. The country round is a melancholy solitude, much in the character of the wild landscapes of Salvator Rosa; indeed the scenes he paints are scarcely anywhere to be recognized so often, or with such lively impressions as in Switzerland. On a ledge of the rock the hermit has made some beds of earth for raising flowers and pulse.

On entering this temple of solitude, I was seized with an ardent longing to make it my residence for a while, and live according to the poetical plan which I had for many years been forming in my mind; but then I must at the same time have drawn

drawn a magic circle round my abode, by which its entrance would have been shut against all to whom I had not myself given the talisman for its discovery

The present brother recluse is far from considering his lot as an enviable one; he rather complains in the terrible dialect of his native country, Tyrol, of the harassing and unchristian times upon which fate has thrown him. "Only see," said he, "how  
" the impious emigrants have destroyed  
" my garden! all my salad is trodden  
" down; and they have even taken the  
" bell-rope from the chapel!—ah, it ap-  
" pears to me as clear as day that it is all  
" over with religion!"

This anti-alphonso, in company with four dogs, three cats, and some magpies, generally inhabits a room very curiously wainscotted; the abundance of luxuries for the table which are here standing about, in kitchen-vessels and wine-flasks, form a very characteristic contrast to a calendar, which appears to be the whole literary property of the holy man. Enjoying the happiest hours of leisure with which any mortal

mortal under the sun can possibly be blessed, and which, by persons desirous of devoting themselves to works intended for the purchase of immortality, would be considered as invaluable, he appears, as Leisewiz expresses himself, to have no ambition of obtaining any more of the laurels of godliness than will serve to procure him seasoning for his broth; and if his salad-bed were but suffered to remain unmolested, he would not care what became of all the countries in the world; every thing that does not immediately concern himself is viewed by him with like indifference.

At the town of Friburg I stayed only a few hours. The company at the Table-d'hôte consisted merely of emigrants, one of whom, who had formerly been page to the Count d'Artois, distinguished himself particularly by his frantic braggadocios.

He asserted, with the strongest oaths, that the ancient splendour of the French court would now be immediately restored; not at Paris, however, where according to his opinion not one stone ought to be left

left standing on another, but at Lyons, as he could assert from very good authority. The national troops, whom he stigmatized as nothing but a dastardly rabble, he said could not possibly keep the field for another month, and the powers combined against France had given their word of honour to the emigrants, that cost what it would, they should be reinstated in their ancient rights. Indeed, he added, it was well known that the accomplishment of this purpose was the sole motive which induced them to take up arms.

These and the like fanfaronades are to be heard daily in every town in Switzerland, where the emigrants assemble together by thousands in all public places; and it is incomprehensible to see how they can still cling with the firmest confidence to a hope, the realization of which no reasonable or impartial observer of the present current of French affairs can any longer consider as possible. Only a very few of the more rational among them begin to emerge from this frenzy, and in order to avoid dying the death of Ugolino, to think of  
some

some creditable means of gaining a livelihood. Two Marquisses in this respect particularly deserve to be mentioned with esteem and commendation, since they have had strength of mind sufficient to throw aside the tattered garments of ancient prejudices, and in defiance of the scoffs of their whole Caste, to go as apprentices to a joiner, where they now maintain themselves in a very comfortable and honourable way. Such conduct will always procure esteem from all whose opinion is of any value, while the rout who only cry out, instead of working, who only pant for revenge, instead of taking up arms themselves, and who pay the Swiss for granting them an asylum, with insolence and reproaches on their well-judged neutrality, will always be branded with indelible infamy, and soon will be refused shelter in every corner of Europe.

That there are among the emigrants many honest, meritorious, and amiable men, who have an equal claim on our esteem and compassion, many of my acquaintance, whose credibility I have not the least reason to doubt, have assured me; but  
I know

I know not through what disaster it has happened, that, excepting three or four, I have only met with such as were imperious, puffed up with conceit, boasters, and frivolous in the highest degree; speaking of all who were not emigrants with the utmost contempt, and casting slighting reflections on all other nations without exception; always appearing to consider themselves as the quintessence of all human society, and on every opportunity taking care to make it publicly known as their fixed opinion, that the whole world ought to concern themselves on no other matter at present but on obtaining victory to their *soi-disant* good cause.

In thus furnishing my contribution towards delineating the character of a new class of men, I have been imperceptibly led away from another subject; and had almost forgotten to mention a letter I have just received, and which has recalled to my mind, in a most lively manner, one of the happiest æras of my life. It was from one of the friends of my youth, and contained an account of the fate of most of the  
young



young men with whom my correspondent and myself had lived in habits of intimacy at Kloster-Bergen and Halle. Many of them are already, alas ! in their graves, and of those still living, one only, whose modest wishes were confined to being a village parson, has reached the boundary to which he aspired. All the rest, whose more ambitious desires soared with youthful boldness far beyond any goal they could probably attain, have been thrust by the hand of fate into situations on which at that time they would have looked down with contempt.

This account of my former school-fellows called up in my mind the recollection of my boyish years, with impressions so strong and vivid, that the Lake of Geneva and the Alps seemed to vanish from my sight in a moment, and the garden of Kloster-Bergen, with its lofty arching elm-walk, the adjacent meadows, the Elbe with the ship-mills and boats, and the venerable tower of the cathedral of Magdebourg were present to my imagination in the most forcible and animated colours. There it was that my youth

youth was formed, and that I passed the golden morning of sensibility, in which the cheerful dawn encompassed my whole existence as with a glory, and every object borrowed the rosy tints of the airy perspective through which it was viewed.

May Heaven grant me ere I die, once more to behold those meadows by the shores of the Elbe, where, stretched under a willow, with the songs of Ossian in my hand, I have frequently spent whole hours together, of which I can truly exclaim with Wieland,

“To me no god again can give ye back !”

No one ever sung so affecting a monody to the past happiness of youthful life as Gray — a man whose heart was formed from wisdom and nature, and whose friendship, from the peculiar fashion of his mind, was one of the most important gifts that fate could bestow upon any one. Oh, had I enjoyed it as you did, a monument had long ago been erected to his manes in the sequestered garden of Valeires !

Ah,

Ah happy hills ! ah pleasing shade !  
 Ah fields belov'd in vain !  
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd  
 A stranger yet to pain !  
 I feel the gales that from ye blow,  
 A momentary bliss bestow,  
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing  
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,  
 And redolent of joy and youth  
 To breathe a second spring.

GRAY.

I never read this stanza without feeling it  
 in the inmost recesses of my heart ; and  
 it has always appeared to me, notwithstanding  
 what Johnson says, that the whole ode  
 deserves a very high rank among the chef-  
 d'œuvres of Lyric poetry. Indeed the  
 above-named critic and biographer, cold in  
 his general temperament, seems peculiarly  
 unkind in his decisions upon Gray's poetical  
 merit, as if he viewed his works in a  
 critical microscope polished only for his own  
 eyes, and which led him often to mistake  
 freckles for moles.

With regard to ———'s state of health I  
 have never heard any other opinion than  
 Tiffot's.

Tiffot's. He sees less danger than the physician who was first consulted, and recommends him to adopt the fashionable regimen of grapes, which for some time past has been considered as performing miracles. I was much pleased with this opportunity of becoming acquainted with so celebrated a physician, but I find that his fame, as is by no means unusual, is much greater in foreign countries than in his native town. For this he is principally indebted to the great influx of foreigners from all parts of Europe into the Helvetic Cantons, which has now continued for so many years. In Tiffot's outward manner reigns a degree of coldness, exceeding any thing of the kind that has ever fallen under my observation: but at the same time all who, from a longer intercourse with him, are become more fully acquainted with his real character than myself, affirm him to be one of the most faithful of friends, and that no person upon earth is more actively zealous for promoting the general happiness of mankind.

If I mistake not, Sulzer, in the Journal of his Travels to Nice, gives the like opinion of him.

I embrace you with all my soul. *Vale  
et ama.*

## LETTER XXVIII.

Grandclos, June 3d, 1793.

WITH the pleasure of a naturalist who places a newly-acquired specimen in his collection, I have entered the name of Francis Huber in the catalogue of celebrated men with whom I have become personally acquainted. I was lately in company with this interesting blind man, and was no less captivated with the eloquence of his conversation than with the serenity of his mind. Rising superior to his calamity in the loss of sight, which to us who can see, appears scarcely less terrible than death itself, cheerfulness and calm content are his inseparable companions; and his internal sight, united with the magic of an inexhaustible imagination, indemnify him more than sufficiently, as he assured me, for his external darkness. As we were one day walking together to Roche, he said that he was always delighted with painting in his mind an idea

of the country through which he passed, from the conceptions he imbibed by means of his hearing and feeling; and he assured me, that when he reposes under the shade of a spreading tree, and listens to the rushing of the waters, he conceives the idea of so charming a landscape around him, that it could scarcely be equalled by the reality.

It is related of the Arabian poet Abulola Ahmed, who was deprived of sight by the small-pox in the third year of his age, that he retained no recollection of any thing he had previously seen, except the red colour. Our blind man, from the later period of life at which he sustained his calamity, more happily for himself, as, well as for others, retains in his mind such accurate ideas of what he had acquired in his former state, that he is not only perfectly acquainted with colours, but also with figures, forms, and proportions: and thus he can conceive in his mind, as in a camera-obscura, scenes which might at least have existence in originality. It is very rarely that he wants a guide in his own house, as he has cords fixed from one room to another, the directions

tions of which he knows, and by which he guides himself.

But what has hitherto been mentioned appears trifling and insignificant when we are led to consider the toilsome path, for so it must be under his peculiar circumstances, which he pursues as a naturalist. In this, his chief assistant, his more than right hand, his eyes, as he may fairly be called, is a man of the name of Bürnens, who is scarcely a less extraordinary character than Huber himself. This man, by birth a French Swiss, was first employed by Huber to read to him the best works in natural history and natural philosophy, by which means he imperceptibly acquired a considerable degree of proficiency in those sciences. In consequence of this progress, the naturalist began to employ him in making philosophical experiments: here was a new field opened for the display of his abilities, and he soon learned not only to perform the experiments themselves with the greatest dexterity, but even to make many of the instruments necessary for his purposes, and very much to improve others. At last this



indefatigable man rose so far above that *mediocrity* which in the arts and sciences is insupportable, and any thing else rather than *golden*, that Huber through his observations and experiments seemed to regain the full use of his sight, since he could now see every thing as strongly and clearly through the eyes of his servant, to whom the study of natural history soon became a passion, as Pseffel saw through the eyes of his friend Lersé.

After reading Reaumur's observations on bees, Huber and Bürenns repeated his experiments with the desired success; but as neither of them could be content to sit down quietly at the end of the beaten path of their great predecessor, they pursued their researches upon this subject for eight years together, with still increasing ardour, and made a number of new discoveries relative to these curious animals, as well as corrected many erroneous opinions entertained by others. To such lengths did Bürenns carry his restless zeal in the cause, that he would often lay for whole days together before a bee-hive, making his observations;

servations; nor, till the darkness broke in upon this favourite occupation, did he begin to find the sensations of hunger and thirst, or to feel the smart of the stings he had received in the course of his long watching. An enthusiasm of a similar kind was shewn by Swammerdam, who once sat for many hours before a bee-hive in the burning heat of the sun, with his head uncovered, because his hat, he said, occasioned a shade which was an obstacle to his observations.

Three years ago Bonnet imparted to me the first letter which Huber had addressed to him on the subject of bees, in which he relates a series of nice and fortunate observations, by which he had irrefutably proved, that the queen bee is not fruitful of herself, but becomes so only through connection with a drone, which connection takes place in the air in the same manner as with ants and ephemera. At that time these observations appeared to me as decidedly new as Trembley's on the polypus; but I have since learned from more accurate inquiries, that a German, actuated by

a like spirit of investigation, had previously come almost as near to an explanation of these cyphers in the book of Nature as Huber himself. As a proof of this, nothing more is requisite than to read what Lüttichau has published on the subject of bees. How many discoveries, experiments, and observations of the French and English would be stripped of the dazzling Nimbus of novelty, if our language were more generally known, or if the people of those two nations could divest themselves in some degree of that selfish vanity which leads them to detract from every thing that does not belong to their respective countries; and could substitute in its place that general enlargement of mind which does justice to merit, wherever or in whomsoever it is to be found.

The blind naturalist in question, is a son of the celebrated Huber of Geneva, who lived in habits of such extreme intimacy with Voltaire, and to whom Sulzer has erected an immortal monument by the manner in which he has mentioned him in his "*Treatise of the Fine Arts and Sciences.*"

Huber,

Huber, through his ready and cutting wit, knew how to keep the aged poet of Ferney in as good order as did formerly that epigrammatic scorpion Piron, a man whose pre-eminence in the talent of wounding, even Voltaire could not help acknowledging, as he one day said of him, "There is no dealing with that man, he has his wit always at his fingers' ends."

Huber's talents, however, were not confined to saying cutting things in conversation, he is besides well known as an author; and the public is in possession of a very curious work of his upon the flight of birds, a singular subject upon which to write, but it was one on which he always employed himself in making observations when he was hunting,—a diversion he passionately loved. This extraordinary production, on account of the figures it contains, in which the course that a bird takes in its flight is described by lines of demarcation, has obtained the name of the Zigzag-Book, and to this day is not known in Geneva by any other. Indeed it is these zigzags alone that render it intelligible,

intelligible, since, without such illustrations, it would be beyond all dispute the most incomprehensible work that has ever appeared since the discovery of the art of printing. Huber also acquired considerable fame as a painter of quadrupeds.

But his most striking talent was the inimitable manner in which he cut out landscapes in paper. The correctness and strength of his outlines, the richness and propriety of the disposition, the delicacy and lightness of the trees, and above all the striking likenesses of the portraits he introduced, are worthy of the highest admiration. One of these pieces I saw in the possession of Bonnet at Genthod. It represented Voltaire mounting his Pegasus, in his favourite costume, his night gown, periwig, and fur-cap; one foot is actually in the stirrup, and in endeavouring to raise the other, his slipper is falling off; on the side stands the mountain of Parnassus as the boundary of the ride which the poet is just beginning.

Huber had so often exercised his talent in cutting out Voltaire's profile, that at last

last the contour became so perfectly familiar to him, that he could not only cut it with the greatest accuracy with his hands behind him, but could even direct a piece of bread between the teeth of a dog with such dexterity as to make the animal bite it into a likeness of that philosopher. The truly original manner in which he also formed the like profile in snow is well known, or at least may be easily conjectured.

## LETTER XXIX.

Zurich, July 5th, 1793.

I WRITE to you, my dear Bonstetten, from our friend Füßli's, in the very same room where, in the year 1787, I first became acquainted with this amiable and highly-cultivated man, from whose friendship I have since derived so much pleasure and instruction. You know from experience how much he possesses the art of making his house truly agreeable, and will therefore scarcely need to be assured that I reckon the days I have spent in it as among the most pleasant in my life. Whenever he can obtain a short respite from his business, which has increased considerably since you were last here, we walk together, either on the banks of the Lake, or on those of the Limmat, and my pleasure in revisiting these scenes is doubled by the charms of his society. We went yesterday to the *Shooting-place* to see Gessner's

ner's monument, which indeed forms a most beautiful ornament to that pleasant promenade. I send you the best drawing of it that I have been able to procure.

I lately received a very high gratification from reading Gessner's first attempts in the poetical line, in the very room in which he principally pursued his different employments while he resided in this town:—these little pieces consisted chiefly of Anacreontic songs, and fragments of prosaic poetry. Among his unpublished papers he has left a Comedy called "*The Tour to Bedlam*;" the genuine strokes of humour it contains, not unworthy the pen of Moliere himself, prove that his talents in the comic line were scarcely inferior to what he possessed for delineating simple artless scenes of nature. This is still farther incontrovertibly attested by those who were so fortunate as to enjoy a personal intercourse with him, and who consequently witnessed the inexhaustible fund of wit with which he enlivened his conversation, and by means of which he diffused such unmingled hilarity and good-nature among



the circle in which he moved. His numerous designs are pasted on large folio sheets of blue paper, and bound with a lettering on the back, *Gessner's Studies*. It were much to be wished that these, which would prove extremely instructive to young artists, should be engraved, and by this means brought it into general knowledge and circulation.

A history of the extraordinary process which led to the development of Gessner's genius, both as a poet and an artist, would doubtless be a great acquisition, both to the republic of the arts and of literature. Yet no man could be properly qualified to execute such an undertaking till he had previously studied with care and attention all his early writings and designs; and had also received from the mouth of his wife, who was the great man's confidential friend, and the constant critic of his works to the last moment of his life, such materials as she only could furnish, and without which the sketch must be a perfect nullity.

Both Gessner's sons are worthy of such a father. The eldest follows the profession  
of

of a landscape painter, and, according to the opinion of a very competent judge, is likely to rise to great eminence in his art, since in the short career he has already run he has made a gigantic progress towards perfection. He is particularly successful in painting battles and horses; even while he was studying at Rome, the latter were the astonishment of all who saw them, both artists and connoisseurs, and yet these are far exceeded by his later productions, as his late work is always his best\*. During his residence in Italy he received several letters from his father upon the objects of the art, which are not less

\* The young artist here mentioned is the same who has now been resident in London for near three years. Born and educated in a country where all the beautiful and sublime in nature are concentrated, and which he has been in the habit of studying from his earliest youth, his landscapes bear a striking impression of accuracy and originality. But it were superfluous here to enter upon an eulogium of his talents, since the works that have appeared by him in three successive *Exhibitions of the Royal Academy* have borne ample testimony to the truth and justice of the tribute paid them by Matthiſſon; while all who are personally acquainted with him will not hesitate to join in equal admiration of his amiable manners. T.

admirable,

admirable, and worthy of being presented to the public, than his letter upon landscape-painting.

Gessner's youngest son unites to much knowledge and science a very refined and correct taste, and extensive reading; he carries on his father's trade of bookselling, and is in a very prosperous way of business. The sister of these two young men is married to a person of the name of Zellweger, formerly an inhabitant of the canton of Appenzell, but now established as a merchant at Genoa.

With a kind of religious reverential awe did I enter a closet where hangs a portrait of Gessner painted by Graf, a very strong likeness. This hallowed spot is also decorated with some of his best landscapes, which are to remain in the family as an inalienable inheritance, and with a very good bust of him by that able sculptor Christen.

Of all Gessner's poems, "*The First Navigator*," was that to which he himself gave the preference, and what he read over the most frequently. To "*The Death*  
" of

"of *Abel*," on the contrary, he assigned the last place among his poetical works.

Some days ago I was very agreeably surprised by receiving a visit from the author of "*Lienhard and Gertrud*\*, " and renewed my acquaintance with him with infinite pleasure. He is a very plain unassuming man, yet full of ardour for the freedom, happiness, and information of mankind; the promotion of these objects lies as near to his heart, and is as ardently cherished by him, as the welfare of his dearest friend.

At Tobler's house I met the celebrated preacher J. G. Schulthess, who appears to possess a considerable share of learning with a very clear and excellent head. He has written a number of epigrams with inimitable grace and refinement, in the true taste of the Greek Anthologia: a single one of these contains, in my opinion, more intrinsic value than whole volumes of the works of ——— or ———.

In the botanic garden, where I have spent many very pleasant hours, there is

\* Pestalozzi. T.

now a tulip-tree in full flower which probably exceeds in size and beauty any one of the kind in Europe.

S—— tells me, in his last letter, that he cannot come hither before the latter end of this month, I have therefore determined to employ the interval, till that time, in an excursion to the Grisons; and purpose setting off to-morrow in the boat from Chur. Adieu.

## LETTER XXX.

Malans in the Grisons, July 14th, 1793.

**W**HAT I have many years ardently wished for, the mild genius of friendship at length grants. Salis, my dearest Bonstetten, after a long and dangerous circumnavigation, is at last returned to the still shades of domestic life, never to quit them more; soon will he be fettered in rosy bonds, nor any longer require the admonitions of a Cato to warn him against returning to the den of the Cyclops.

From this time I shall consider our friend as really beginning to live; and according to appearance he will be of nearly the same sentiments with the Consul Marcus Plautius, who considered himself as only having lived those nine years that he passed in a dignified retirement, far from the assemblies of the people and the din of arms.

On the sixth of July, at four in the afternoon, I left Zürich in the boat from Chur, which is covered, and in general made very convenient. Seldom have I travelled so cheaply, for the twenty hours from Zürich to Malans, including the expences at the inn, cost me no more than a new Louis-d'or. The company consisted chiefly of people from Zürich, some of whom were going to Pfeffers, others into Italy.

At sun-set we landed at Meilen, a village on the left shore of the Lake, where we found supper already served up. When we returned again to our boat, the sailors were busied in removing the benches, and spreading straw for beds, on which we were all ranged by the side of each other. Wrapped securely in my cloak, I soon fell asleep amid the dashing of the oars, and did not awake till the dawn, from a slumber, than which, that of the illustrious sufferer in the *Odyssey* on his bed of dried leaves, could not have been sweeter. The first object upon which I cast my eyes on

my awaking was the island of Ufnau, which seemed to swim in the ruddy vapours of the morning as if enfolded in a transparent veil. Gladly would I have landed to tread the holy ground, where one of the greatest men that our nation ever produced, disowned by the timid crew whom in his prosperity he had called his friends, at last terminated his tempestuous life in helpless exile. But the vessel glided by, and I could only in spirit rest on the spot which encloses the dust of that bold orator of Germany, whose efforts at reformation although unsuccessful, paved the way for the more successful career run by Luther. Almost three centuries have elapsed since that time, and still every attempt to procure a complete edition of this great man's works, and thus appease his angry shade, has proved abortive for want of sufficient support from the public. The first part, which appeared ten years ago, has never been followed by a second, because scarcely so many purchasers were found for a publication of this sterling value as for the most nauseous crudity from the world of



enchantment, chivalry, and apparitions. Indeed a nation capable of shewing this indifference to one of the noblest spirits she ever produced, is unworthy of numbering among her sons, an Ulric of Hutten.

At Lachen, seven hours distant from Zürich, we were divided into three chaises. These brought us towards noon to Wesen, a poor little town, where most of the houses are half sunk in a morass, which, in its destructive influence on the health of the inhabitants, yields but little to the exhalations of the Pontine marshes.

The navigation of the Lake of Wallenstadt is considered as one of the most dangerous in Switzerland, since from the water's being almost entirely surrounded by perpendicular rocks, a vessel must inevitably be lost in a sudden storm. The day was sultry, the boat exposed, and so thronged with passengers, that the free use of my arms was denied me, and I found myself almost in the situation of Mr. Holwell when he with his companions were confined in the black hole. Thus circum-

the picturesque water-falls, nor the fantastic forms of the rocks that bordered the Lake, had power to make much impression on my soul. After four long wearying hours, we at length landed at Wallenstadt. At the inn I saw a family-painting by Diogg, one of the best portrait-painters of our times, who lives at Rapperschweil, and whom I saw lately at Zürich, when he won my heart very much by his extreme modesty. Herzel, the immortalizer of Kleinjogg, has made this artist, and his remarkable figure, the subject of a very excellent essay.

From this place we proceeded on our journey by land, and came at the close of evening to Ragaz. The hotel to which we were recommended for our night-quarters, was dirty and disagreeable beyond description, and I conceive myself now to have acquired, from my own observation, a perfect idea of the Spanish inns, so famous for their indescribable filthiness, and resembling the habitations of gypsies rather than the residences of any more decent set of beings.

On the following morning I joined our friend Salis, who still lives with his father at the castle of Bodmar. This vast structure stands on an eminence directly above Malans, and commands an extensive view over a large part of the great valley, which, divided by the Rhine, winds between two chains of high hills.

After dinner we visited at Colonel Pestalozzi's, in whose daughter I was introduced to the future bride of my friend. Most certainly he has fallen upon a happy lot, since in this lady the moral graces seem blended with the purest nature, and the softest feminine manners; a character which promises to confer upon him unalloyed happiness in every remaining stage of his life.

We immediately began to form plans for excursions about the surrounding country, most of which have been carried into execution.

One of these was to Reichenau, where a society of philanthropists, at whose head is a person of the name of Tschärner, have very recently instituted an academy for  
education

education, of which great expectations may justly be formed. They have purchased the castle of Reichenau, and fitted up the apartments for the teachers and pupils, with so much propriety and convenience, that excepting the rooms at the ex-academy of Dessau, I have never seen any which struck me so much as patterns of their kind. From a terrace in the castle-garden, there is a particularly advantageous view of the junction of the Upper with the Lower Rhine.

I spent only a few hours at Chur, and those in a very mixed company. Semonville had lately passed through that town, and, according to his usual custom, squandered his money every where with the prodigality of a Bashaw; it is said that he even paid a new Louis-d'or per diem, for leading each of his horses, without raising one single objection to so exorbitant a demand.

I could not resist venturing upon the dangerous undertaking of making a visit to the spring which supplies the bath at Pfeffers, and I now congratulate myself  
on

on having seen this wonder of nature, which filled me with alternate admiration and horror.

When our guide had opened the door at the entrance of the passage that leads to the spring, we seemed on a sudden transported from the cheerful regions of the upper world to the gates of Orcus. Two high upright rocks, towering fiercely one above the other, composed of rude masses as from the hands of the Titans, form a sort of gallery, on the left side of which run the pipes that convey the water from the spring to the bath-house, and which are fastened to the rock with iron bars and cramps. A succession of planks are also suspended to the rock by the same means, and intended to serve as a foot-way along the passage, but it is indeed a most insecure one, since the boards are so weak that they will not admit of two people going directly behind each other without imminent danger of their breaking. Below these the Tamine, a foaming torrent, rolls with the thunder of a cataract through an horrible gulph, and were the feeble planks to

give way, the adventurer must inevitably be plunged into this tumbling flood, from which there is as little hope of deliverance as from the whirlpool of Charybdis.

The rocks were now one moment completely closed over our heads, then again they separated, and suffered a faint twilight to penetrate through the fissures. But this afforded us little consolation, since on the edges of these we beheld monstrous blocks of granite hanging as if suspended only by a thread, and threatening every moment to fall upon our heads with a fearful crash. Sometimes, on account of the numerous projections in the rocks above us, we were obliged rather to crawl along than to walk upright, and in many places they were broken by clefts and cavities, when the slender plank alone was between us and the torrent, which kept such a roaring that not one among us could hear the voice of the other. These horrors had so strong an effect upon the nerves of one of the company, that he was wholly overpowered, and relinquishing the enterprise, turned back ere he had the honour of arriving at the goal.

goal. The rest of us proceeded on courageously, till at length a cloud of vapour rushing from an opening in the side of the left-hand rock, announced our approach to the end of our labour, and soon after we beheld the spring itself. The extraordinary manner in which this wonder was discovered, it is probably needless to repeat to you, who are so well acquainted with every circumstance relative to your native country;—who have studied its history, both civil and natural, with such extreme accuracy, as scarcely to suffer any chronicle, legend, or even popular tradition, which had the remotest reference to it, to escape your researches.

Our curiosity gratified, we set out on our return, and were as much rejoiced when we arrived again at the bath-house, as Milton when he saluted the light after his re-ascent from hell.

The pleasantest day I spent during my stay in the Grisons, was with a small but select company at a *Sennbülte*. The weather was paradisaical, and the scenery displayed the most enchanting variety. Around  
the

the horizon were spread the summits of numberless hills, just discernible amid the blue vapours of the heavens, but majestic above all the Calanda reared its hoary head. At our feet lay the village of Malans; farther on flowed the Rhine through a plain scattered over with villages and single habitations, and at no great distance the ancient fortress of Weinek was seen rising from amid dark woods. The friendly groves served us for shade, and rivulets clear as crystal murmured near us through flowery meads; in the former we reclined ourselves, and with our songs, and jokes, were as happy as Gessner's shepherds on their beds of moss;—while the stream served us to cool our flasks. Along the hedges bloomed the beautiful *cyclamen europæum*; the backward falling crown of this charming flower gives it so airy and sylphish an appearance, that in approaching to pluck it, one is almost involuntarily led to step softly, as in endeavouring to catch a butterfly. We stayed in this charming spot

“ Till Hesperus, like a golden curtain, spread

“ Adown the Welkin;”

and



and on leaving it, in spite of my general dislike to all effusions upon walls, doors, and windows, I could not help, in the joy of my heart, writing on one of the posts of the hut, in remembrance of this day of delight,  
*Vixi.*

Often did we think of you, my beloved friend, and wished you among us. If on the twelfth of July you took your accustomed walk towards sun-set by the side of the Lake, and the evening zephyrs wafted tones to your ears for which you sought in vain to account, know that they proceeded from the music of our glasses which we bruck together as we joyfully pronounced your name.

## LETTER XXXI.

Ermatingen, on the Lake of Constance,  
August 4th, 1793.

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I HAVE now to impart to you, my friend, an example of patriotic contempt of death, which would deserve a place in Thucydides or Livy. It was related to me by a French merchant whom I very recently saw at Constance, and came to him in a letter from his son who serves in the army at Nice. I give you the fact simply, and without ornament, as I had it from my voucher.

A French grenadier, on an expedition to the borders of the county of Nice, was separated from his corps, by what accident is not known, and was wandering in a wild and hilly part of the country, when he was suddenly surrounded and disarmed by a patrol of the enemy. The first things the

the Piedmontese demanded of their prisoner, were to be informed of his political creed, and that he should cry, "*Vive le Roi!*" to which he coolly and firmly replied, "*Ca ira!*"—Enraged at his intrepidity, they then unanimously exclaimed, "You are a dead man on this spot, unless you instantly cry *Vive le Roi!*"—The Frenchman repeated again "*Ca ira!*"— "Now, for the last time, if thy life be dear to thee," they returned, "cry *Vive le Roi!*" With these words, which were uttered with a storm of passion, they turned their bayonets against the breast of the Republican, who tore open his waistcoat and devoted himself to death, crying "*Ca ira sans moi!*"—Scarcely had he pronounced these words with a tone of resolution that gave to the dying prisoner the dignity of a triumphant conqueror, than he fell to the earth overpowered by the stabs of his murderers.

The name of this hero was either not known to the merchant's son whose letter contained the story, or he has omitted to mention it; I have therefore requested the father

father to inquire it particularly, and communicate it to me. I should indeed consider it as a subject of no small regret, were this, like too many other names of equal merit, to fail of obtaining the immortality it deserves, from want of a little attention to its being distinguished at the proper moment. The circumstance which has rescued the story itself from oblivion is not unworthy of notice. One of the eye-witnesses of the scene who was fortunately endowed with a soul susceptible of receiving impressions from real magnanimity, was so struck with the deceased soldier's conduct, that he could not help making it public in its native beauty, without omission or alteration.

A nation which has such patriots to lose, menaces fearful vengeance upon those who have contemned her force, and the example of such a free-will offering as the present, which besides will scarcely remain the single one of its kind, has in its infallible operation the power of a whole army.

One of the principal causes to which the miscarriage of so many of the plans hitherto formed against France is to be attributed, is no doubt the high contempt entertained for her military strength. This at the beginning of the war was carried to such lengths, that many respectable officers of ——— seriously gave it as their opinions, that a soldier could not fight against such a rabble without dishonouring himself; and that the only resource to be devised for obviating the danger of such disagreeable collisions, was to raise some regiments of Jews and march them to the Rhine.

To your question respecting our manner of living here, I can give a very laconic answer. My business is much the same as at Grandclos, consequently in the disposal of my day no variation of any importance can be made. S—— will probably stay with me till October.

The situation of the castle which we inhabit is extremely pleasant, and every room on the side towards the Lake has a rich and extensive prospect. To my great  
delight

delight one of these has fallen to my lot, and as often as I cast my eyes from my writing-table I behold the island of Reichenau, and beyond it the most charming mixture of hills, villages, and groves, quite to the fortrefs of Hohentwiel, which, just visible in the blue vapour of the horizon, bounds the circle of the prospect. The painter who should undertake to sketch this view, would find it very difficult to follow the Theban precept which commands to improve in imitating. (εἰς τὸ κρεῖττον μιμεῖσθαι).

My yesterday's walk was to the hill of Castel, where the mossy ruins of the old castle form a very picturesque contrast to the new-built palace in its vicinity. In this spot most undoubtedly the banks of the Lake of Constance are seen in the greatest extent and most charming variety.

I continued the whole forenoon at the ruins, and enjoyed the prospect before me, which is reckoned one of the finest in the world, with a soul perfectly serene and awake to the most lively impressions. Such

moments of poetical enthusiasm are those in which the heart is always most liable to intrusions from the magic creations of fancy; was it therefore surprising, considering my decided preference for the Lake of Geneva, the recollection of which I could not lose even on the banks of the Lake of Constance, that I should feel an ardent renewal of a favourite wish long ago formed, that the genius of Aladdin's lamp, or the giant who according to an antient northern tradition tore the isle of Seland from Sweden, would lend me his assistance to remove the island of Meinau from its present situation and place it between Vevay and Meillerie. What an inexpressibly fine effect would it have in that spot, and how well would it assort with all the adjoining scenery, whereas it is now placed so disadvantageously that it appears like a lonely object unconnected with every thing around.

This miracle, the accomplishment of which would certainly not be conferring a benefit upon the Teutonic order, might infallibly be effected by means of the enchanted

enchanted lamp which Cagliostro so unaccountably forgot to bring away with him from the pyramids of Egypt, where it had lain buried for some centuries in a mummy-chest. Possibly indeed only a Scandinavian Runen-staff might be sufficient, and that would be much more easily obtained. Another and far greater miracle, which must immediately follow the first, would be the establishment of a little Platonic republic at Meinau, in its new situation in the Lake of Geneva; a phænomenon which would no less astonish the philosophers of our days, than the removal of the island would the naturalists.

This project however, you must observe, is confided solely to you under the sacred seal of friendship. The buds and blossoms of great and unheard-of undertakings, which are so extremely liable to be cut off by unforeseen accidents, should not be brought before the public, but should remain in profound secrecy till the fruit be properly matured. A golden rule, the neglect of which in a thousand instances,

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particu-



particularly in the departments of literature and politics, is among the oldest and most general complaints made by those who seek the reformation either of the moral or physical world.

With respect to the Pseudo-emerald in the monastery on the island of Reichenau which on my first visit I supposed to be a *Fluor mineralis*, I can now say for certain that I was mistaken, for it is a *Fluor spathosus*, and as such of uncommon beauty.

This would be no unapt matter for a Lessingian fable, and the moral might be drawn from a circumstance that happened to a well-known literary adventurer. Not content with the reputation of being a man of talents, which he certainly deserved, he got himself, by means of a false stamp, coined into a Marquis; after which he could no longer gain any credit as a genius, but was only despised and ridiculed as a mongrel limb of quality. The simile indeed hobbles a little in one respect; the title of genius undoubtedly bears

bears about the same proportion to the title of Marquis as that of Emerald to *Fluor spathosus*, but not vice-versâ. This the writer of the fable, to avoid misapprehension, must not fail to explain by a note of illustration.

## LETTER XXXII.

Grandclos, October 20th, 1793.

I RETURN you ——'s Travels in Switzerland. When will Alpine wanderers forbear to bring owls to Athens? I cannot find a single chapter of novelty or originality throughout this bulky volume: all has been threshed over and over an hundred and an hundred times, from the first page to the last; and the traveller appears to be one who has rode after, and climbed after, his predecessors in the tour, with equal fervility as in his narrative, he has related, and exclaimed after them.

It is the same case in Switzerland as in Italy: most foreigners follow each other precisely step by step like Sancho Panca's Greese, till at length the old paths are so completely beaten, and made so slippery, that no one must henceforward hope to proceed along them without tripping.

Nothing

Nothing can appear more extraordinary than that among the many Swiss pilgrims who of late years have published their travelling journals, not one should have been induced either by a spirit of curiosity, or a wish of producing a work that might have some claim to novelty, to quit this beaten track. Possibly indeed the excellent inns to be found in the customary progress, may operate with a like attractive power as the magnetic mountain in the Arabian Nights; but any one who would explore the hitherto neglected, and to foreign countries almost unknown, parts of Helvetia, and make them the subject of his animadversions, would scarcely be less original than if he were describing a newly-discovered island in the South-Sea. The world would be equally astonished to find what rich gleanings of natural wonders Switzerland still contains for an author desirous of bringing them to light, as it was at the numberless undescribed monuments of antiquity which Italy could still furnish for a Winkelmann to illustrate.

In

In this neighbourhood alone, much is still to be found well worthy of the descriptive talents of a Meiners or a Hirschfeld. Of the water-falls that lie in the travelling route and which have been acknowledged as canonical, there are almost as many descriptions in existence, as there are pictures of Frederick the Great and Voltaire; but who has ever bestowed a line upon the Tine de Conflans, a cascade situated between Lafara and Coffonay, although its equal for originality and marked distinction of character is scarcely any where to be found. Again, who ever concerns himself with the source of the Orbe? yet its strong resemblance to Vaucluse struck me most forcibly, and it certainly had not yielded in fame to that spring, had a Petrarch lived in its neighbourhood, or a Horace made it the subject of an ode. The grotto of Montcherand, as well as its environs, are in the highest degree romantic; yet have they ever been mentioned with a tythe of the circumstantiality, that the rocks of Meillerie have been described an hundred times

times over? But the magic powers of genius first brought the latter into fame, and custom has now established them as a place of resort, else they had probably remained as little known, and as rarely visited as the former.

I could extend these observations to a very great length, were I to overstep the boundaries of that little circle which first led me into them, and pass into more distant parts. But sufficient is already said to point out to future travellers the extensive field for conquest still presented by the Helvetic confederation, could they persuade themselves to strike into a new path. The most ample field would be found in the Valais, the Grisons, and the Italian Bailiwicks.

## LETTER XXXIII.

Ulm, January 23d, 1794.

**M**ILLER, at whose house I have spent my first day of rest since my departure from Zürich, is gone out on business, and till his return I can converse with you, my dear Bonstetten. The portfolio, on which lies the paper whereon I am writing, once belonged to Hölty, and now lies always on Miller's desk as a sacred memorial of friendship. On casting my eyes over the many scraps of that amiable poet's writing which are scattered over this relic, I could not help revolving in my mind his joyless life and early decay, and sighing from the bottom of my soul, "*Poor Hölty!*"

The history of my journey from Bern to Ulm assuredly does not contain any thing worth noticing, yet as you have already many times reproached me with not being sufficiently circumstantial in my letters, and expressly

expresly, at my departure on this present journey, declared your wish to accompany me step by step along the trailing comet's track I am to pursue, you must take the blame entirely to yourself, if my narrative should be only a tissue of insignificance. Minute details must from their very nature excite ennui, unless the writer were possessed of such rare talents as Marivaux or Sterne, who could give life and interest to the most ordinary occurrences, through the wit and humour interspersed in their narrations.

From Zürich to Constance I travelled in the Diligence with speed, convenience, and cheapness. My companions were an ex-leader of the chapel-band to the Prince Bishop of Basle, and a draper from Alsace. The former had lost his place and whole property by the Revolution, the latter had been a gainer by the same event from being employed in supplying clothing for the army; consequently the political creeds of these two gentlemen were as opposite to each other as black to white. They soon therefore began sparring with such extreme vehemence,



vehemence, that I considered it as my duty, if possible, to stop them. This I accomplished by means of some musical questions put to the first, who certainly was much obliged to me for thus interrupting a conversation, the catastrophe of which, had it been carried farther, might have proved very unfortunate to him, from his inferiority in corporeal strength to his fanculotte antagonist.

How lamentable it is, that in every country of Europe, whether interested or not in the French Revolution, it is impossible to stir anywhere, or do any thing, without being blasted by the poisonous breath of party-spirit; an exhalation so impure, that in cottages as well as in palaces every flower of sociability and hilarity has withered, and died under its influence.

Formerly fellow-travellers whom chance might jumble together were studious to diminish the tediousness and inconveniences of the journey by cheerful and sociable conversation; while at parting they commonly expressed a wish that some like casualty

casualty might afford them an opportunity of renewing this acquaintance, the sincerity of which expressions each confirmed to the other by the kind pressure of the hand mutually given and received. Now, when two strangers meet in such a way, they spy about and investigate each other with the most suspicious caution, to discover how far they may agree or differ in their political creeds; and according as they find themselves professors of the same, or of a different cockade, whether it be white or whether it be tri-coloured, their conduct is regulated; if their sentiments be the same, they *moderately* observe a sullen silence, but if they differ, a furious attack is instantly commenced, each upbraiding his antagonist as an enemy to universal happiness.

How often, on such occasions, am I reminded of the sects of Omar and Ali, one of which began washing at the elbows, the other at the points of the fingers. Scarcely had an adherent of the elbows seen the companion of his journey begin his ablution with moistening the finger-

5 ends,

ends, than peace was instantly broken, and the very persons who the moment before appeared in brotherly union, were no longer secure against the most dreadful eruptions of mutual hatred.

A very laughable cock-fighting lately happened at a supper at Constance, where I was present, between councillor X and senator Y. The former endeavoured to prove, from the Apocalypse, the necessity and legitimacy of the French Revolution, and the latter demonstrated as clearly, and in a very dictatorial manner, the direct contrary on the authority of the Roman law. The conversation at length gave so much offence to an emigrant priest, that he rose from table, and darting a look of the most indignant contempt at the apocalyptic democrat left the room.

On the following morning I met with the very same emigrant in the ferry-boat, in crossing over to Mörsburg. According to his account, thirty-four thousand priests at least have left France. In my conversation with him, I was particularly struck with an observation he made

made, which I should least of all others have expected to hear from a strong and healthy man in the prime of life. "No person who has any conscience," said he with great vehemence, "can censure us for emigrating, when he knows that the revolutionists would even have compelled us to marry."

The passage lasted an hour and half, the horizon was clear, and the air so mild, that I could as little suppose myself from that circumstance in the month of January, as by the speech of the priest in the eighteenth century.

At Memmingen, a free imperial town of Suabia, where there is the greatest appearance of prosperity and industry, the host of my inn, the White Ox, played me some pieces of music of his own composing, which I heard with real pleasure. The name of this man is Rheinek, and he is highly esteemed in the neighbourhood as a musician. Several of his musical compositions have been published and received with applause: he succeeds particularly in humorous and lively songs. Equally extraordinary as it would appear to me to

meet with a German poet who had never read the *Messias* or *Oberon*, did it seem to find a musician who scarcely even knew the name of the incomparable Schulz. How can a man be a connoisseur, a lover of music, and a performer, and yet concern himself so little with the chefs-d'œuvres in that line. If the taste and feeling of the Germans, which often rises to a considerable degree of elevation, should once attain to *complete* correctness, no harpsichord from the Lake of Constance to the Eyder, would be without the chorus from *Athalie*.

I found the most friendly reception possible from Professor Miller, whom I had known personally for many years, and whom from the honesty of his character I have always highly esteemed. It is much to the credit of his fellow-citizens, that they know how to place a just value upon his prominent merit as a teacher, and accordingly yield him universal respect. Miller's name must also live to posterity as a poet; at least as long as a taste for ancient German sincerity, sweet naïveté and dignified

nified simplicity is not wholly extinguished among us: many of his songs are extremely popular, and sung by persons of all ranks. He has, notwithstanding, for some years past, given up writing for publication, and is one of the few German poets who have closed their career early in life. Perhaps he thought of the golden precept so earnestly recommended by one of our greatest poetical geniuses to the attention of all favourites of the Muses. "It is certain," says the author of the *Theodicee*, "that  
" there is a point of time at which poets,  
" more than any other class of writers,  
" should cease to write; but it is to be  
" lamented that scarcely any one can per-  
" ceive when he is arrived at that point."

The French prisoners in this town, who are in number at least a thousand, experience very humane treatment, and are consequently much dissatisfied, that they are soon to be removed to Linz, where it is not probable that they will meet with an equally mild fate. Among the officers is a young man of Alsace, who was making a great progress in the acquisition of knowledge, but was

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called

called away from his theological studies to take a captain's commission, and now, together with numbers of his brethren in arms, is thrown so entirely out of his original line, that there seems no probability of his ever being able to return to it.

I must here break off. Farewel, my friend,—my next letter will be from Stuttgart, where I purpose to spend some days,

## LETTER XXXIV.

Stuttgart, January 27th, 1794.

**I** SALUTE you with the utmost ardour, my dear Bonstetten; you who perhaps at this very hour may be sitting by your fire-side, contemplating the picture of our deceased Bonnet, and thinking on his and your most faithful friend. This idea rejoices my heart, which may be *removed*, but never can be *divided* from yours.

I have been for two days past with Professor Hartmann, a man who is among that chosen description of people, that choose rather to evince their worth by action than profession; and who considers the quiet consciousness of an honourable activity in the vocation assigned him, as of far more real value than the glittering ostentation of fame, often very cheaply purchased. The former a man enjoys without the molestation of his neighbours; the latter, in his own country at least,



is commonly no sooner obtained than it is blackened over by the smoke of critical torches, as the tinsel lace which ornaments theatrical finery, after a transient glare, becomes the prey of frippery-stalls and lumber-chambers.

On the very day of my arrival, Hartmann's first child was baptized; a circumstance, which from the impressive transports of my worthy friend's paternal feelings, made the seeing him again doubly pleasing to me—I was one of the sponsors. No blessings upon earth can equal those conferred by domestic happiness; and the man whose heart and mind cannot find full content and lasting satisfaction in the society of an amiable wife and hopeful children,—in a chosen retirement with a select collection of books,—but who is eternally craving, without ever enjoying, and stretching out his arms to grasp at airy forms, neither deserves, nor will find, rest on this side of the grave.

The most material alteration that has taken place at Stuttgardt, since I visited it last, is the abolition of the military academy:

demy; a change which must be very unwelcome to the inhabitants, since they lose the very large sum of money which it kept in constant circulation. The professors, as is but equitable, continue to receive their salaries till some other provision can be made for them. This famous institution, notwithstanding its singularity and apparent inefficiency for accomplishing the intended purpose, has not been by any means useless to the public. Indeed its singularity consisted principally in its plan being more comprehensive, and extending to a greater variety of objects than almost any establishment of the kind ever formed, since it included every branch of the Arts and Sciences, and was intended to bring forward talent in every way. Scholars, poets, painters, sculptors, engravers, players, musicians, singers, and even dancers, have all been formed in that school, and almost all, without exception, done credit to the institution and its conductors.

One of the most hopeful pupils ever educated there has even this moment left me: he devoted himself to the study of painting

painting under the ingenious Professor Hetsch, and so brilliant is the promise given by his youthful essays, that if he proceeds as he has begun, he may certainly hope in time to tread the inward sanctuary of the art. He is going in a short time to Rome, where, from the enthusiasm with which he is animated, reasonable hopes may be entertained of his genius soon being fully matured. This young artist is a brother of Hartmann's: he offered voluntarily to paint my portrait, which, according to an idea of his own, is a full length figure leaning against the ruins of an old castle.

He has copied the sleeping Venus in his father's collection (a Titian as is generally supposed by connoisseurs) in a manner which gives the strongest reason to expect that he will rise very high as a copyist; a line which, in my opinion, has very great merit, since it may lead so much to the extension and advancement of true taste in painting. Even a perfect copy may immortalize in the annals of posterity; witness that of Andrea del Sarto, by Julio Romano, which is done so inimitably, that  
though

though the artist had himself copied the drapery from the original by Raphael he could not discern the difference: the copy is indeed scarcely less celebrated than the original.

I was yesterday at the Palace to see the Cornelia by Hetsch, and never can I lose the impression it has made upon me. This celebrated mother of the Gracchi is shewing her children as her jewels, to the vain Roman lady, who had been displaying to her all her costly ornament. The heads of both the boys would not disgrace an Albano, and in sketching them the graces themselves seem to have guided the pencil of their favourite; they are undoubtedly among the most exquisite heads that the art has ever produced. I saw also some portraits by the same artist; the attitudes of these, and particularly the positions of the arms, (which, as one of our most satirical writers very cuttingly observes, generally appear to be placed in imitation of the manner in which the wings of a fowl are trussed for roasting,) may be recommended as patterns to all young students.

It is impossible here to omit noticing the transformation which I am told is shortly to take place in the painted ceilings of the palace. In some of them are figures in the same situation as to garb, or rather as to want of garb, in which a very celebrated Grecian beauty is said to have appeared, without hesitation, before the whole assembled nation. These figures, as report says, a painter has orders to furnish with a drapery so thick that they may be fit to meet the eyes of vestals themselves.

This I would willingly hope for the credit of our age, yet unpolluted by the like barbarisms, is a mere gossip's story, contrived solely to amuse the tattlers of the town; yet if it be not so, Guibal's shade may still be appeased by the consoling reflection that the works of Michael Angelo himself were not exempted from a similar fate. One of the Popes, I cannot recollect which, excessively scandalized at the shocking *Sans-Culottes* figures in "*The Last Judgment*" of this celebrated master, profaned that sublime composition by employing a poor dauber, who was scarcely fit

fit to paint the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove on the ceiling of a village church, to make them decent, by providing them with proper cloathing. Ever since that time painters of the like description have been distinguished in Italy by the nick-name of *Culottes-Painters*.

## L F T T E R XXXV.

Heidelberg, February 7th, 1794.

**I** ARRIVED here three days ago, after an extremely tedious and unpleasant journey through rain and bad roads, but was repaid for it at the end by the very kind and cordial reception I met with from my old friend Mieg, the member of the Consistory. I rejoice much at revisiting the place where, eight years ago, you and I, my friend, at the lovely spring of Wolfbrunnen, projected a plan for our living together in future, and resigned its accomplishment with joyful confidence into the hands of fate.

At that time the countryman tilled his field in peace on the banks of the Rhine and the Neckar, and rested in quiet under the shade of his vines. How terribly, alas! is the scene now changed: streams of blood drench the furrows, and cannons roar where then resounded the cheerful song of  
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the vintner. Voltaire asked, "Why did  
" not the earth open in the vast deserts of  
" Africa, instead of swallowing up the flourish-  
" ing city of Lisbon?"—So in the gloom  
of my soul would I ask, "Wherefore must  
" one of the finest and happiest countries  
" on earth, become the theatre of horror,  
" and a prey to desolation."

Dreadful, undoubtedly, is the devastation  
made by the French in the Palatinate; but  
still more dreadful, even according to the  
accounts of the inhabitants of this place  
themselves, are the ravages made by the Aus-  
trians and Palatines in Alsace. This was  
farther confirmed to me by the confession  
of a capuchin from the other side of the  
Rhine, with whom I entered into conver-  
sation in the course of a walk; when he  
said, "The French treated our monastery  
" with lenity, and only took away a chalice  
" and a bell; but the Alsacians have not by  
" any means come off so favourably with  
" the Austrians."

The animosity borne by the Imperial  
troops to the Prussians, broke out with ex-  
treme violence on this occasion, many offi-  
cers



cers declaring in a very public manner, that they would with much greater satisfaction have borne arms against the Black Eagle, on whose talons they still descry the blood of their ancestors, than against the bonnet-rouge of regenerated France.

Notwithstanding all the advantages that have been trifled away by that ridiculous and pernicious contempt of the enemy, which ever since the beginning of the war seems to have been considered as a sacred duty among the allies, a striking proof of the lengths to which it is still carried, was lately given by Count —, who a short time before the catastrophe his party experienced in the retreat of Wurmser's army, exclaimed to the assembled officers with the proudest self-confidence, " Only one short course, gentlemen, and Strasbourg is our own,"

That the Austrians stationed at Heidelberg keep a list of all who are supposed to be democrats, is a fact now undeniably proved from a scene which lately occurred between professor S—— of this place, a zealous adherent of the Kantian philosophy,

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and a lieutenant of the Imperialists who was quartered upon him. Not long before the arrival of this officer, the professor had removed a stove from a room in the lowest story of his house, in which were the apartments assigned to his new guest, into his own study. This circumstance happening to reach the ears of the *Man of War*, excited his indignation to so high a degree, that as he was returning home one day, espying the *Man of Letters* at his window, he began instantly to assail him with a torrent of the most abusive language, calling him among other opprobrious names, a stove-stealer. The philosopher, not in the least disconcerted at this outrageous behaviour, immediately began a very cool and calm expostulation with his adversary, whence he proceeded, as if haranguing from the pulpit, to a logical demonstration of the proposition, that every man has a right to dispose of his own property as may seem good to himself; consequently that no reasonable man could consider his removing one of his *own* stoves from one of his *own* rooms, into another, as the smallest offence.

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This was only adding fuel to the flame, and encreased the officer's fury to such a degree, that calling to his serjeant, he said, "Fetch the " Democratic-list, and write that scoundrel's " name in it." The serjeant, impressed with the profoundest veneration for the Professor, from his firm and dignified behaviour, pulled off his hat, and looking up to him with a countenance of great awe and humility, said very respectfully, " Will " your honour have the goodness to favour " me with your name."

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Yesterday I went to Manheim with my friend Mieg. That town at present is considered as in great danger of a siege, and has, in addition to the palatine troops, an Austrian garrison. . . \*

We visited Weikard; the celebrated author of the *Philosophical Physician*, who has given up his place at Petersburg, and fixed his residence at Manheim. This man has one of the clearest heads I have ever met with, and is the sworn enemy of all dullness, folly, injustice, fanaticism, and bigotry;

gotry; he is indeed one of those uncommon characters who owes almost every thing to himself and very little to education. His youth was passed amid the darkest clouds of prejudice and superstition; and, as he relates in his memoirs of himself, there was scarcely any species of catholic absurdity which was not early implanted in his mind: more than once has he, as a boy, been compelled to hold the candle to a monk, while he was exorcising a person possessed. The masters under whose tuition he afterwards came, did very little towards purifying the soil from the thorns and thistles by which it was over-run, and he was obliged to throw himself entirely on his own efforts, till by means of intense application, and a mind which, when once awakened to exertion, appeared to possess uncommon energy; he at length succeeded in shaking off the evil impressions of youth, and acquiring a prodigious mass of varied and useful knowledge. Many a lance has he broken in the course of his life against dullness, and torn the mask from the face of

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of many an impostor. At Fulda, the *Theological Physician* was prohibited under a penalty of fifty florins to every one who should sell it : and any student with whom this pernicious book should be found, was threatened with instant banishment ; while a spy or informer against either seller or reader, was to receive the reward of a ducat.

I quitted Weikard with that heart-delighting and heart-elevating feeling which I always experience from the sight of an extraordinary man ; a sensation of a totally different nature from any that are inspired by viewing the most sublime works of art, or the loveliest scenes of nature. The most interesting object to mankind must ever be man, whether like the Yameos he cannot count farther than three, or like Newton he can investigate the course of planets, and dissect the rays of light.

Towards noon the whole town was put into commotion, from a report being spread that the French were advanced as far as Oggersheim. Every one hastened to the observatory,

observatory, and I followed the stream ; but we discovered nothing ; and soon after, intelligence arrived, that this rumour had been occasioned only by an insignificant skirmish of outposts.

In the afternoon I went to the fort on the Rhine,\* which lies on the opposite bank of the river, directly over-against the town, and is now united to it by a bridge of boats. From the number of soldiers constantly lying about the ramparts, stretched in heaps between the cannon, and from the size and extent of the out-works, every thing here bears a much more warlike appearance than in Mannheim itself. The willow-plots, which formerly ornamented the road, are exchanged for gabions ; and the tall poplar avenue to Oggertheim, under the shade of which I have so often walked on a fine summer's evening with the now alas deceased Böck, is cut down. Having mentioned Böck, I cannot resist a little apostrophe to his memory : in him the stage has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and all who shared his heart, a

truly honest and affectionate friend: "Light  
" lie the turf upon his corse!—Tread  
" softly on his dust, ye men of genius!  
" for he was your near relation; weed  
" his grave clean, ye men of goodness! for  
" he was your brother."

Towards evening we returned to Heidelberg, where I went to the reading society, which is still extremely well regulated, but which they have already endeavoured to render suspected at Munich as a Jacobin club.

A part of the forenoon of to-day I spent at the castle. The prospect from the terrace still appears to me as charming as formerly, notwithstanding that I have now for many years lived in constant habits of familiarity with the sublimest Alpine scenery. I rejoice indeed that I am not yet so far gone in the Helvetic mania as many travellers, who, after seeing Switzerland, affect to have no longer any relish for any other country; and, without considering what is to be

be found elsewhere, dwell only on what is wanting, or what might be.

Excuse this unconnected letter, which has been written in great haste: to-morrow I proceed on my journey. Farewell.



## LETTER XXXVI.

Marburg, February 19th, 1794.

**T**HIS day, the first on which I have been able to find time for writing to you, is, notwithstanding, the fifth of my stay at Marburg, a visit made so pleasant to me by our worthy Young, that I shall ever recall it to my recollection with the truest pleasure.

At Heidelberg, which I left, as I entered it, in very stormy and rainy weather, I fell in with a very entertaining travelling companion in an Imperial officer who had served in the army opposed to Dumourier at Jemappe, and who gave me a very animated and circumstantial description of that memorable battle.

The fortress and the old castle within whose walls I wrote the elegy which was the origin of our acquaintance, I missed seeing, since, in order to keep the carriage, we were almost as it were hermetically shut up.

At Frankfort on the Maine I went to the Theatre, where "*The Word of Honour*," a piece containing much dramatic effect, was performed. The building is in a good stile of architecture, and is fitted up with considerable taste, but the scenes are miserably painted. After the example of many towns in France, Argand's lamps are introduced here instead of the girandoles: over the theatre is a clock with a transparent dial, an idea deserving of imitation. A part of the company at the *table d'hôte* consisted of some Prussian officers, who made the regimental band play to us. Whether from physiognomical or pathognomical observations I cannot tell, but they at first conceived me to be a Frenchman, in consequence of which I received some advances, strongly marked with an expression which could not be construed into any thing but contempt. But scarcely had they obtained, by some accident, I know not what, an assurance that I was not only a German, but had even the honour of being a subject of Prussia, than the tone was wholly changed;

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changed ; they acknowledged their error, begged my pardon very politely, and the rest of the time were extremely conversible. After supper they adjourned to a dance with the daughters of the house ;—unfortunately my sleeping-room was so near the scene of this ball, which at last seemed to be bereft of all graces, and transformed into a true Bacchanalian festivity, that I never could close my eyes till the dawn of morning.

From Frankfort to Marburg I travelled in company with another Prussian officer, who shewed taste and reading, and I received much pleasure from his conversation. But how much was that pleasure encreased, when at length we unexpectedly discovered, that, as children, we had been playfellows together. S——. I well remembered the Turkish dress he wore in those days of happiness, and could minutely describe his turban, so often the object of my childish envy. No sooner was this discovery made, than all the celebrated literary productions which before had furnished the principal topic of our conversation, were totally disregarded,

regarded, and exchanged for subjects so very far below them, that should I ever meet with the authors thus slighted, I should consider myself as bound in conscience to make them an elaborate apology for having treated them in a manner so affronting.

Young's was the first house to which I went on my arrival at Marburg, and as I entered it he came out from the College; seldom I believe has a meeting between two friends been accompanied with feelings of greater delight on both sides.

At supper L——'s health was drank in the family-cup which only makes its appearance on festive occasions. It is neither gold nor silver, but merely birch-wood varnished within, and set round with tin; it was made in the sixteenth century, and since that time goes the constant round of all family feasts. Our ancestors called such a cup a *Berkenmeier*, and no jovial meeting was held without one; if you should be desirous of knowing more about so interesting a little relique, I refer you to the article *Berkenmeier* in Krüniz's Encyclopedia.

Of my new acquaintance here I shall only particularize two, the counsellor of Regency Wildungen, and Professor Justi. The former is highly deserving of notice and esteem, not only as an amiable and worthy man, but as possessing considerable genius both in drawing and painting, as a profound naturalist, as a poet of taste, as an experienced and skilful huntsman, and as an able lawyer. He shewed me a series of birds of this country painted by himself after nature, which would be no disgrace to any collection of paintings; he has also a great number of stuffed birds, foreign, as well as Hessian, together with a complete collection of the eggs of the latter. But his favourite amusement is hunting, and it is said that there is not his equal as a huntsman throughout the country.

Professor Justi is a young man of refined taste, no common poetical genius, and great knowledge in ancient languages; he is particularly conversant with the Oriental, of which he has given unequivocal proofs in many publications that have been received

ceived with great applause. His heart clings ardently to every thing good, great, and honourable, and in his whole manner reigns pure truth and nature. But above all, he possesses in an eminent degree that rare flower *modesty*, celebrated by Bürger in strains of such uncommon beauty, and which so seldom thrives upon the Parnassian mountain; since, alas, the shade of the laurel is not less noxious to it than night-frosts or mildew.

I cannot close this letter without mentioning a tragical affair which happened some days ago at the Hessian village of Nauenheim. The village judge of that place having given offence to one of the Landgrave's life-guards, by a judgment he had pronounced, which the latter thought unjust, the military man instantly drew his sabre and wounded him so dangerously, that his death is considered as inevitable. This deed was no sooner done, than the miscreant seized the judge's peruke, and placing it on the point of his bloody weapon, carried it triumphantly through the

the village, exclaiming, "*Vive la liberté!*" His triumph however was of short duration, for he was immediately carried to prison, where he now waits the recompense due to his barbarity.

How must the soul of every real philanthropist sicken at hearing the sacred name of liberty so profaned! Even thus was the mild name of religion once made the constant catch-word for unloosing the dæmons of rapine and plunder, and gratifying the most insatiable thirst for blood. How few, alas! among the thousands that now wield the sword with so much courage and magnanimity in France, are thoroughly acquainted with the palladium for which they fight, and to obtain which so many illustrious characters in your nation, in days long past, closed their mortal careers by deaths not less glorious than those of the heroes at Thermopylæ. Unhappily for the French, no Algernon Sidney has yet risen up among them to enlighten their leaders on the subject of real and substantial freedom, and the blessings

ings and advantages to be derived from it, and to give decision and dignity to their now hesitating and wavering proceedings.

But I must conclude. I shall proceed hence to Göttingen where I shall spend a week at least. Farewell, my friend, and never cease to grant me a place in your affections; in all situations of life, and amid all the variations of fate, I shall still remain yours unalterably. •



## LETTER XXXVII.

Göttingen, March 1st, 1794.

**M**y last hours at Göttingen shall be devoted to my friend, to tell him of the charming days I have spent here—days, alas! too hastily gone by!—in which I have been constantly roving from one flower of literature to another, and quaffing sweets at them all.

At my arrival I found a note\* at the post-office, with a very pressing invitation from H—— to take up my quarters at his house, and I accordingly took possession of a room which he had most obligingly prepared for me.

If the antiquarian in the Vatican, the painter at Dusseldorf, the botanist on the Alps, the poet at Vauchuse, the lover of every effusion of imagination at Meillerie, may be held excusable let them ascend into ever such dithyrambic flights; so will you, I hope, extend the same lenity towards  
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one who always must consider mankind as the most interesting object in the creation, and never hesitates to acknowledge this opinion, however *bourgeois-like* and devoid of *esprit* it may be considered, should he indulge in a little paroxysm of enthusiastic rapture, in descanting on a town which contains such an assemblage of talent and intellect as is here united, and which forms, if I may be allowed the expression, an universe of knowledge, where mind is beheld in its highest degree of irradiation.

I trust you will allow that this sort of fanaticism has nothing in common, but the name, with that diseased sort, of which Shaftsbury remarks, that it is more contagious than a catarrh.

Having thus settled preliminaries, I shall without hesitation proceed to give you a journal of my transactions here, which must however be compressed as much as possible, to bring them within any reasonable bounds for a letter.

February 22d.

My first visit was to Kästner. This worthy old man, who still retains all that ardour and animation for which he has been celebrated even from his birth, to a degree that must excite astonishment in every one, received me with a politeness and kindness, which in my opinion deserves to be highly rated from one who is made so much of a sight to all strangers. He very obligingly gave me a copy of his last epigram, which proves that the strength with which this favourite of the Juvenalian Muse has bent his bow, remains perfectly unimpaired. Apollo has granted him what Horace petitioned for :

— integra  
Cum mente, nec iturum senectam  
Degere, nec cithara carentem.

I next paid my respects to counsellor Meiners. Not because he is visited and admired by all literati who resort hither, but because my heart and judgment urged me to it, did I make him many acknowledgments  
for

for all the new ideas and original information I had received from his writings : I hope and believe that he must have received from my manner an innate conviction that my expressions were sincere, and arose from a very different source than mere compliance with the conventional forms of politeness and urbanity. Authors of renown must be content to pay the fine annexed to their fame, in listening to the long-drawn common-place compliments, which usage has established as proper to be paid to the elegance and utility of their works ; though probably the offerers of this incense know as little of the works they compliment, as a certain preacher knew of the Messias when he seriously considered it as written in support of the Christian faith ; and regarding the author therefore as a sworn knight-errant in the cause, earnestly entreated him next to level his artillery against the infamous Socinians.

Meiners, like every man of real taste and a feeling heart, who wanders about Switzerland, cleaves to that enchanting country

with his whole soul, and thinks of making a third excursion thither. His description of it strikes me with the idea of a painter who has happily succeeded in taking a strong and valuable likeness of a lovely object, which an hundred other artists had attempted in vain; for among all the writers which I have read, no one appears to me to treat his subject with equal interest and accuracy. At the same time I would not be understood to hold out his letters as totally free from inaccuracy, or trifling errors of judgment, but since no other work possesses equal merit, one might boldly step forth into the midst of the herd of travellers and challenge him amongst them who was without guilt to cast the first stone at Meiners. Who could venture it?

On being told that two foreign female singers had very pressingly solicited the use of the concert-hall here for one evening, that they might *favor* the public with a concert, I could not help observing, that I thought those who gave so unequivocal an assurance of enchanting the ears of a whole town, must be confident of their

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their powers, and that one at least, if not both, would be able to afford the promised satisfaction. Such too, to judge by the numerous audience which attended, seemed to be the general opinion.

The fingers, tricked out in the usual tinsel state of such vagrant votaries of virtù, ascended the orchestra attended by the chorus fingers by whom they were to be occasionally assisted, and threw glances around in which self-satisfaction and confidence were blended together with an inexpressibly ridiculous effect. The concert then commenced, not with *music*, as the bills had announced, but with a confused uproar, a bursting chaos of tones from the unconnected discord of which, the wandering Messiaenes must have been seized with the *mal-du-patrie* like your countrymen at the sound of the *Kubreigon*. Never could fine music be more scandalously metamorphosed: the piece ~~intended~~ to be performed, was Martini's "*Tree of Diana*;"—had the composer been present, it must have given him much the same sensations as a father would experience at seeing his son whipped in a

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house

house of correction. Such was the alternate screaming, gurgling in the throat, howling, groaning, and chirping of the voices, that I could compare it to nothing but a Swiss *coarivari*, in which kettles, herd-bells, and goat-bells clatter in full chorus against each other. This simile, though certainly in the Netherlandish taste, yet honours the object to which it is applied; what more could be said.

I expected every moment that the audience would take some method of expressing their just displeasure at such a shameless mixture of all that could offend the ear: but they had the forbearance to sit it out quietly to the end.



February 23<sup>d</sup>.

THE wittiest writer in all Germany\* is in company one of the most refined and engaging of men; I spent part of the forenoon of this day with him, and whereas

\* Lichtenberg. T.

before

before I only revered and admired, I now love him. In every thing he says there reigns a mild and unassuming tone, which attracts attachment even from the object of his satire. Of the admirable effusions of his wit and humour which have appeared in scattered publications, such as almanacs and magazines, where they lie unnoticed like diamonds buried in a dunghill, he himself thinks so humbly, that notwithstanding many pressing solicitations, he never could be prevailed upon to assemble them into a collection; they are unpaternally abandoned to their present fate. A more important object, the publication of his "*Illustrations of Hogarth's Prints*," is at length obtained, though not without much intercession on the part of his friends. This is undoubtedly the most brilliant production of his wit, and is at the same time an unperishable monument of the genius and industry of our country, before which the British illustrators of their admirable humourist must "hide their diminished heads."



The complete set of Hogarth's works, which he once possessed, became at last a source of so much torment to him from the continual interruptions he received by persons coming and requesting to see them, that in order to obtain quiet he gave them to the university library. "I was just in the predicament," said he, "of a man who has a beautiful wife."

In talking over Schröter's Seleno-topographical Fragments, (of which diffuse work he has made as excellent an abridgment as Bonnet has done of Lyonnet's Anatomy of the *Phalena coffus*,) he told me that this indefatigable astronomer had discovered hills in Venus of an extraordinary height, and he observes that these, as well as the highest hills in the moon and on the earth, are all towards the South. This book of fragments, of which I have first obtained a sight, is certainly one of the most singular phenomena in works of science now existing, but unfortunately it is written in so fatiguing a style that the reader seems  
through-

throughout to be wading up to his middle in a deep sand.

From him I had intended to go to Bürger, but I learned that he was dangerously ill, and to-day, in particular, so weak that he could not even speak.

In the afternoon I was present at the sitting of the Royal Society of Sciences. Professor Hoffman gave a botanical lecture wherein he described some new genera and species of plants, the most remarkable of which were the *moræa pubescens*, the *boletus ceratophorus*, and the *rixomorpha canalicularis*. Both the last belong to the *flora subterranea*, a class which will in future be more known by means of a work which Hoffman intends to publish under the title of *Vegetabilia Hercyniæ subterranea, icon. illustrata.*

The *boletus ceratophorus* is found in abundance in the mines of Hartz, and always at the depth of at least an hundred and fifty fathoms. As there are many plants, such as the *aretia*, *diapensia*, *Soldanella*, &c. appropriate only to the highest mountain regions, many subterraneous ve-

getable productions may probably require a certain depth below the earth for their propagation. This *boletus* is of a beautiful chestnut brown colour, and catches fire without the preparation used for the *boletus igniarius* \*; it spreads a pleasing vapour around resembling frankincense, and leaves behind a very fine cinder. Hoffman was so obliging as to give me a piece of it.

When the sitting was over I went to Counsellor Blumenbach's, whose collection of human skulls is an object of great curiosity to every lover of natural history. The skull of a Georgian woman struck me more than any other from the exquisite beauty of its form; one of the most perfect, perhaps, that ever came from the hands of nature. For character I thought the skull of a New Hollander the most strongly

\* The *boletus igniarius* is a species of fungus, which, when dried and prepared in a particular way, is used by the Germans for catching fire from the sparks of the flint and steel as we use tinder. So universal is the love of smoking in Germany, that scarcely any person goes out on a shooting or hunting party, or sometimes even for a walk, without his pipe, with his flint and steel, and little box of tinder to procure the means of lighting it. T.

marked;

marked; I observed particularly that there was a chasm where the fore-tooth had been drawn;—you know it is said that these people, though from what motive has not been hitherto discovered, are accustomed to draw the fore-teeth even from children.

Of the minerals which I first learnt to know by sight, from Blumenbach's collection, the most curious were the *zirkon*, the *borazit*, and the *uranit*. The *zirkon* or *fargon*, a precious stone which became known only a few years since, was found at Ceylon. Klaproth first discovered, by analysing it accurately, that it has a singular property of dissolving not by means of alkaline salt, but vitriolic acid, and concentrated vinegar. Its colour varies according to the light in which it is seen, from yellow to greenish or clear brown.

The *borazit*, partly from the very particular form of its crystallization, partly from the electrical property lately discovered in it by the French naturalist Haüy, is among the most remarkable productions of the mineral kingdom. The most correct idea which can be given of the form of its crystal-

crystallization is that of a cube with the edges worn off: it has usually a faint hoary lustre; its transparency is unequal; and when warmed it becomes electrical like the *turmalinus*, and produces the same phenomena. As far as is hitherto known, this mineral is only to be found on what is called the Chalk-hill, near Lüneberg, consequently it is very rare. This, however, the industry of the people who work there have endeavoured to assist, by the composition of an artificial *borazit*, but it may be easily distinguished from the genuine by making it pass through the electrical ordeal.

The *Uranit* was lately discovered by Klaproth, and removed from the metals, according to the usual but very insufficient division, to the half-metals. Its colour is dark grey, it has a faint lustre, and makes but slight resistance to the steel. It is produced in the gneiss, and is found in the mountains of Saxony.

Blumenbach, though a man of such penetrating genius, must in his deportment charm every one who prefers an ardent cordiality

diality and kindness of heart, to those cold, distant, and bombast manners, the affectation of which is far from being one of the most rare anomalies in the literary world.

The remainder of the evening I spent very pleasantly with Professor Buhle, the publisher of Aratus and Aristotle : five volumes of his edition of the latter, on which he has been indefatigably employed for ten years, have already appeared. But as Deux Ponts, where this work is printed, is in the midst of the theatre of war, it is to be feared that the progress of an undertaking which does him so much honour, if it be not wholly stopped, will at least be very much retarded. Should the manuscript of the remainder, which is already dispatched to the printer, unfortunately fall into the hands of the enemy, and should they prove to be really of that class of downright barbarians, to whom the burning of a hay-stack would be a matter of much greater moment than the destruction of a whole library, then might it indeed be said that the most unfriendly star ruled over this work. But let us not anticipate so terrible a fate to a work on which the

author has expended some of the best years of his life, and which gives him the fairest promise of his name being handed down with lustre to posterity.

I esteem my acquaintance with Professor Buhle as a real acquisition, and even feel my heart warmed by it, for however high may be his rank as a literary character, he is no way inferior as a man.

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February 24th.

I HAVE had a second interview with Lichtenberg. The more I reflect upon the great extent of knowledge which this extraordinary man's encompassee, the more does my admiration of him increase. His element is light, and the stamp of his genius truth. I do not know indeed, after Lessing, any German who unites such profound knowledge, and in so great a variety of classes, with such acute wit, and so refined a taste.

I most earnestly wish that some literary pirate or free-booter would take it into his head

head to announce a collection of Lichtenberg's scattered compositions, for I fear nothing else would drive him into performing the duty he owes them, of becoming their publisher himself. But I think, culpable as he has been hitherto in his want of paternal attention to these babes, no father, when he was informed that a troop of gypsies designed to rob him of his children, and, according to their custom, clothe them in rags, or maim them, would hesitate immediately to employ every possible means of frustrating so wicked an intention.

Feder the philanthropist, whom I afterwards visited, I consider as another valuable addition to my large store of literary acquaintance. The first sight of him inspires confidence, and the tone of simplicity and benevolence manifested in all he says, and in his whole deportment, must be interesting to every feeling heart. When I had left him, it occurred to me, that though he has a high place among our philosophers, and is much celebrated as the author of "*Researches into the Human Will*," yet, during the whole of my visit, he had never pushed



pushed himself forwards, or made the least attempt to shew off as a literary character.

I made many other acquaintance this day, particularly at the assembly of the Privy Counsellor of Justice, Pütter's, but I pass them over in silence, that I may not swell this letter too far.

I supped with Meiners. The company at table consisted entirely of persons who had been in Switzerland, which gave an interest to the conversation that made this sociable meal one of the most delightful feasts of reason and memory.

February 25th.

I COME now from Bürger's sick-bed ; and indeed the sight of him has filled me with the deepest affliction. Disease and misfortune have so broken the wings of this bold genius, and so impaired his strength, that he languishes in the very dust, which he formerly saw at such a distance

tance below him. Pale, emaciated, disfigured, he appears rather to belong to the dead than to the living, only that in his two blue eyes still gleams a dying remnant of that fire which flamed to such a height in the *Hohen Lied von der Einzigen*. His voice is so weak that it was with the greatest difficulty I could understand the barely audible sounds; yet even these faint tones he evidently produced with considerable difficulty. He reached out his parched hand to me, on my entrance; with such an expression of kindness, and said so many friendly things, that I was beyond measure affected.

He even mentioned my poems, and particularly the "*Elysium*," which he pronounced to be the best in the collection. Do not accuse me of vanity if I repeat in his own words an observation he made on one particular passage, "You have composed four lines," said he, "from which I have often derived the sweetest consolation, and to have been the author of which I would gladly have exchanged any one of my poems that you might have taken at a venture."

Psyche trinkt, und nicht vergebens!  
 Plötzlich in der fluthen grab,  
 Sinkt das nachtluck ihres lebens  
 Wie ein traumgesicht hinab.

\*  
 Psyche drinks, nor drinks in vain,  
 Quickly in the silent stream  
 All the gloomy scenes of life  
 Vanish, as a fearful dream.

He repeated these lines, which indeed appeared as if written expressly for his present situation, so slow and faintly, that they seemed the tones of a disembodied spirit, wafted hither from the shores of the silent Lethe itself.

Bürger still expects with confidence the complete recovery of his health, and he talked to me of several plans he had formed, by the accomplishment of which he hoped to disarm even the most rigorous and obstinate critics of their venom. The principal of these was to enter upon a severe self-criticism of his works, which he said should be his last employment as he became convalescent. May the hope of life only forsake him with the last breath he shall draw!—but I fear he flatters himself in vain, for his strength seems to me too far

far exhausted for any reasonable hope of his restoration to be entertained.

I visited some lecture-rooms to-day, and received the most exquisite pleasure from Spittler's eloquent and captivating delivery. Whoever does not acquire a love of history from hearing him, must be proof against every impression to be received from oratory.

Towards evening I went to Professor Hoffmann's. He had been mentioned to me by Doctor Gilibert of Lyons as a botanist to whom, in the name of his own nation, he envied mine the honour of having given birth. How truly should I have rejoiced could the last-named worthy man have examined Hoffmann's Cryptogamic Cabinet with me; I had certainly then considered the hours I spent in the survey as among the happiest of my life. But alas! Gilibert's fate is still unknown to me; ever since the taking of Lyons, it has been wrapped in an impenetrable veil, which all my efforts have not been able to withdraw.

At Hoffmann's, I also went through an herbarium of Alpine plants, which the

Abbé Wulfen collected at Clagenfurt. Hoffmann considers him as the best informed in that branch of botany of any man now living, not excepting even the celebrated Professor La-Chenal of Basle. In this collection the *Wulfenia carinthiaca*, the *typha minima*, which is not to be found in Linnæus, the *myosotis nana*, and *swertia carinthiaca*, were new to me.

Another plant of exquisite beauty, which I had never seen before, the *Aletris capensis*, was in bloom in the room. The pleasure I have long found in making a new acquaintance in the world of flowers has not yet begun to lose any thing of its original ardor, and from this source I promise myself still to receive many an hour of real delight, if I am not obliged to descend too soon,

*Quo plus Æneas, quo Tullus dives, et Ancus.*

The moss which I brought from Vaucluse, where it grows in great abundance on the rocky banks of the Sorgue, Hoffmann thinks, as far as he can judge without the aid of vessels, must be Hedwig's *Trichostomum fontinalioides*. (*Stirpium Crypt.* vol. 3. tab. 14.)

This beautiful moss grows also in some parts

parts of Scotland and in Carinthia ; Hoffmann procured it from the latter country by means of his friend Wulfen.

The botanic garden of which Hoffmann is now the superintendant, had been mentioned to me, and indeed with justice, as an excellent one and a pattern in its line. The various merits of your great countryman Haller, and after him of Zinn, Büttner, and Murray, in the assistance they gave towards bringing this undertaking to perfection, are decided and well-known, and the respective portions of honour due to each, are accurately assigned them in Hoffmann's thesis delivered on entering upon his office. This thesis, under the title of "*Hortus Gottingensis*," came before the public last year very splendidly printed. To judge from what the present inspector of the garden has already done, he certainly is not inferior to his predecessors in zeal and activity for promoting its welfare, or in a general spirit of order and embellishment.

The honour of carrying through a very great improvement now recently finished, is almost exclusively his. This is the introducing

ducing of a part of the Town Fosse, which divides the garden from the ramparts, by means of a subterraneous channel, into the garden, and employing it in the culture of marshy and aquatic plants.

I finished the day by supping with Professor Buhle, who presented me with the first five volumes of his *Aristotle*. He is now carefully revising, and preparing for the press, the whole literary correspondence of the deceased Michaelis.

February 26th.

THIS forenoon I spent partly with Professor Buhle again, partly with Bürger: the latter I found so weak, that he could scarcely articulate a word. He shewed me a corrected copy of the *Nachtfeier der Venus*, designed for a new edition of his works, which proves his extraordinary diligence in endeavouring to bring whatever he writes to the highest possible perfection. As far as I can judge, he has been extremely successful

ful in many of his alterations, yet there were other places in which I would more gladly see the old readings restored. The file is in general a dangerous instrument, and requires to be used with the greatest caution and circumspection, since it is not unfrequently the case, particularly if it be wielded by the strong and eager hand of a Bürger, that it strives to *pölish* where nothing more was requisite than to pass it slightly over, in order to remove a scarcely perceptible roughness.

I spent almost the whole afternoon again with Hoffmann, who shewed me the collection of South Sea plants which George Forster presented to the University; such another is scarcely to be found in Europe, excepting in the possession of Sir Joseph Banks. The Cryptogamic are the best preserved, and undoubtedly the most curious of all the plants. A *flora* ~~unum~~ of Jamaica, which I also looked over, furnished me with the knowledge of many medicinal plants.

Of the *cypripedium bulbosum*, a very rare plant, which Linnæus sought ineffectually in Lapland, and which at that time had only



been found by the Rudbecks \*, I saw a good coloured drawing. This is one of the most lovely of flowers, but assigned, alas! by nature, to a zone where no human eye can enjoy its beauty.

On conversing upon the principal botanists now living, Florentin mentioned a German of the name of Henke who is at present resident at Lima, whence he traverses the Cordilleras to enrich botany with new discoveries. In this country, hitherto a terra-incognita in the science of natural history, he has found many plants which vary so entirely from all previously known, that they cannot be included under any of the Linnæan classes.

February 27th.

ONE of the most splendid monuments in the art of printing which the world has ever

\* Hæc planta rarissima debetur folis Rudbeckiis, nec scio alium, qui eandem observaverit, nec ipse eam reperire potuit, licet de ea admodum fuerim sollicitus. LINNÆI *Flora Lappou.* p. 249. A.

seen,

seen, is undoubtedly the grand edition of Shakespeare now publishing in England, the first numbers of which are in the University Library here. No part of any country ever was clothed in so magnificent a garment. The plates belonging to it are of very unequal merit, and yet those that have the least, fully exceeded my expectations, which you will suppose must be raised pretty high, since the greater part of the artists employed in them are in the fullest maturity of their talents, and have acquired wreaths in the career of Fame which bid defiance to the ravages of time itself. The great fault of this work is, that the choice of the scenes painted has been left to the taste of the artists themselves. consequently they are often very injudiciously selected, and without any regard to connection\*.

The

\* A more striking fault than what is here noticed seems to be that all the designs for the same play are not executed by the same artist. Thus instead of the proper uniformity of countenance, figure, and character being preserved, each painter following his own conceptions, of course varies these according to his particular ideas, and thus the Hamlet, the Lear, the Macbeth, &c. &c.

The London impresson of Heyne's Virgil is lately come hither. I scarcely need observe, that with respect to typography, it leaves the Leipsic edition at an immeasurable distance behind. The latter, indeed, bears about the same proportion to the former, as the Carlsruhe counterfeit of Zimmermann's celebrated work on Solitude does to the original edition on royal paper.

It were much to be wished that Heyne's Homer, the publication of which has been so long impatiently expected, may also be printed in England, because it is an indisputable fact, that in no country in Europe, have works of this class a worse chance for receiving the advantages of exterior beauty than in Germany. Many pieces of the belles-lettres manufactory, which could scarcely drag on a diseased existence to a

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of one picture has not the smallest resemblance to the Hamlet, the Macbeth, the Lear of another, nor could be supposed the same person. And though each artist may have a high degree of merit both in conception and execution, yet this want of similarity has certainly an ill effect in viewing the paintings or prints as a connected

few

few weeks, have been printed with Didot's Letters on vellum paper, richly decorated with plates and vignettes, and ushered <sup>might</sup> before the public by sound of the Prince while the immortal works of <sup>whom</sup> you are disgraced by miserable travels; the types, coarse yellow paper, and to be borrowed wooden cuts. In reflecting on <sup>of</sup> a Callot. ornamented and splendid editi<sup>que</sup> figure is classics which have come from presses, I must again transpose Klopstock's well known, "*That elevates us above* f trees in a manner that may appear somewhat call patriotic, and say, "*That elevates them above* nat. "*us.*"

Counsellor Blumenbach, to whose kindness I have reason to bear the most honourable testimony, has obligingly shown me the academical museum, which is under his inspection. My attention was principally directed to the large collection of South Sea curiosities, which, excepting in England, is nowhere to be paralleled.

One of the most remarkable things among them is the habit of the chief-mourner at Otaheite, which is the *ne plus ultra* of whimsical-

whimsicalness, but at the same time exhibits an extraordinary specimen of the persevering patience of which those islanders are capable, in the execution of these works of immeasurable breast-plate fastened to the bust, indeed, bearing a thousand and eighty-six little the former, mother-of-pearl, every one of Zimmermann manufactured with the greatest dexterity, and perforated at both

It were fasten them together.

Homer, feather Mosaics too, of the Sand-islands, are highly deserving of admiration; indeed the inhabitants of those islands undoubtedly bear away the prize of ingenuity from all the other South-Sea islanders. The feathers of *Caribbia coccinea*, a bird peculiar to that country, are what they principally use in these curious works. The cloak of a chief is covered over with these golden and purple feathers, disposed in a regular pattern like the little stones of a Mosaic pavement. A helmet of a genuine antique form, and an idol, both brought to England from Owhyhee, the island where the immortal Cook met his fate, are decorated in like manner.

manner. The latter represents a monstrous head, than which imagination could not conceive any thing more extravagant; it might undoubtedly furnish a hint to the Prince of Palagonia, the mention of whom you will remember in Brydone's Travels; the idea might well be supposed to be borrowed from the productions of a Callot. The open mouth of this grotesque figure is set with ninety dogs' teeth.

The garments of the South-Sea nations are chiefly made of the bark of trees soaked, and beaten into what they call cloth; others consist of a fine thin matting; but those of Owhyhee excel all the rest from the beauty of the figures disposed upon them.

A necklace of different coloured snail-shells, strung on bark fibres, excited my attention, as a principal ornament of the inhabitants of Terra-del-Fuego: thus even the most wretched people hitherto discovered are not wholly destitute of the arts of the toilette:—a confirmation of Blumenbach's remark, that the use of ornaments

ments is much more universal among mankind than the use of cloathing.

Of a similar kind with this necklace, is an ear-ring of Otaheite, made of three real pearls strung upon human hair; and perhaps still more similar is a New Zealand ornament for the ear, which consists of five human teeth.

Among the weapons of the South-Sea nations, a lance from the Sandwich isles, eight foot long, is one of the most remarkable. It is made of Casuarina wood, and so perfectly smoothed and rounded, that no one, unless previously assured of the fact, could suppose it made without iron instruments.

When we had gone through the South-Sea curiosities, my conductor's time was so nearly expired, that we could only run hastily over some of the most remarkable things in the collection of natural history, but even of these my view was so transient that I shall not pretend to dwell upon them. Indeed when I went to the museum, I resolved to direct my attention<sup>1</sup> princi-

principally to that part of the rich treasures of this collection which should most immediately strike my fancy, that thus I might see one department at least thoroughly; convinced that whoever is foolish enough, in viewing a collection of natural curiosities or paintings, for which a limited time only is allowed, to endeavour at grasping the whole, will never gain a clear idea of any.

But I must not omit mentioning an experiment made by Blumenbach upon the *Lacerta lacustris*, since it affords one of the most extraordinary instances of re-production that ever fell under my observation; much more curious than any of those discovered by Bonnet, in which you formerly interested yourself so deeply. Some time ago he deprived an eye of one of these animals entirely of the juices, and afterwards cut away nearly the whole of the outward coat, but in the space of ten months the eye was so perfectly restored, that I could discern no difference between that and the other, excepting that it was smaller by nearly an half.



February 28th.

AT the observatory I saw the Herschel's telescope which the Queen of England presented to the university, and which I believe is at present the only one of the kind in Germany. It is ten feet long, measures nine inches in diameter within the tube, and magnifies a thousand times. The celebrated Herschel's telescope erected in his own garden is forty feet long, five feet in diameter, and magnifies eleven thousand times.

Blumenbach was to-day highly gratified by receiving from England the skull of a native of Otaheite, which his friend Sir Joseph Banks procured for him by means of Captain Bligh. This latter has at length succeeded in transporting two thousand plants of the bread-fruit tree to Jamaica; a circumstance of no less importance in its line, than the transplanting of the potatoe into Europe. Perhaps our grand-children may eat bread-fruit, the product of their own country.

At

At my return home I received from Blumenbach a packet of minerals, among which were a *Zirkon*, a piece of *Uranium sulphuratum*, and a very fine *Borazit*. This present surprised me most agreeably, and I esteem it a very valuable one, more particularly from its containing the three above-named articles. Help me, my friend, to think of some tribute to pay him in return, which may not appear a wholly unworthy acknowledgment for so kind and disinterested a courtesy.

Such, my dear Bonstetten, are the leading features of my proceedings at Göttingen; to have given you all the minor incidents would have stretched my letter to an immoderate length. And now I must set about the necessary preparations for my departure. I embrace you as ever. *Vale et ama.*

## LETTER XXXVIII.

Hamburg, March 10th, 1794.

**T**HE space which divides us, is now, my friend, constantly increasing; from the Elbe to the Aar!—what a frightful distance for anxious affection!

I thank you a thousand times for your last letter: all the effusions which your soul poured into it sunk deeply into mine: our lutes were-attuned to the same key, but their tones were melancholy, as the harp of Ossian upon the autumnal hill, when the moon shines on the grey monument of his fathers.

I had read your cherished letter twice over, ere I perceived the lines running like arabesques down its sides, and containing an admonitory hint that your imagination has more than once been in danger of losing all traces of my route;—together with a reproach that you can scarcely find a shadow of any thing like the fulfilment of

my promise at parting, that my course from place to place should be described with all the minuteness and fidelity of a Büfching travelling from Berlin to Rekahn.

On this subject I can truly and conscientiously declare that I set out with a firm resolution of surpassing in circumstantiality, if possible, even the renowned John Bun- cle; well aware, from my own feelings, that to separated friends, even the most insignificant circumstance which has any relation to the absent object, becomes of unspeakable importance. Mindful of this, and attentive moreover to my given promise, I can assure you that I have made many attempts to act accordingly, but all have proved ineffectual: I believe indeed, that dancing on a rope could scarcely have been more difficult to me than to have given a regular detail of my daily occurrences.

The prosing, old nurse style, in which most of our travelling journals are written, has always occasioned in me such an invincible nausea, that perhaps in my letters,

although only designed for the eyes of the most indulgent friendship, I have passed over the medium line, and gone too much to the opposite side, often plucking only a single flower where I might have twined a whole garland.

In two days more I hope to be at Kiel, whence I shall pass over to Copenhagen with the first fair wind. I have spent some very pleasant days here, and at Altona, with Klopstock, Büsch, Ebeling, Reimarus, Unzer, and Gerstenberg.

Klopstock's genius soars with eagle-wing as sublimely as ever. His last odes on some of the most important epochs of the French Revolution are not inferior in fire, elevation, and energy to his earliest productions. The report that he had sent back the diploma creating him a French citizen is unfounded, nor can the ode by means of which it obtained some credit be his, because it abounds with incorrectnesses in the prosody. The only authority indeed for ascribing it to him is the *ipse dixit* of a certain German author to whom our public are daily offering up clouds of incense, which

which he blows away from him with self-sufficient contempt; in the conviction that no applause which can be bestowed upon him can equal his deserts, and that he confers sufficient honour upon this same public, if, in return for so much adulation, he condescends to lead it by the nose\*.

Gerstenberg, that ungrateful favourite of the Muses and Graces, has now nearly secluded himself from all intercourse with mankind; but in the consolations he derives from the Kantian philosophy, he declares he finds an ample compensation for all that he once thought charming and valuable in society. Fortunate is he who can thus resign himself to that unchangeable serenity which solitude spreads over the mind, and make himself so independent of mankind that he can say with Zeno-  
crates, "He possesses without being pos-  
sessed."

\* Though this should seem to refer to some well-known character and transactions, yet upon inquiry among Germans very conversant with the literature and literary characters of their country, no one can conjecture to whom it may probably allude. T.

Gerstenberg said one day to me, " I  
" consider Kant's system of philosophy as  
" the most important phenomenon which  
" has ever appeared in the world, not only  
" in this, but in every other century ; and as  
" an invaluable acquisition to mankind. It  
" points out to us clearly the bounds  
" within which we may extend our know-  
" ledge, and beyond which we cannot go ;  
" and opens new fields for the imagination  
" of the poet, of which he could never  
" before have had the most distant idea."

I had the good fortune to see Schröder  
as King Lear; the first character of this  
German Garrick. It is lamentable to re-  
flect that in a very short time perhaps, the  
career of so incomparable a delineator of  
mankind may be closed, while neither a  
Lichtenberg or a Sturz have yet endea-  
voured to sketch for posterity the outlines  
of those enchanting forms which Proteus-  
like he knows so well how to assume, with-  
out suffering the transformation to be visi-  
ble. Of him it may be said with the  
strictest justice, that he has attained that  
highest

highest of all arts, to conceal the art practised; and the éloge which Fielding puts into the mouth of the simple Partridge never could be applied with greater propriety than to him. A more expressive panegyric on the merits of any actor than what I allude to could scarcely be bestowed, and though it may be somewhat uncouthly carved, yet it is seized with a bold hand from the very mirror of nature.

After the play, the Canon Meyer, the author of the "*Pictures of Italy*," carried me to "*The Harmony*," a club so called, consisting of three hundred members. They have a supper regularly every month. I had a very interesting neighbour in Doctor Bartels, whose *Travels in Calabria* are among the best works on Italy.

At another opportunity Meyer, who has attracted my warm esteem as a man of refined manners and pure humanity, shewed me a valuable collection of designs acquired in his travels, many of which were contributions from some of the greatest artists now living, or recently deceased. As I had only a transient sight of them, the fault



of circumstance, those of Hackert, Angelica Kaufmann, Battoni, Gessner, and Göthe, are all that remain impressed on my mind.

At an evening assembly at S——'s the merchant's, I heard a grocer of the name of Röding mentioned, who from the account given of him must be one of the most extraordinary men in Hamburg. He has published a Marine Dictionary in various languages, has translated a German work into Portuguese, and written an original work upon "*Herder's Ideas of a philosophical History of Mankind*," which is partly a correction, partly a confutation of them; but this I understand is not designed for the press. He possesses besides a considerable extent of mathematical knowledge, plays on the harpsichord with skill and taste, and is an able miniature-painter: yet with all this variety of talent, he is only able to devote those hours of leisure which can be stolen from his business to the pursuit of the arts and sciences.

Farewell, my Bonstetten. I am often with you in spirit, on the terrace of your garden,

garden, contemplating Wetterhorn, Schreckhorn, and Jungfrau, illumined by the evening sun; listening to the rushing of the Aar, and the lowing of the herds on its banks, and pouring into your faithful bosom the pure effusions of unalterable friendship.

## LETTER XXXIX.

Kiel, March 16th, 1794.

**T**O-MORROW, my friend, the packet-boat is to sail. I have been for some days past preparing for the voyage; and the better to guard against contingencies, since the passage, though sometimes accomplished in twenty-four hours, is at others protracted by contrary winds to a fortnight, I have furnished myself with two large baskets of provisions. At present I am looking every moment at the weather-cock, which even now points to the quarter favourable for my purpose.

\* \* \* \* \*

On board the packet-boat, March 18th.

WE set sail yesterday, at seven in the morning, in a very heavy rain. Scarcely  
had

had we run a mile before the captain dropped the anchor again, declaring that while the air continued so thick he could not possibly venture farther without danger. To be suddenly thwarted in a course scarcely begun, is as painful and discouraging to our physical as our moral nature. Squeezed together in the damp space of a confined cabin, each passenger began to contrive all methods possible for ameliorating his situation by amusing his mind: some had recourse to cards, and others to the punch-bowl, while I found my entertainment in gratifying a wish, long ago formed, of reading the *Odyssey* at sea. Thus evening at last came on, and for the first time in my life I fell asleep under the protection of the Dioscuri. The bustle of heaving the anchor at day-break, frightened away my slumbers, and I hastened on deck, where I saw—oh, with what transport!—the heavens smiling most serenely around us, while a fresh breeze swelled our sails; soon after, we lost sight of Christianpris, a fort at the entrance of the Bay of Kiel.

Four in the afternoon, March 19th.

THE sun shone so mildly that I spent the whole forenoon on deck reading the *Odyssey*: we are now in sight of the island of Laland. The company in the cabin consists, as is seldom the case in a party so jumbled together, entirely of polished and pleasant people: we have instituted a kind of domestic order and regularity amongst us, as if united in one family. Lars, the smartest and most alert of all cabin-boys, executes our orders with as much alacrity as the Fairy Puck in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. This lad has already made a voyage to the East Indies, but assures us that he finds this a hundred times more pleasant.

Among the passengers are two brothers of the celebrated mineralogist Ferber, who died some years ago at your native town. These courteous and pleasing men speak with enthusiasm of the great Linnæus, who was their instructor, and have given me a very satisfactory account of his moral character.

They

They pleased me also much, by telling me that he had on all occasions done ample justice to the merits of his declared antagonist in natural history, Buffon.

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Copenhagen, March 20th.

THAT most sublime sight, to which no description can do justice, of the sun sinking in the sea, and the moon rising out of it, was yesterday evening presented to me in all its glory, just at the happy moment when no land was to be seen around us.

*Nocte sublimi nihil astra prater  
Vidi et undas.*

To-day at sun-rise we were at the Chalk Cliff opposite the island of Mön, which presents a most striking prospect. This monstrous mass rises in rugged majesty perpendicularly out of the waves. I soared upwards in spirit, and Shakespeare's description

description of the Cliffs at Dover seemed realized, where

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air  
Show scarce so gross as beetles \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

The fishermen that walk upon the beach  
Appear like mice, and yon tall anchoring bark  
Diminished to her cock.

Towards noon we saw Seland and the coast of Sweden. Three hours later the towers of Copenhagen were visible in the horizon, like slender blades of stubble; next we saw the masts of the vessels lying in the harbour, and at last the whole of the magnificent town presented itself to our view as if rising out of the sandy sea-beach. It seemed, as we approached, a true magical scene of creation; arising, increasing, separating into forms, settling into proportions, by degrees distributing into light, shade, and colour, and terminating at last in the full display of an harmonious whole: all following as according to appointed ordinances, and in measured portions of time after each other. Wholly  
lost

lost in the contemplation of this moving, ever-varying picture, I found myself at last very unexpectedly in the road of Copenhagen, where the ship came to anchor. The passengers with their baggage were immediately put on shore, near the custom-house, in boats which instantly on the anchoring of our vessel surrounded us in great numbers.

In a few minutes after landing I was in the house of our friends the Bruns, who live near the harbour. When first I became acquainted with these amiable people at Lyons, I should scarcely have believed my eyes, had I beheld in the mirror of futurity the present scene of our re-union.

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March 21st.

I COME now from the theatre, where an opera was performed called the "*Nuptials of Peter.*" The Danish language appears to me extremely well adapted to singing, and particularly pleasing to the ear in tender  
airs.



airs. On the whole, the players appeared to great advantage: as a singer Madame Bartels has an undoubted claim to the first place; her voice is one of the clearest I ever heard, and her singing is melody, which seems to come forth from the inmost heart.

The name of the principal actor is Schwarz; he has formed himself after the model of Schröder, and is indefatigable in his endeavours to approach as near as possible to his great original. The theatre is fine, and fitted up with taste, but much too small for so large a town as Copenhagen, especially as the people are passionately fond of theatrical amusements. The King, who wears a very splendid naval uniform, appears to concern himself very little with the performance, but goes with hasty steps up to his box and down again; sometimes, though but rarely, distending his features into a smile. He is short in stature, yet well made, and has a very good countenance, from which no one could infer the real situation of his mind.

Elfineur, March 22d.

THE spring is at least a month forwarder this year than is usual in Seland, and I believe that the weather can scarcely be milder at present at Vevay than at Elfineur. We have not suffered it to pass unemployed, but as faithful adherents of an old and wise saying, "take time by the forelock," have employed it in seeing as much as possible of the country while thus set off to the best advantage. Without fine weather even the most charming landscape makes an impression as little pleasing and lasting, as a fine countenance, from which that first of all attractions, a smile, is banished.

My companions on this party of *real* pleasure were our female friend Brun, her sister-in-law, the honest and lively Sander, my oldest friend, and the little Charles, who remembers with great interest your dear little boy, and very lately exclaimed with ecstasy, "Oh how charming was the time we spent at the castle of Nion!" Bonstetten, you will believe that this ex-

13 clamation

clamation endeared the child to me in no small degree.

The first place we visited was Seelust, a country seat belonging to the Minister of Finance, Schumelmann, of which there is a very good description given in "*Hirschfeld's Theory of Gardening*." This garden, which is laid out quite according to nature, has a very fine sea view; in the distance the island of Weme, or Veen, become famous as having been the abode of Tycho-Brahé is just discernible.

Hence we proceeded through a part of the Royal Park, where I was exceedingly astonished at the gigantic size of the beeches. One of them, which Klopstock, when he lived at Bernstorf, usually made the boundary of his walks, is called Klopstock's beech, and considered as a *res sacra*.

Towards evening we arrived at Elfsneur. The road leading to it is one of the most excellent and best kept up that I have seen in my travels, not excepting even the *Chaussée* of Languedoc, or that in the cantons of Bern. Our first visit at Elfsneur was to the Castle of Cronenburg. From  
the

the character of strength and grandeur which it bears, being built in the boldest Gothic style, and the solemnity of its situation, I was inspired by a kind of devotional awe upon entering it; it is still firm, as if made of solid ore, and, as Delille says of the pyramids of Egypt, seems to weary out the destroying hand of Time.

We ascended to the platform of a high quadrangular tower, and beheld a most splendid prospect. The sun was declining towards its oozy bed, and cast the most glowing tints on the neighbouring shores of Sweden, from Helsingborg to the Kullen Hills; to the right the eye was lost in the Baltic, to the left in the North Sea; below us lay Elfsineur, with a forest of masts, and ships sailing through the Sound. If you think of the view of Yvoire and Thonon from Nion, you will have an exact idea of the degree of distinctness in which the objects appeared on the opposite coast of Sweden.

Marionlust, a palace belonging to the hereditary prince, lies near the town, and has

pleasant grounds about it, in which great forbearance has been shewn to nature.

Friedensburg, March 23d.

We left Elsfineur very early, and travelled northwards to Hellebock, well known from the manufactory of arms belonging to Count Schummeimann. The sea-view from this place is unanimously allowed to be the grandest in the whole island, and its environs are very finely and justly described in Frederick Stolberg's admirable poem called *Hellebock*. The greatest extent of view over both seas is from the Hill of Odin.

In the afternoon we came to Friedensburg, the present residence of the Queen Juliana Maria. This was the favourite abode of Frederick the Fifth: the garden contains nothing striking, but its situation on the lake of Esrum is extremely pleasant.

In

.In a thicket of firs we met with a monument which attracted our attention: it consists of a cubical pedestal, bearing an unformed mass of stone, on which no other trace of the chissel is to be found but a cross, and the date of the year 1534. When I return to Copenhagen I must endeavour to obtain some further information relative to a stone which bears so mysterious an appearance.

Copenhagen, March 24th.

THE desolated walls of Christiansburg are a sight of fallen splendour which fill the heart with an involuntary shuddering. I wandered for a long time among them, and my fancy was busied in repairing what only lies in ruins, and restoring again what is absolutely destroyed: in this way I recalled the sunken glory of the proud palace once more out of oblivion, but it was only to shake my heart more powerfully with the contrast. After having been present in

imagination at a royal festival, the glittering scenes of which were placed before my eyes in their most lively colours, in a moment the enchantment vanished, and resigned me wholly to the impressions of a sad reality. Then, in the winds that whistled through the empty cavities, where once were windows, I seemed to hear the voices of unseen beings, who at last united to sing in solemn chorus:

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
 Yea, all who it inherit, shall dissolve,  
 And, like an unsubstantial pageant faded,  
 Leave not a rack behind: we are such stuff  
 As dreams are made of, and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleep.

I ascended the great marble staircase, which still remains tolerably entire, and looked into the Knight's Hall; this room, on account of its extraordinary size, is classed high among the architectural curiosities of Europe. Count Bernstorff's country house, by no means an inconsiderable building, would certainly stand within it. The roof is entirely broken in; below the iron ballustrade

ballustrade which supported the gallery, the busts of the Kings still remain uninjured. They appear like wan spirits hovering in abandoned space, mourning over the scenes of desolated pomp. Here it was that a man, driven by the flames which pursued him to the cornish of a window, and finding no possibility of escaping their fury, to avoid a lingering martyrdom, covered his face with his mantle and rushed into the hottest of the fire.

\* \* \* \* \*

Concerning the stone with which I was struck at Friedensburg, I learned to day that it was erected by Frederick the Fifth, at the suggestion of a humourous courtier, solely to catch travellers and antiquarians: and, the first number that chance dictated was taken for a date. Before the real truth was known it occasioned I know not how many dissertations and learned tilting matches.

I passed the afternoon, alas! but too quickly, in a very pleasant company at Professor Egger's, one of the most active and enlightened literati in Denmark, who has  
 G G 3                      acquired



acquired esteem and renown as a statesman, a politician, and an historian. At his house I saw Monsieur Grouvel, who it is well known had the melancholy task of reading the sentence of death to Louis the Sixteenth. He is a man of true old French *politesse* and vivacity, and full of *les attentions*.

March 25th.

I HAVE been to the balcony of the warehouse on the wharf, whence there is a famous view, including the whole Holm, the road, the sea-coast quite to Elfsneur, as well as the coast of Schonen.

I dined at Count Schimmelmann's. The unconstrained and natural manners which reign here, and without which it is impossible to maintain any degree of sociability, gave me, as far as the manners of a nation may be inferred from those of an individual, the most advantageous idea of domestic lives of the higher ranks among

among the Danes. The Count's deport-  
ment is gentle and unassuming, and in his  
intercourse as master of the house he gains  
upon the hearts of his guests every mo-  
ment; while as a man, and a minister, he  
has acquired the highest esteem from his  
strict honour and integrity.

My evening was spent in a family circle  
at the Minister of State, Bernstorff's, who  
may be called the Aristides of modern  
times. Never can human nature appear  
in a more exalted point of view than in him.  
Endowed with the greatest and most varied  
talents, he is in other respects every thing  
that can be wished: mildness, firmness,  
and elevation unite in his soul; strength,  
dignity, and symmetry in his truly noble  
figure.

*Si fractus illabatur orbis,  
Impedimentum ferient cuncta.*

\* \* \*

From a mouth to which truth is sacred,  
I heard an account of the hereditary prince,  
according to which all the virtues, without  
any of the vices of a regent are united in

his soul. He loves his wife passionately, and it is confidently asserted never in his life descended to familiarities with any other woman. He never plays, is extremely temperate in his modes of living, hates hunting, and occupies himself with unwearied assiduity in the business of the state, to which he exclusively devotes himself\*. He reverences the great Bernstorff as a father, and has discernment enough fully to comprehend the extent of that uncommon man's worth. The want of learning, which, from the defective mode of his education, he could not possibly attain, he supplies by a thorough knowledge of mankind, and great strength of judgment.

At the *Harmony Club* I heard Schulz's hymn, one of the first of musical compositions, performed by some amateurs. Except Gluck's operas, no music ever affected me

\* A farther testimony to the amiable disposition of the Prince Royal of Denmark may be found in Mary Wollstonecraft's Letters from Sweden, &c. in which many anecdotes are related that redound much to his honour, particularly during his progress through Norway in 1788. T.

more powerfully. Schulz's genius in the chorus, "*Praise the Lord, ye Whirlwinds,*" has soared to a height that, according to my opinion, (which however makes not the least pretension to infallibility,) even Handel himself never reached.

## L L I I R AL.

Translated in Helſing, April 15th, 1794.

**I** RETURNED to Hamburgh, my dear Bonſtetten, over the Belts, ſince the unvarying contrary wind made it impoſſible to reach either Kiel or Lübeck.

I left Copenhagen on the fourth of April. The view from the caſtle of Fredericksberg, the uſual ſummer reſidence of the Court, is the only thing that breaks the uniformity of the country between Copenhagen and Roſkild. At this latter town are the tombs of the Kings which Klopſtock has ſubject of one of the fineſt

Thence we paſſed through dt, a little town, twenty houſes in which were lately burnt down, to F on the weſtern coaſt of Seeland. The fourteen miles from Copenhagen thither, over one of the fineſt roads in all Europe, we in ſo many hours\*. The paſſ-

\* That is German miles, one of which is equal to five Engliſh. T.

age over the Great Belt was performed in five hours, with a side-wind; we sailed near the island of Sprog, which, like St. Peter's Isle in the Lake of Biel, is inhabited only by a single family.

The packet landed at Nuborg, a small town pleasantly situated on a little bay, the shores of which are varied and highly cultivated. We now crossed the fertile island of Funen, the greatest part of which, to my regret, I travelled through amid the darkness of night. At Middelfart we passed the Little Belt, which is there so narrow, that we were rowed over in a boat in less than half an hour: at Assen, where it is also crossed, it is two miles broad.

We had a heavy rain almost the whole day, and towards evening, in a forest not far from Hunderfleben, were overtaken by one of the most violent thunder-storms I ever remember to have witnessed. Three times the clap followed the flash instantaneously, while at the same time the hail poured down with tremendous force, and not far from us a tree was struck by the lightning. On a sudden the horses made  
a dead

a dead stop, and the postillion, to whom I called, gave no answer, but appeared perfectly stunned. At last, with much difficulty, I succeeded in getting him to go forwards, and remove us from the high trees, among which we now felt ourselves extremely insecure.

The following day was so rainy, that I was deprived of the sight of the celebrated country about Appenrade and Elensburg. The latter is one of the most pleasing and prettiest of towns, and its situation, as far as I could judge by seeing it through a veil of clouds and rain, truly enchanting.

At Sleswick I found Monsieur E——, to whom I was recommended by his brother at Copenhagen, waiting for me at the post-house. He entertained me very pleasantly for the few hours I spent there, with accounts of the town, the inhabitants of which abound in luxuries, and the theatre, of which he spoke very advantageously.

At last the heavens cleared again, and I went by the brightest moonlight from Sleswick to Eckenförde. This was now the fourth night that I spent out of my bed in the post-chaise.

But how much soever I found myself fatigued, and in want of sleep, on my arrival at Kiel, still I could not withstand the invitation of my friend Hensler to accompany him the same day to Emkendorf. This place, which lies three miles from Kiel, towards Rendsburg, is the country-seat of Count Reventau, formerly Danish ambassador at London and Stockholm, a very polite and gentleman-like man. His wife is the Countess Julie Schimmelmann, sister to the Minister of Finance; a lady whose cultivation of mind, and goodness of heart, render her equally worthy of esteem. She has written two books for the use of the peasantry, which may be considered as patterns for works of the kind: one is intitled "*The Pleasures of Sunday*," the other, "*The Pleasures of Childhood*," I saw at her brother's house at Copenhagen, a full length picture of her by Angelica Kaufmann, a very strong likeness. In this the artist, after the example of the great Reynolds, has with her peculiar grace, and delicacy of ideas, raised a mere portrait to the dignity of an historical subject.

Count



Count Reventau has some good copies after Raphael and Guido Rheni, which he brought with him from Italy; also many originals, among which two landscapes by Hackert\* appear to me deserving of distinction.

At Kiel I visited Professor Fabricius, one of the scholars of Linnæus, who follows

\* Hackert has long been in considerable repute as a landscape painter and a painter of sea-views. He is particularly celebrated for four paintings of engagements between the Russian and Turkish fleets, which hang in the hall of audience at Peterhoff. These were painted by order of the late Empress of Russia, to immortalize her naval victories over the Turks, particularly that obtained in the Archipelago between the island of Scio and the coast of Natolia, in which the ships of the Russian admiral Spiridow, and the Capudan Pacha, commander of the Turkish fleet, both blew up. When Hackert was applied to by Alexey Orlov, then resident at Leghorn, who had received a commission from the Empress to get these pictures painted, to undertake the task, he hesitated, and urged that he had never seen a ship blow up. Orlov however soon obviated this objection, and as the Russian fleet was then lying in the road of Leghorn to refit, immediately ordered a ship to be blown up, thus hazarding the firing of all the vessels in the road, merely to furnish the painter with the means of exhibiting with greater truth, the disaster he was to commemorate. T.

his master most closely, and in the class of Entomology, particularly in England and France, has obtained a sort of dictatorship which no one among living naturalists is in a situation to contend with him.

From Kiel, I came by invitation of my friend Countess Louise Stolberg to Trembüttel. In this village of Holstein which is four miles distant from Hamburg, Count Christian Stolberg lives the life of a practical philosopher, both as a patron of the Muses and a promoter of the general happiness of mankind. The cultivated mind of the Countess and her extensive reading are known to you by some of her letters to Bonnet, who, once in conversation with me, called her the aptest follower he knew, of the course of his ideas. Indeed that worthy, but, alas! deceased friend of ours, was by few persons more warmly revered, or better understood, than by this lady herself, an equally unwearied inquirer after light and truth.

To-morrow I must leave this mode of the purest domestic happiness, which I shall not do without regret; but the remembrance

brance of Tremfbüttel and its inhabitants will never be erased from my heart.

I shall now proceed to my home at Brunswick, where, after a very long separation, I expect once more to have the happiness of seeing my mother and sister.

The brevity of this letter will appear very pardonable when you consider where it was written ; farewell, my beloved friend, and never doubt the unalterable regard of him who is wholly yours.

## LETTER. XLI.

Brunswick, April 22d, 1794.

**I** HAD an extremely pleasant journey from Hamburg hither; the weather was uninterruptedly serene, and all the trees in full bloom; such a luxuriance of vegetable life at so early a period of the spring I never remember. Without a poetical flourish, the profusion of blossoms upon the trees might have been mistaken for the burden of snow, under which the forests sighed, as Horace describes in his Ode to Winter.

In the church-yard at Lüneburg, my attention was attracted by a monument, the idea of which appears to me no less new than elegant. It represents a broken Ionic pillar; a part of the shaft still stands on the pedestal, and another piece leans against it; the capital lies on the opposite side; a rent passes through the midst of the inscription (which only gives the name

and civil profession of the deceased) quite to the Base. The whole is so ordered, that every piece of ruin gives the appearance of the pillar having been broken from the effect of some destructive shock of nature, not as if it had fallen to pieces from the slow operations of time and decay. This monument was erected to the Syndicus Kraut, whose patriotic merits as I learned on an accurate inquiry, fully justify so honourable an allegory.

As on my arrival at Brunswick I did not meet with any of the friends whom I sought, I went to the theatre to pass away the time. Here a piece of true dramatic inanity, was so miserably performed, that the prize of contemptibleness might well be contended between the author and the players. In one scene, a damsel, who had been seduced by the hero of the piece, was represented as about to throw herself and her dishonour into the water together. The most nonsensical monologue that could be conceived, which reminded me in a truly revolting manner, one while of King Lear, another of Hamlet, was repeated by

by the lady, accompanied by thunder and lightning. That concluded, the fury of the elements was in a moment appeased, as if the fairy Mab had waved her wand of poppies, and a black pasteboard, which had represented a thunder cloud, being removed, the full moon burst upon us in all her splendour. The sight of this sympathetic friend of lovers, instantly soothed the despair of the forsaken Dido, and instead of casting the heavy load of life, according to her first plan, into the humid abyss, she apostrophized the moon with a mawkish throng of quotations from the most sentimental novels, and went off perfectly consoled.

These inconceivable insipidities were succeeded (with blushes, as a German, I relate it) by so vehement and continued a peal of applause, that a foreigner who had entered in the midst of such an universal ecstasy would have conceived a high idea of the person who could create it, and supposed her at least a second Siddons or Clairon. Thus it is, alas! with the theatrical taste in most parts of Germany, to

correct which, even the efforts of a Lessing, were as vain, as the hope that the golden age of universal and eternal peace, imagined by the benignant enthusiast Saint Pierre, could gain any countenance or attention from the present belligerent notions.

It gave me very great pleasure to make an acquaintance with Cornfellow Ebert, who has now for more than half a century, with the most patriotic zeal, been labouring strenuously to promote the improvement of taste in Germany. The vivacity and youthful fire of this amiable old man, notwithstanding the accurate portrait which had been previously sketched me by L—— Saint ——, astonished me exceedingly. Although now in the seventieth year of his age, he has very lately offered as fresh a garland to the Muses, as in the fullest bloom of his life.

Ebert is the only one of the authors concerned in the "*Bremen Essays* \*," except

\* This was a periodical work published at Bremen in the early part of the present century by a society of young men who afterwards rose to great fame in the literary world, as appears from the list of celebrated names given

cept Klopstock, who is still alive. What the latter, in his ode to him, so affectingly foretold, has been literally fulfilled; Giske, Cramer, Gärtner, Rabner, Gellert, Schlegel, Schmidt, and Hagedorn are dead, and only the "*two solitaries*" now remain.

"Whom here a gloomy fate condemns below

"To wander longer, still consigned to pain."

Which of these will be the survivor?

Ebert is one of the most charming companions I have ever seen, and a very excellent speaker. Long shall I remember the pleasure I received from his reading one of Hagedorn's manuscript poems, in which the ryparographical manner of the formerly celebrated Brock is inimitably parodied. It is an epistle to Liskov which begins thus:

(O)

Wie ward ich doch, geehrter Liskov, froh,

Als,

Mit noch ungewaschener Rechten und dreiunddreißig  
jährigem Hals\*, u. s. w.

as concerned in it. These essays were read with great avidity by the nation at large, and are still in much repute. T.

\* It is impossible to give a translation of these lines, which could give any just idea of the original. T.



At Fbert's I had the pleasure of hearing Schwanenberger, the leader of the chapel-band, play upon the harpsichord. His execution is charming, and the rapid motion of his fingers so extraordinary, that it appears as if each was animated by a separate soul.

It is with concern I tell you that Germany must now probably renounce all hope of seeing the "*History of the Thirty Years War*" by Leisewitz. For this work he had, at a considerable expence, and with indefatigable industry, collected together one of the richest and most complete treasures of materials that an historian ever could boast. But when I inquired about the progress he had made in the compilation, he declared that he no longer felt any interest about it, and had reason to believe that it was pretty much the same with the public at large. A critic of the most refined taste of any now living among us, Counsellor Eschenburg, who has seen some of the fragments, speaks so highly of Leisewitz's style, that according to him he is endowed with talents for an

historian,

historian, which would enable him to enter the lists with a Robertson, a Hume, or a Gibbon.

Yesterday Professor Buhle from Göttingen, who is come hither to spend Easter with his father and mother, took a walk with me to Wolfenbüttel. Before we were out of Brunswick I saw still remaining, in the court of the castle, the statue of the lion, which Duke Henry, the Lion-hearted, brought with him from the Holy Land, and which, according to popular tradition, is buried here. I was rejoiced at seeing again this venerable national memorial, because it recalled to my mind that impression of shuddering delight with which in my childhood I had often listened to this wonderful story.

We stayed some little time in the Duchess's garden on account of the charming prospect to be seen near the palace. This is a small building, it is true, but elegant, and stands on a lovely lawn through which the Ocker meanders most beautifully. This sweet spot, from the luxuriant profusion of flowers which spring had spread

over it, reminded me of that where, according to the description of Moschus, Europa was walking with her companions, when she attracted the attention of the great Thunderer himself.

Our first visit at Wolfenbüttel was to Professor Trapp, my old friend, who lives here contented and happy, and exercises his incomparable talents for education with all possible success.

We found the librarian Langer at the library. He is a man of considerable learning, a great traveller, and perhaps excels all his contemporaries in information on the subject of ancient printing. The building astonished me from the bold style of its architecture: it is a rotunda and only admits the light from above. You must dispense with my giving you a complete enumeration of the books and manuscripts which Langer shewed me as the most distinguished; I have taken notes of them in my journal, which has quite unexpectedly become a little Nimbus of literature.

Langer has just discovered that the first German prints were published at Bamberg in

in the year 1640. We saw here an edition of Boner's Fables which bears that date; it is printed in missal character, and has coloured wooden plates. The collection of Bibles in this library are about four thousand; it is supposed there may be near twelve thousand editions of the Bible now extant.

For the benefit of the numerous class of travellers, who in collections of this kind concern themselves principally with what are called curiosities, a Bible of Halle constantly lies open, in which through a great sin of *omission* on the part of the compositor, a great sin of *commission* is enjoined instead of being *prohibited*; for the Seventh Commandment runs thus: "Thou shalt com-  
" mit adultery \*."

It

\* Not less curious in the line of various readings in the Bible, is an alteration once made by a printer's widow in the sentence of subjection to her husband pronounced upon Eve, recorded in the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of Genesis. This woman, who, after the death of her husband, carried on the printing business, one night took an opportunity of going into the office where a new edition of the Bible was printing, when taking out the two first letters of the word *Herr* in the above-mentioned

It is not much known that Langer in his youth was no contemptible poet. Some good Lyric pieces of his are to be found in the German Anthologia. At his house I saw one of Gessner's finest landscapes, and a small antique Apollo in bronze, which was dug up not far from Balle.

A little before sun-set we set out on our return to Brunswick. The light in which the gardens and forests seemed to wanton voluptuously, was the most lovely that could descend from Heaven to earth. In the garden of an inn, which stood singly in the road, we took possession of a little arbour that we might enjoy this delicious spring

tioned passage she substituted *Na* in their place, thus altering the sentence from "*Und er soll dein Herr seyn,*" ("And he shall be thy Lord,") to "*Und er soll dein Narr seyn,*" ("And he shall be thy Fool.") According to report this piece of mingled levity and folly cost the woman her life, as she was on detection put to death at Leipfick, and the copies wrought off with this alteration ordered to be bought up by the magistrates and destroyed. Some however were secreted, and are occasionally produced for sale, when they fetch an enormous price. It is said that one of these copies is among the collection of Bibles at Stutgardt. T.

evening

evening to our hearts content. The roses and ointments excepted, every thing was united here which Horace has assembled together in his Ode to Delius: tops of trees which twined together to form a shady arch, a gentle water splashing softly against a smooth turf slope, and the wise resolution to catch at every joy of life in its flight:

*Dum res et atas et sororum  
Fila trium patiuntur atra.*

The wine also, which we drank here, was not a very unworthy representative of the Falernian.

## J L T F L R XLII.

Krakau, near Magdebourg, May 1st, 1794.

**Y**OU know, my dearest friend, how often even by your side in the Fairy Land about the Lake of Geneva, I have expressed a wish once again to see the place where I spent the early years of my life. Fate has now granted me the accomplishment of that wish: I came three days ago to the village where I was educated by my grandfather, a venerable and worthy ecclesiastic, till I attained my fourteenth year. Krakau is in a pleasant and cheerful situation on the banks of the Elbe, and is not farther from Magdebourg, which makes a very grand appearance on the opposite shore of the river, than Prangin is from Nion.

Every thing hereabouts, whether near or at a distance, recalls some scene of my childhood to my imagination, and notwithstanding

standing the time that has since elapsed, and the perpetual changes both of my fate and situation, all appear as fresh and vivid in my memory as if they had happened but yesterday.

The moment of seeing my mother and sister again, after a separation of ten years, was one of transport impossible to be described.

I spent some delightful hours yesterday at Counsellor Köpken's, who is already known to you as an admirer and votary of the Muses, from our conversations on the present state of German literature. He has lately printed a selection of his poetry under the title of "*Hymns to God, with other Miscellaneous Poems,*" but they are, alas! not to be published, only distributed among his friends.

At the *Domplatz*, a public walk at Magdebourg, I met with a number of French prisoners. The officers were by no means *Sans-culottish*, but rather dressed in the style of the old French beaux, and most of them wore large tri-coloured plumes in their hats. They are universally well  
spoken



spoken of for their genteel and pleasing manners, and are admitted into the best houses. The soldiers live in the barracks, and are treated with great humanity. I saw a great number of them this morning collected about a ballad-singer, who was exhibiting a horrible picture in which a guillotine was the most conspicuous object; and in the ballad which he sung at the same time, upon "*The shocking murder of the widowed Queen of France,*" the French nation were not only classed with tigers and hyænas, but even with basilisks and dragons.

I must not omit to mention a little guillotine constructed by an inhabitant of this place for the humane purpose of shortening the pain of execution to the poultry under sentence of death for his table.

I learned with real pleasure from Köpken, that the Literary Society of Magdebourg, of which he is one of the oldest and most active members, have unanimously agreed to erect a monument to Basedow, at the place where he was buried, in the cemetery of the church of the Holy Ghost.

The

The bust of the deceased in bas-relief, the execution of which is consigned to the very able Professor Döll at Gotha, is to be the only decoration, and it is merely to be inscribed with his name. A more honorable inscription for the illustrious dead can hardly be devised.

La Fayette is spoken of here with great esteem; and the fate which threw this lofty-minded and humane general into chains, in the midst of a career begun with so much lustre, is considered by all persons who have any mind or heart, as one of the most lamentable that a mortal could experience. It was pleasing to me to learn from the mouth of a man of great credibility, and who, as physician to La Fayette, enjoyed a daily intercourse with him, a complete contradiction of the accounts we had read with such bitter indignation in many newspapers, of the severe and unworthy treatment of that hero in the castle of Magdebourg.

An observation of his, and he certainly is a competent judge and correct estimator of  
of

of the talents of a general, upon the Prince of Cobourg's conduct on Dumourier's desertion to the Austrian army, appears to me so new and striking, that I must repeat it :

“ It is impossible to deny the Prince of Cobourg,” said he to an officer of the garrison at Magdebourg, “ distinguished talents as a general, but he committed a fault which posterity never can pardon in not attacking the French immediately on Dumourier's coming over to him, when their army was in disorder and distraction, and he might have destroyed it, even to the last man, with very little trouble.”

Alexander Lameth is also here, but he is shortly going to a bath in Silesia for the benefit of his health, which is in a very debilitated state. The allowance he receives from the King of Prussia amounts to two rix-dollars *per diem*. His mother, a Broglie by birth, and celebrated as a resolute and enterprising woman, has followed him hither.

## LETTER XLIII.

Halberstadt, May 6th, 1794.

**K**ÖPKEN and I are come hither from Magdebourg to visit our mutual friend Gleim. I found this Nestor of living Poets, of whom Klopstock very truly and finely sings, that, "*loving, he commands love, and hates nothing but a cold moderation,*" as full of fire, vigour, and spirit as ten years ago; even in his exterior this lapse of time has made no material alteration: the Castalian spring appears for him the true *Fontaine de Jouvence*.

The librarian of Wernicheroode, Benzler, is at present here. You know him as an author, from his German Dionysius of Halicarnassus, which we once read together: he has also acquired a high character as a translator, from his abridgment of the Spectator. Our society is besides enriched by the company of Klamer Schmidt, whom I highly value for his excellent character and

inflexible honesty. - He read me several of his manuscript poems ; in one of which, intitled "*Klamer's Resting-place*," like Gessner in his "*Wish*," he has sketched the most charming idea that can be conceived of domestic happiness : this is far superior to any thing he has published.

He accompanied us to Spiegelbergen. The man who formed this beautiful place, the deceased dean of the Cathedral of Spiegel, is by his own desire buried amid the shade of a grove, by the planting of which he transformed a desolate and barren spot into an abode of delight, calculated for the true enjoyment of nature. His coffin is deposited in a circular temple, with latticed iron doors ; where every year, on the twenty-second of May, Spiegel's obsequies are performed. After attending a piece of solemn music in the cathedral, almost the whole town repair to Spiegelbergen ; dirges are then sung over the coffin, which, as well as the temple, is ornamented by young girls with wreaths of flowers. This anniversary is here called "*The Spiegel Solemnities*."

On

On a hillock in this garden, planted with shrubs, stands the statue of Madame Karfch, with the inscription "*The German Sappho*." This is, as far as I know, the only statue to a poetess, in Germany.

Gleim has a room in his house which he calls his Temple of the Muses, and of Friendship. It is decorated with a most interesting collection of portraits of German literati, poets, and artists, all nearly of the same size, and valuable from the excellent manner in which they are executed: they are memorials of the venerable old man's friendly or literary connection with the original. Our friend Müller makes one among them.

I contemplated with religious veneration the holy reliques of Frederick the Great in Gleim's possession. These are, the hat which this greatest of all mortals, since the heroes of Greece and Rome, wore on the morning before his death, and the silver embroidered scarf, with which he was girt during the whole of the seven years war, and which he always himself kept as a memorial of that

celebrated period. For the hat, Gleim is indebted to the attention of Duke Frederick Augustus of Brunswick, to whom he observed once, as they came out together from an interview with the great King, in the year 1785, "His Majesty had on indeed a  
 "very old hat, but it would be a most honourable memorial of his master, could  
 "the Prussian grenadier but obtain it\*." The Duke promised the Poet the accomplishment of his wish, and at Frederick's decease kept his word.

I went yesterday with Köpken to the castle of Wernigerode, two miles from Halberstadt, celebrated for its romantic situation. Here I became acquainted with the

\* Gleim was a grenadier in the King of Prussia's service, and among other poetical works has written "*The Song of a Grenadier*." He was probably the person who once, when he was upon duty as a sentinel, was so intent on reading Horace, that he neglected to present arms to the King as the latter came out of the palace. Frederick was at first extremely incensed at such a breach of military etiquette, and required his book from him with some warmth; but on examining it, and finding what it was, he returned it to him, saying, that he had no objection to his grenadiers' reading Horace. (1.)

happy

happy and respectable family of the reigning Count. We were fortunate that this happened to be the birth-day of the second young Countess, since by that means we were present at one of their family anniversaries. The hilarity of this festival was of that enchanting kind which, as Wieland says, all the gold of Aurengzebe could not purchase. After dinner we repaired to a neighbouring grove of beech, where a rural altar was raised, the designation of which was pointed out by the following inscription. "Sisterly affection, and faithful friendship, consecrate this altar to Maria Stolberg."

When every thing was prepared, the queen of the feast was conducted by her mother, under pretence of taking a walk, to the place where the company were assembled. A small orchestra, divided by hanging boughs, and underwood, from the plot where stood the altar, saluted her with an affecting piece of music, after which the three sisters sung alternately a song parodied by Klamer Schmidt from one of Klop-



stock's. The Countesses Anna and Louisa began :

Sweet maiden, bring from yonder grove  
A wreath of choicest twets entwin'd,  
That we this favour'd pledge of love  
May round the dear one's temples bind.

To this the Countess Frederica replied :

'The wreath I bring from yonder grove,  
I ot, ah! I know that dear one's mind ;  
She well deserves this pledge of love  
Should round her temples be entwin'd.

At the last strophe, which began,

\* The choicest flowers we hither bring,  
Which May puts forth to deck the Spring,

the sisters placed the garland on the head of their Maria, then led her to the altar, where it was deposited as an offering, after which she was embraccd by her parents, her brothers, and her sisters, with tears of transport.

The company then adjourned to Augustenhaus, a sort of hermitage under tall limes ; but here Köpken and myself, to our great regrèt, could not stay long, as we were

reminded by the approach of evening that we must return to Halberstadt.

There is something peculiar in the country about Wernigerode, from the striking contrast between that extensive plain and the neighbouring mountains of Hartz, where the Brocken rises above the surrounding hills, in the same proportion as Montblanc towers above its subject chain of Alps. The prospect from the walk on the rampart which encompasses the castle, would be one of the most charming in the world were it not for the total want of water. The summit of the Brocken is about as far from Wernigerode as the Dole from Copet or Nion. The ascent of this hill is unattended with difficulties or dangers, and on a side hill, called Henry's Mountain, there is a tolerably good inn.

## LETTER XLIV.

Wörlitz, May 12th, 1794.

**I**f any place on earth appears to transform the fabled elysium of the ancients into reality, it is the gardens of Wörlitz. Here a mind endued with the truest ideas of dignity, and early initiated into the mysteries of real beauty, inviolably faithful to Nature, has created a circle of charms, which, according to my opinion, bears the same rank of excellence in the art of gardening as Gessner's "*First Navigator*" among poems, Gluck's "*Armida*" among musical compositions, Guido's *Aurora* among paintings, the *Borghese Genius* among statues, and the temple of the *Julii* at Nismes among buildings.

Every one possessed of pure taste and correct feeling, who in sailing on the lake or canal has seen all the enchanting varieties of the gardens of Wörlitz, illuminated by the evening sun, will have attained a clear idea  
of

of the relative impresson they make on the mind with what are called works of art. I never leave these gardens, which I saw for the first time in the year 1778, and have since often re-visited, without experiencing that delicious composure of mind which, according to Horace,

“Sooths with soft smiles the bitter ills of life.”

This kind of tranquillity is indeed the mother of genuine philosophy, a feeling which cannot be too strongly cherished, and I was pleased to find that what I had formerly felt as a youth, I felt again to-day, even in a much more ardent and lively degree as a man. Never by any work in music or painting have I found my mind so softened, and, if I may use the expression, so transported into an enchanted existence, as this morning on visiting these truly landscape scenes—~~scenes~~ which may, without hesitation, be pronounced single in their kind.

With the garden of Wörlitz a new epocha in the art of laying out grounds has commenced, which well deserves to have a  
class

class formed on purpose for it in the catalogue of science. With as little propriety might "*Oberon*" be said to be modelled from Ariosto, or the "*Goz von Berlichingen*" \* after a play of Shakespear's, as these might be said to be modelled after other English gardens, as it is the fashion to call them. This very name indeed manifests in the strongest degree the slavish spirit of imitation which pervades my countrymen, that they even call after other nations, works, the originality of which cannot be mistaken by any unprejudiced eye. Hirschfeld's dry essay upon Wörlitz in his "*Theory of Gardening*," is scarcely worth mentioning, and he reminds me, by his manner of treating the subject, of the hypochondriac Smollet's visit to the Venus de Medici; but the description given by Augustus Rode, who translated Apulejus with so much taste, unites accuracy with a thorough

\* Partiality to the productions of one's native country is always in some degree excusable; but while our German author seems to consider it as a degradation of *Goz von Berlichingen* to call it an imitation of Shakespear, an Englishman will rather consider the latter as degraded by the comparison. T.

know-

knowledge of his subject, and renders any other superfluous.

On the mention of Augustus Rode I must not omit to say, that we are shortly to expect from him a German Vitruvius. Notwithstanding the many difficulties attending this undertaking, which are so great, that the most vigorous among our translators have hitherto shrunk from encountering the task, yet Rode's ultimate success in it will not admit of a doubt. He possesses peculiar advantages for such a work, from living in the neighbourhood of the best informed architect of our days, Erdmannsdorf. Two monuments worthy the distinguished talents of this man, may be seen in the Prince's country-house and the elegant little pavilion at Luisium, where the reigning Princess usually spends the spring.

The same art which the Prince of Dessau possesses in such an eminent degree in laying out grounds, and which he has carried so happily into practice at Wörlitz, is extended to almost every part of his territory; and from the uncommon richness of his ideas, and his valuable talent of catching the exact

exact medium between doing too little and too much, every spot that has fallen under his hands bears a striking character of pure harmony, calm dignity, and elevated simplicity.

You have seen, my friend, all the most interesting countries in our quarter of the globe. In Italy, in France, and in England, you have plucked every flower of the sublime, the beautiful, or the useful, that lay within the reach of man; yet would you feel both delight and astonishment in a tour through the principality of Dessau. The sight of this territory must be peculiarly grateful to a heart warmed by an ardent wish for the advancement of universal happiness and prosperity, since in every part traces of the finger of humanity are conspicuous. A soil, originally little indebted to nature, is now in a high state of cultivation, while trees and shrubs flourish all around, no less for use than ornament. The admirer of antiquity, too, may be equally pleased, and fancy himself returned to the most prosperous days of Greece, as he contemplates the abundance of temples, monuments,

ments, and statues, scattered about even in fields and groves.

It has been a high gratification to me once again to see this country, where I am not, as in many other parts, perpetually reminded of the barbarism, darkness, want of taste and inhumanity of the middle ages : but, from the spirit of improvement every where visible, should rather fancy myself transported into that most refined, most illustrious, and most elegant of all nations that ever inhabited our division of the earth, the name of which will never cease to be remembered with admiration as long as time itself shall endure.



## LETTER XLV.

Weimar, May 27th, 1794.

**A**CCCEPT my sincere thanks, my friend, for your kind and affectionate letter : be assured that I wish for our re-union no less ardently than yourself, and will endeavour to accelerate it as much as possible. From this place to the Lake of Constance I do not see any probability of a considerable interruption in my progress, and my stay at Zürich will be confined to a few days. Every thing attracts me forcibly to that happy country, where the golden age appears no more a fable, and whence, if the ordering of my future fate depended solely on myself, no power in the wide world should ever decoy me again, Rome, or the holy reliques of Athens, only excepted.

On the short list of celebrated men, who have not disappointed my expectations on becoming personally acquainted with them, I may now place Wieland ; and I consider  
the

the happiness of having seen him as one of the greatest pleasures of my journey. Now I think I hear you asking me a thousand questions about your favourite author, of whom you once said that every thing which had the remotest relation to him, even the colour of his clothes, interested you; and I look forward with heart-felt delight, to giving you a detail of all these minutiae as we sit together under the shade of the limes at your country-seat, or take a charming ramble in some peaceful pastoral vale, far from the smoke of the town, and the follies and calumnies of its inhabitants. Much have I to tell you of the poet, of whom it has been truly said, "That his works begin and end with the "Graces;" much of the amiable and attic companion of whom I cannot give you a more appropriate description than in the words of Quintillian: "*Inaffectatam ejus "jucunditatem nulla affectatio consequi potest, "ita, ut sermonem ipsius ipse gratia finisse vi-*" "*deantur*;"—but still more of the excellent father of a family, in which light I contemplate Wieland with the warmest love and

and respect. Happy the man of whom one can say, as of him, that his wife and children are the whole world to him! Some traits of his domestic life shall be given when I see you.

From a conversation I had with him, upon the new edition of his works, which he tells me meets with very great encouragement, and which will be one of the finest specimens of German typography that has yet appeared, I learn that he prefers Agathon to all his other writings, and considers it as the archetype of all that he ever thought or wrote. Those who have hitherto regarded this romance as a beautiful poison in the moral world, will I hope lay it out of their hands with a more favourable impression when they read the dialogue just come out between Agathon and the wise Archytas. The psychological chasms which at intervals interrupted the reader in the former editions, I am happy to say are wholly omitted in this new one.

I shall endeavour to see as much as possible of Wieland during the remainder of my stay here. I have accompanied him  
to

to the Vice President Herder's, to the Duchess Dowager's, to Madame von K——'s (with whose sister you were acquainted at Heidelberg) to the play, the park, and the Belvidere. Every minute that I am in his company attaches me more strongly to him, and I shall leave Weimar with the certain and soothing conviction, that his kindness for me, of which he has given the most unequivocal proofs, will continue unaltered and unabated.

A few years ago, my dear Bonstetten, when on a fine May-morning we read the *Musarion* together, as we travelled from Nion to Geneva, you expressed so ardent a wish to be personally known to its author, that since this happiness has fallen to my lot, I have wished a thousand times to be possessed of Oberon's cloudy chariot, which might transport you hither in a few minutes. Without some such medium I fear your joining us is a thing hardly possible to be accomplished, since your political situation will not allow of your being long absent from home, particularly in this era of peril, when the vessel of the Republic

is encompassed on all sides by rocks and shoals which endanger its foundering every moment.

At Herder's, who has obtained from his age, the appellation of the Plato of Germany, I spent some hours, to which I shall often recur with pleasure. If the Germans should build an altar to humanity, Herder's bust ought undoubtedly to be placed on its front. He is at present employed in translating the works of some Latin Poet, who was wholly forgotten, and is as good as called forth from the grave, where he had lain from the time of the thirty years war. This author he places almost on a parallel with Horace, so grand and noble is his language, so bold are the flights he soars, so overflowing are his thoughts, so pure the fire by which he is animated, so harmoniously are his images arranged, so striking and impressive are his reflections. Yet the name of this resuscitated dead is to be kept a profound secret, nor will he give an answer to any petition which is urged that might lead to its discovery, because he would first have the poems

poems produce the effect he expects, by their own innate strength without the name of the author. Poets, he adds, are messengers from the Gods, and we should always separate them from their writings. I trust I shall now have inspired you with sufficient curiosity on the subject of this phenomenon to make you look eagerly for its appearance.

I was yesterday at the Duchess Dowager's evening concert. This lady is deservedly esteemed as a patroness and judge of the fine arts: the company consisted of all the principal literati and artists of Weimar. At these parties, either reading, drawing, or music, is introduced after tea; yesterday evening was musical.

The portrait of the Duchess by Angelica Kaufmann is one of that artist's most finished works, and would certainly legitimize the pretensions of any one to immortality. The beauty, grace, and harmony of colouring are so enchanting, that without more leisure than I have now, and a more complete knowledge of the art, I should not dare to attempt comment-

ing upon them. The figure is as large as life, and is sitting after the Grecian costume, on a seat of an antique form, holding a book in her hand, on examining which one recognizes with pleasure the lettering, "*Herder's Ideas.*" In the back ground appears the Colliseum.

Among the drawings and paintings which the Duchess brought from Italy, three landscapes by Hackert pleased me most. In these the trees are brought to such perfection that they may very fairly contend for pre-eminence with those of the great forest-painter Ruysdael. A design of Angelica Kaufmann's, the subject of which is taken from Göthe's Iphigenia, and a Neapolitan view, by an artist hitherto unknown to me, of the name of Kniep, are also among the most capital pieces in this collection.

In summer the Duchess Dowager lives at a country-house at Tiefurt; the Elm runs through her garden, and adjoining, is a wood in which a very pleasant walk has been made. Many statues are scattered about, one of which, a Cupid reaching food

to a nightingale with his arrow, has the following inscription on the pedestal; which in my opinion yields in elegance to no flower in the Greek Anthologia.

By love, oh, songstress, doubtless wert thou nurtur'd!  
 Childish food he on his arrow tender'd:  
 Thy guiltless throat the bane imbibed in tasting,  
 For, ah! thy notes with love strike ev'ry bosom.

The Duchess has erected a monument here to her brother, who in the service of humanity died a death far more glorious than any the field of battle could have presented\*. It bears this simple inscription;  
*"To the deceased Leopold."*

The park is one of the finest things to be seen at Weimar. It is a spot highly favoured by Nature, and is laid out in that true taste which commenced its career at Wörlitz, and the farther progress of which cannot be too zealously promoted. As through Rousseau and Basedow, canes and

\* He lost his life in endeavouring to rescue a poor family from drowning, who were in a situation so dangerous that no other person would attempt going to their assistance. The Prince, resolved that they should not perish without an effort to save them, nobly made that effort, but fell a sacrifice to his humanity. T.



rods are nearly banished from schools and nurseries, so through what Delille and Hirschfeld taught, and the Prince of Dessau and his fortunate imitators have practised, we may hope that the shears and the cord will in time be entirely banished from German gardens.

The following passage in Delille's Poem on Gardening, one of the few books which has accompanied me on this journey, seems as if it had been drawn up by the genius of the country, for the instruction of those who were to lay out the grounds about Weimar.

C'est peu de charmer l'œil, il faut parler au cœur.  
 Avez-vous donc connu ces rapports invisibles  
 Des corps inanimés et des êtres sensibles ?  
 Avez-vous entendu des eaux, des prés, des bois,  
 La muette éloquence, et la secrète voix ?  
 Rendez-nous ces effets. Que du riant au sombre,  
 Du noble au gracieux, les passages sans nombre  
 M'intéressent toujours. Simple et grand, fort et doux,  
 Unissez tous les tons pour plaire à tous les goûts.  
 Là, que le peintre vienne enrichir sa palette ;  
 Que l'inspiration y trouble le poète ;  
 Que le sage, du calme y goute les douceurs,  
 L'heureux ses souvenirs, le malheureux ses pleurs.

In the year 1783, I spent an afternoon with the honest, but, alas! too early deceased

ceased Musäus, in a garden without the town: at which time he was employed in writing his "*Popular Tales*." I then acquired so much love for him, that on coming here now I sought his grave not less anxiously than Tristram Shandy that of the two lovers at Lyons. I found it in the church-yard of St. James, where an elegantly simple monument points out to the traveller the spot where the good man rests. Under a bust, which is a very strong likeness of him, stands an urn in a niche, with these words inscribed on it: "To the deceased J. E. Musäus, erected in the year 1787."

A few steps from this rests his relation in mind, the honest, and, by all good men, much-lamented Bode.

## LETTER XLVI.

Nürenburg, June 1st, 1794.

FROM Jena hither I have travelled almost without getting out of my carriage, and here therefore I allow myself a day of rest. Thus you see, my friend, how great is my anxiety to find myself again in that blessed country, whose happiness, in spite of the earthquakes and volcanoes which desolate neighbouring nations, remains unshaken as her mountains. Scarcely could a native of Switzerland feel a stronger impatience to return into the bosom of the Alps, than I, a Hyperborean, at the place of whose nativity no hills are to be seen except those raised for building windmills. To what motive shall I ascribe this passionate attachment to your native land, since it could not be influenced by indelible impressions made in youth, or by a long abode on the spot.

You

You may perhaps recollect the affecting incident of the young Otaheitean brought to France by Bougainville, who on seeing a tree from his own island, in the botanic garden at Paris, burst into tears, clasped it in his arms, ardently kissed it a hundred and a hundred times, and exclaimed with transport, "That is Otaheite!" Almost the same case was it with me, on a hill between Saalfeld and Cobourg, where I found the *Arnica montana*, the *Gnapthalium dioicum*, and the *Polygonum bistorta*, flowers which I had never till then beheld in bloom excepting in Switzerland, and which instantly recalled to my mind some of the happiest scenes of my Alpine Travels. "That is Switzerland!" I inwardly exclaimed; the earth glowed beneath my feet, and I sighed for the wings of the birds as they flew by me.

It was not without difficulty that I resisted the temptations held out to prolong my stay at Bamberg, the situation of which pleased me, and where I could have been introduced to Counsellor Marcus, to whom

I was

I was recommended by his brother at Weimar. This skilful and experienced physician has gained himself a high degree of esteem in the hearts of all true philanthropists, by his great attention to the Bamberg infirmary which is now placed under his inspection.

On my arrival here I went immediately to Professor Sattler's, a pleasing man, and known in the world of letters in more than one advantageous point of view, particularly by the exertions he has made for reforming and purifying the taste of Nuremberg.

He was so good as to take me to the church of Saint Egidia to see Van-Dyke's "*Taking down from the Cross*," which by judges is esteemed the finest painting in the town. In this sublime work, I was most affected with the harassed weeping of the mother, whose eyes are fixed on the body with an indelible expression of anguish. The little lovely winged figure who grasps the hand of the corpse, we must suppose, is intended for an angel, but it is much more

more suited to Anacreon's Cupid wounded by a bee; it is no less fair and charming than the God of Love always appeared to the imagination of the Teian Poet. If ever a figure missed of its right place, it is this.

I could not possibly leave the native town of Albert Durer, without becoming acquainted with some of his works, though as my time was limited I could only see those in the senate-house. I admired the charming proportions in the figures of Adam and Eve, who stand in the same attitudes, under the tree, in which they are represented in the miserable plates in the old Bibles. The folds, in Saint Paul's mantle, who is painted standing near Saint Mark, deserve to be carefully studied by all young artists. Albert Durer's own portrait, drawn by himself, should according to report be a strong likeness; it is a true German countenance, full of manliness and honesty.

That Albert Durer was also a writer, is perhaps not known to you, because his  
works

works are fallen into neglect, like many others of that remarkable period which was ornamented with the names of Ulric of Hutten and Pirkhaimer. His book on "*Human Proportions and Portrait-painting*," now become extremely scarce, well deserves to be re-printed, and introduced into more general circulation. It is a shame to Germany that works of so much merit are suffered to moulder away and sink into oblivion, with as much indifference as Monks' homilies or scholastic ravings.

Albert Durer did not die in the year 1527 as the author of the characters of German poets and prose-writers has stated, but in the following year.

At the inn I met with a description of the town of Nürenberg in doggrel rhyme, written by a tanner of the place, who enumerates with great accuracy all the gates, towers, wells, streets, and squares. He also mentions in the following verses the *Blumenorden* on the Pegniz\* which was instituted

\* The *Blumenorden*, or *Order of Flowers*, was a society formed at Nürenberg about the middle of the last century, whose

instituted by Harßdorfer and was formerly in so great repute.

Ein Fluß fließt durch die Stadt mit Eil  
Und theilt sie in zwei gleiche Theil;  
Die Pegniz wird der Fluß genannt  
Sein *Blumenorden* ist bekannt.

A river runs rapidly through the town  
And divides it into two equal parts.  
This river is called the Pegniz,  
Its *Order of Flowers* is well known.

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whose object was the cultivation and correction of the German language, which at that time, was in a very barbarous and unpolished state; most books of any note published in Germany, being in the Latin tongue, while the language used in conversation was a jargon half French half German. But though this society consisted of many eminent characters, yet their laudable endeavours had very little effect, as the nation at large had not then attained a sufficient degree of refinement, to be sensible of the want of a rich and purified national language. The poems of this society are principally worthy of attention from the object they had in view, and as a literary curiosity to the patriotic German. It is remarkable that what was attempted in vain by this society, was afterwards effected through the contempt shewn by Frederick the Great for the German language, which piqued the sense of national honour, and ultimately brought about the reformation wanted. T.

From



From this specimen you will see that the spirit of the worthy Hans Sachs is not wholly lost from Nürenburg, and that the Minstrel songs formerly so flourishing still continue now and then to put forth a tender shoot.

## LETTER XLVII.

Bern, June 30th, 1794.

I HAVE been now for some weeks, my dear Salis, re-united to Bonstetten, after an excursion through Germany and Denmark, and I am at present at his villa, which lies on a gentle eminence just out of the town. Here is indeed to be seen the rich and grand landscape which Aberli has so happily described in his paper intitled, “ *La Ville de Berne du Côté du Nord.*”

Although you never heard from me during my journey, yet I often thought of you with the most cordial friendship, and answered with true delight the numerous questions relative to your actions and manners put to me by various persons of talent, to whom your poems have rendered you an object of esteem and attention. From this you will infer, that your Muse has many admirers in Germany, and who-  
ever

ever is her admirer, cannot fail to be yours also.

Klopstock salutes you warmly—Wieland inquired after you as of a son living in a foreign land—the countenance of the good old Ebert glistened with joy when I told him that fate had granted you the accomplishment of your “*Last Wish*.”—The debilitated Bürger’s dim eyes sparkled at the sight of your picture on my box—and Voss charged me to beg of you in his name, not to let the Muse which animated you on the banks of the Seine, and even in Flanders, slumber in Rhætia.

None of your poems appear to me to have excited so much general feeling as “*Compassion*.” I have heard many passages of it repeated, by various persons and in various places. Let this be a constant spur to you to aim at a higher degree of excellence. “Sing while every thing is green and flourishing around you, the days of spring are but few.”

As Bonstetten has for some time been more visited than ever by foreigners, particularly by emigrants, the number of whom

whom is constantly increasing throughout Switzerland in general, but more especially in the canton of Bern, we determined on taking a little pedestrian tour, that we might get a few days entirely to each other. The summit of Stockhorn, not far from Thun, was fixed upon as the boundary of our wandering.

The west-side of this remarkable hill, is like a cupola vertically cut through, and contrasts strikingly with the neighbouring sharp-pointed pyramid of Niesen. The opinion of an intelligent peasant of that country, whom we consulted upon the best way of approaching Stockhorn, determined us to ascend this "*Martial Hill*," as he called it, on the side of Blumenstein.

In consequence of this arrangement, we stopped at the well-known bath-house at Blumenstein which lies at the foot of Stockhorn on a meadowy plain, and there took up our night-quarters.

The rising sun found us already at breakfast in a room open to the air, where we sat reading Horace, when we were interrupted in our studies by two courteous

female peasants, who brought us nosegays and begged permission to fasten them into our hats, for which they were prepared with a needle and thread. We were much delighted with this Arcadian tribute, nor must I omit to mention that the girls refused a present of money which we would have made them, and even appeared hurt at the offer.

Thus ornamented, we pursued our walk, accompanied by a lively active guide. The first thing that attracted our notice, was a cascade near the church belonging to the village of Blumenstein, at the distance of about a quarter of an hour from the bath-house. As far as I know, this cascade has never been mentioned in any travels, although it is of considerable height, has a large body of water, and is in a situation which gives a particular richness to its appearance.

The road then wound up through the melancholy shade of the dark Tannen to the Alpine plain, which encompasses the summit of Stockhorn. Over us hung a range of clouds which appeared as if fastened

tened around the hill: "And our way lies  
" through those clouds?" asked Bonstetten  
of the guide; a truly mythological ques-  
tion, which might have been supposed to  
be borrowed from a mythological tale; yet  
in the place where it was put, not ill-suited  
to the mouth even of the simplest shepherd.

We might be about three hours in as-  
cending. As we saw the forests below our  
feet, and trod the thick elastic turf of the  
high hilly regions, *Sennbüetten* lay scattered  
around, and near and distant herd-bells  
united in harmonious peals. We pursued  
our way over a small path resembling a  
bridge, on the left side of which opened a  
frightful abyss, till we came to an almost  
perpendicular turf slope, certainly above an  
hundred feet high. This we climbed up,  
not without toil and danger, by the con-  
stant help of our hands, while our guide  
entertained us with the story of a young  
man of Thun, who some years ago fell  
from this turf-wall, on which we hovered  
between Heaven and the precipice, and  
was dashed to pieces below. More happy  
than him, we arrived safe at the base of  
the

the rocky summit, properly called Stockhorn, which from its peculiar form is a very striking object throughout the surrounding country.

We now saw with extreme dissatisfaction, as we were so near the end of our journey, clouds collecting from all parts, which menaced to throw a veil over the magic painting towards the sight of which we were pushing forwards full of eager expectation. We did however reach the summit before every object below was shrouded from our view, for the chain of hills towards Grindelwald was yet unveiled, and this was fortunately the very part of the prospect which I could with least patience have resigned. But the scene was soon changed; the clouds gathered about in still increasing masses, and at last united together on all sides in an interminable sea, whose grey surface was only broken at intervals by tops of hills looking like islands. Still, at times, amid the fluctuations of this vast mass, we caught a sight now of the town of Thun, then of a part of the Lake, then of a curve of the Aar, then of snowy  
14 summits

summits or groups of rocks, then of forests and villages, in truly magical transitions. In this manner was the view from Stockhorn, one of the most charming and extensive in Switzerland, measured out to us only in broken fragments; yet the perpetual variations in these cloudy scenes, produced such a succession of uncommon and interesting imagery, that at last we thought no more of our disappointment with regard to the object which had principally attracted us thither, but resigned ourselves wholly to the enchantment of the scene before us; and at length, without uttering a single murmur against the cloud-collector Jove, descended again to a *Sennbütte*, contented and happy, as if we had been standing with Brydone on the summit of Etna. Here a venerable herdsman entertained us with true patriarchal hospitality, giving us liberally of the productions of his dairy, and saying as he shook a hand of each with the utmost heartiness and sincerity, "*Kommet süßen* \*." On this it is

\* That is, "*Come and drink.*"



to be remarked; that according to the mode of expression used by the pastoral people of these hills, men *saufen*, while, on the contrary, cattle *trinken*\*.

From Blumenstein to the summit of Stockhorn, I was rejoiced at seeing a great abundance of plants, most of which awakened in me some pleasing recollection relative to my former mountain travels. The following I particularly remarked.

*Impatiens noli tangere*; *Pedicularis verticillata*; *Valeriana tripteris*; *Cacalia Alpina*; *Aichemilla Alpina*; *Prenanthes purpurea*; *Vicia sylvatica*; *Thymus Alpinus*; *Pimpinella saxifraga*; *Astrantia major*; *Leontodon aureum*; *Phellandrium mutellina*; *Rhododendron ferrugineum*; *Rhododendron hirsutum*; *Phyteuma orbicularis*; *Dianthus superbus*; *Cnicus spinosissimus*; *Polygonum viviparum*; *Sonchus Alpinus*; *Aconitum napellus*; *Aconitum lycoctonum*;

\* *Saufen*, which the good herdsman in his Swiss dialect pronounces *sufen* means rather to *tipple* or *guzzle* than simply to *drink*, and in polished German is never applied to mankind, only to cattle, &c. whereas *trinken* is the term applied to man. T.

Trollius

*Trollius europæus*; *Campanula barbata*; *After alpinus*; *Satyrinum nigrum*; *Crepis Alpina*; *Buplecurum ranunculoides*; *Achillea atrata*; *Tussilago alpina*; *Centaurea montana*; *Arnica scorpioïdes*; *Carduus defloratus*; *Globularia nudicaulis*; *Gentiana acaulis*; *Myagrum faxatile*; *Astragalus onobrychis*; *Androsace lactea*; *Silene acaulis*.

Towards evening we left the hospitable pastoral hut, and followed a very good herd road to the east side of Stockhorn, which carried us down to the Siben, or Simmen valley, where we rested from our arduous day's work at Erlenbach, a village well known for its great market for horses.

On the following day we pursued our journey on foot to Thun, through a part of the Simmen vale, which extends from the borders of the Valais to the Lake of Thun, and through which flows the Siben or Simme. Thence we proceeded to Bern, which we reached in less than two hours, along the rushing Aar, in what is called the Calf-fleet. This whimsical name

is given to some pretty large flat-bottomed boats, that go twice a week from Thun to Bern, the principal part of the lading of which is commonly calves.

From the romantic views on the banks of the Aar, this navigation would have been extremely pleasant, had it not unluckily happened, that scarcely half an hour after we embarked, we were overtaken by a violent tempest. Just at the moment when the rain fell with the greatest violence, and the thunder rolled with the most tremendous crash directly over our heads, our calamities were doubled by the vessel running aground. The storm roared, the billows rose high, and beat furiously against the thin planks of the slightly constructed barks, the lightning flashed awfully around us, the dark firs on the shore creaked as they were rocked by the furious elements, the mariners with their poles and oars ran against each other in the wildest disorder, and at length the beasts which had hitherto lain quietly in the bottom of the boat, by the side of each other, seemed to become sensible

sensible of the danger, and with outstretched necks uttered the most doleful cries of misery.

From this state of peril we were at last rescued by the united strength of some Herculean butchers' servants, who sprang into the water, and pushed the vessel off the shoal, when we proceeded forwards and at last landed safe, although dripping as if we had swam from a shipwreck, under the high terrace of the Minster, of Bern.

— *me tabula facer* .

*Votiva paries indicat uvida*

*Suspendisse potenti*

*Vestimenta maris deo.*

Since my return Bonfletten and I have also made an excursion to Saint Peter's Island in the Lake of Biel. This charming little spot, richly blessed with all that can supply the principal necessities of life, appears destined by nature for the abode of those who place their greatest happiness in the enjoyment of rural quiet, and uncontrolled leisure for the improvement of the mind. I now fully conceive why the unhappy

happy

happy Rousseau felt such keen sensations of regret, that even here, where according to his own assertion, he could have lived a century without being wearied, he could find no resting place; nor am I surprised that among all the places whither his restless fate condemned him to wander, this should continue to the last moment of his life to be the spot to which he clung with the most anxious longing.

How deeply were we affected with reading this most interesting writer's description of St. Peter's island, on that very spot. What a melancholy delight did we feel in following his footsteps from the room he inhabited, to the orchard, where, with his bag girt round him, he often gathered fruit in company with his honest domestics: then to the hills, the meads, and the groves, where first, with Linnæus in his hands, he studied the distinction of the genus of plants, till we came to the very spot on the shore, where on a fine evening he would stretch himself, contented and happy, with his eyes fixed on the flood, in the sweet calm of self-forgetfulness.

Here

Here the Brunelle, one of the loveliest of plants, appeared to me with a stronger interest than the Dionæa or Adansonia, because it brought to my mind Rousseau's transports on discovering the two tendrils by which the down of this flower is separated from its spike. So great was his ecstasy, that, as if by a draught of the waters of Lethe, he seemed instantly to lose the recollection of past troubles, and to every person he afterwards met, he constantly put the question, as the standard by which he measured their happiness, if they had ever seen the tendrils of the Brunelle. Of all the scenes of this great man's life, I know of none at which I more earnestly wish to have been present than this.

But even this bliss, worthy of the golden age, was soon after chased away by another storm, and in a short time we again hear the complaints of an oppressed heart struggling against want and adversity. "Scarcely," says he, "in our happiest days is one moment to be found in which we can say with sincerity, '*I wish the present to last for ever*;' and how can a fugitive  
"state

“ state in which the heart is always subject  
“ to dreadful uneasiness, or to scarcely less  
“ irksome vacancy, in which we constantly  
“ find something to desire or to regret, be  
“ called a state of happiness ?”

END OF THE SECOND PART.

## A P P E N D I X.

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### STANZAS to the Lake of Geneva.

*Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes*

*Angulus ridet.*

HORACE.

ON Lemán! on whose blest and smiling shores  
In vintner's cot, as in proud marble hall,  
Fair plenty pours around her ample stores,  
While Freedom's joyful hymns resound from all.

Since in the mirror of thy wave beneath,  
Montblanc's reflected form I first beheld,  
Still ivied peace has deign'd my brow t'enwreath,  
Still mildest transports have my bosom swell'd.

Where Bonnet—ah, too soon has Death's cold hand  
Snatch'd rudely from this earth th'illustrious sage!—  
Would oft before my raptur'd eyes expand  
The choicest flowers of truth's immortal page.

Exclaiming, as they seem'd his breast t'inspire  
With ardour that 'bove mortal feelings rose,  
Blest is that heart where pure as Vesta's fire  
A firm belief in life eternal glows!

Where



Where Agathon \* the Muses', Graces' pride,  
 The palace's delight, the peasant's stay,  
 —E'en hence to distant Jura's shaggy side—  
 In warmest friendship clasp'd me as his Gray †.

Where oft alone on yonder rugged shore,  
 'Gainst whose rude cliffs the rushing billows foam,  
 Absorb'd in Xenophon's and Plato's lore,  
 I seem'd as on Ilyssus ‡ banks to roam.

Where still devoted, Nature, to thy charms,  
 On them I hung as bees upon a flower;  
 Inhal'd their sweets, remote from fierce alarms,  
 And torments, which the worldling's breast devour.

Then Leman, oft my thoughts would backward rove  
 To days long past, when on thy banks were found  
 No smiling mead, no lawn, no cultur'd grove,  
 But wastes alone encompass'd thee around.

And where it now Geneva's ramparts laves,  
 —As oft I see by evening's sober light—  
 The Rhodan § onward roll'd its mournful waves  
 Through groves where reign'd the gloom of endless  
 night.

Those grander sounds that fill the desert shore.  
 Then round thy banks alone were heard, oh lake!  
 The yell of beasts, the thunder's awful roar,  
 And rushing winds, that mightiest forests shake.

\* See Note I.

† See Note II.

‡ See Note III.

§ See Note IV.

No song of mirth the vintner's toils to cheer,  
 No shepherd's flute, no harvest jubilee,  
 No mellow horn to charm th'attentive ear,  
 Then with sweet sounds, mild eve, saluted thee.

No dance, by softest moonshine on the green \*,  
 No feast of joy before Tell's honoured shrine,  
 No lovers' walk in springy groves serene,  
 With v'lets, purpled, Attica, as thine †.

'Twas silence all, save when the wand'ring bear,  
 His cavern quitting, round the desert pac'd,  
 Or the wild ox ‡, forsaking his rough lair,  
 The barren plain with ruder gambols trac'd.

As sheds the moon her doubtful troubled beams  
 O'er the scorch'd reliques of a world consum'd,  
 So round these wastes she shone with mournful gleams,  
 As when to "dim eclipse" her rays are doom'd.

Then, far as Leman's flood its waters roll'd,  
 The Lord from out this chaos of old night,  
 Call'd forth this Paradise its charms t'unfold,  
 With softest smiles, with pomp sublimest dight.

This far-fam'd spot, which now, like Tempe's land,  
 Boasts every charm within creation's bound;  
 This master-produce of its Maker's hand,  
 With beauty, as with sunshine, compass'd round.

\* See Note V.    † See Note VI.    ‡ See Note VII.

Where he, around whose sacred funeral urn,  
 Its fairest wreath a noble female twin'd \*,  
 Bade us in Julie's magic circle learn,  
 What heights may be attain'd by mortal mind.

Through him, oh peaceful Clarens! shall thy name  
 For ever live on Time's immortal page;  
 Through him shall, rugged Meillerie, thy fame  
 Recorded stand to many a distant age.

On those proud rocks which ruin's self-disdain,  
 In whose deep womb no twilight ever shone,  
 His Julie lost, with more than Sappho's pain,  
 Than Orpheus' tears the exile wept unknown.

Oft on their summits, where the eagle soars,  
 Though gathering clouds portentous aspects wear,  
 The pilgrim still, while down the torrent pours,  
 Delighted seeks to wander with his fair.

And could I e'en with Haller's science fir'd,  
 With Claude's bold genius †, or with Gessner's eye,  
 Or more, with Anson's ‡ hero-powers inspir'd,  
 E'en to earth's farthest borders dauntless fly.

Yet as I wander'd wide creation o'er,  
 Ne'er could my heart, oh lake! from thee remove,  
 Still round thy banks in vision would it soar,  
 And all a Switzer's painful longings prove.

\* See Note VIII. † See Note IX. ‡ See Note X.

'Tis fine at eve, when low the sun recedes  
 From Etna's height, to view the gilded sea  
 With island strewn, Sicilia's fabled meads,  
 And thy volcanic shores, fierce Stromboli!

But finer still—summer evening's close,  
 From the high Dole \* th' enchanted lake to view,  
 As round her paly brow mild Cynthia throws,  
 And gives the placid flood her idly hue.

'Tis sweet where waters rush in Tiber's grove †,  
 When the plum'd songsters are to rest retir'd,  
 Where Flaccus would alone by moonlight rove,  
 'T' invoke the genius who that bard inspir'd.

But sweeter still in Prangin's ‡ woods divine,  
 When Spring fresh honours o'er their branches  
 spreads,  
 To sacrifice on Friendship's sacred shrine,  
 And pray her choicest blessings on our heads.

'Tis noble, when to heav'n with thund'ring roar  
 Vesuvius upward rolls her fiery tide,  
 In the tall bark, round Naples' redd'ni'd shore,  
 By magic light illum'd, at eve to glide.

Yet would I rather ask the boon, oh Fate!  
 When hill and valley in deep twilight fade,  
 The mighty world of ice to contemplate,  
 As darken'd by the clear empurpled shade.

\* See Note XI.    † See Note XII.    ‡ See Note XIII.

On Hellas'\* heights the wand'rer only sees,  
 Though Nature's charms o'erspread each vale, each  
 shore,

Deep stamps of dire Oppression's stern decrees  
 Mid monuments of grandeur now no more.

But here Helvetia's happy fate I hail

Where fertile fields sweet industry repay;  
 And feel that there alone can bliss prevail  
 Where reason, joined with equal rights, bear sway.

On Seine's proud banks loud roars the thundering storm,  
 For Galia as a lion breaks her bands,  
 Crush'd are fell Slavery's towers, while Freedom's form  
 Exulting on the mighty ruins stands.

Round Lemman waves the palmy bough of peace,  
 In town and village joy and plenty reign,  
 Content, the peasant asks no proud increase,  
 While concord guards fair freedom's sacred fane.

King of the German rivers art thou, Rhine!  
 Where great Mayence, thy chrystal waters lave;  
 And circling hills, where hangs the cluster'd vine,  
 Reflected stand in thy pellucid wave.

Yet to the Alpine scenes thy pomp must bend,  
 Where Bonnet's tow'rs on Genthod's† summits rise,  
 And Lemman's far-spread crescent may contend  
 With Orellana's-self ‡ for grandeur's prize,

\* See Note XIV. † See Note XV. ‡ See Note XVI.

A diadem by Love's own fingers wove  
 Surrounds the genius of Vaucluse's\* brows,  
 Since Petrarch's Muse in her poetic grove  
 In swan-like strains breathed forth his plaintive vows.

But thou, Divonne's spring†, from Flaccus' hand  
 Alone the votive tribute would require,  
 As rival with Blandusia's fount to stand,  
 And e'en to immortality t' aspire.

Where through yon copse I see the streamlet wind,  
 A garden compassing an humble cot,  
 With poplars picturesquely round entwin'd,  
 Would Fate but grant, how blest were then my lot!

And there, were Wisdom's roses round me strewn,  
 Would Heaven's own peace be still my cherished  
 guest,  
 And sacred Friendship here erect her throne,  
 At life's still eve to sooth my soul to rest:

No storms, no tempests then my heart could prove,  
 No greater bliss could e'er to man be given;  
 For there, where Friendship, Wisdom, Nature, Love,  
 In solemn union join, alone is Heaven.

On yonder jutting foreland‡, whose green base  
 The billows gently wash in gliding by,  
 Where Contemplation loves her steps to trace,  
 Mid the dark oaks, my slumb'ring bones shall lie.

\* See Note XVII. † See Note XVIII. ‡ See Note XIX.

No ornamented stone, no marble bust,  
No idle vaunts whence Truth with blushes turns,  
Shall mark where rests beneath, my mould'ring dust,-  
This heart such empty ostentation spurns.

The rose alone, the Poet's constant friend,  
Shall o'er the lifeless clay her fragrance breathe,  
And weeping-willows, as they downward bend,  
Sweep with light whispers o'er the flood beneath.

And oft at twilight, as she sips sweet dew,  
Her friend deceas'd sweet Philomel shall wail,  
Nor Daphne, struck with sympathy, refuse  
The tribute of a tear to her sad tale.

Then shall the shepherds, as they homeward wend,  
Report, that oft by moon-light, mid the trees,  
Soft strains of music on their ears descend,  
In stifled sounds, as distant hum of bees.

# N O T E S.

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## NOTE I.

“**A**GATHON.” Charles von Bonstetten, Baillie of Nion; Author of “*Letters on the Pastoral Parts of Switzerland*,” published at Basle in 1782; “*Thoughts on the Mode of Education in the Canton of Bern*,” published at Zürich in 1786; and *The Hermit, an Alpine Tale*,” Mannheim, 1787.

## NOTE II.

“In warmest friendship clasped me as his Gray.”

Bonstetten, in his youth, resided for some time at Cambridge, during which he enjoyed an almost daily intercourse with the Poet Gray, who attached himself to him with great ardour, and soon became his warmest and most confidential friend. Every one who is acquainted with Gray's works, and particularly with his immortal “*Elegy in a Country Church-yard*,” will doubtless read with the deepest interest the following reliques of his correspondence with his young friend.

“Cambridge, April 12th, 1770.

“Never did I feel, my dear Bonstetten, to what a tedious length the few short moments of our life may



be extended by impatience and expectation, till you had left me ; nor ever knew before with so strong a conviction how much this frail body sympathizes with the inquietude of the mind. I am grown old in the compass of less than three weeks, like the sultan in the Turkish Tales, that did but plunge his head into a vessel of water and take it out again, as the standers-by affirmed, at the command of a Dervise, and found he had passed many years in captivity, and begot a large family of children. The strength and spirits that now enable me to write to you, are only owing to your last letter—a temporary gleam of sunshine. Heaven knows when it may shine again ! I did not conceive till now, I own, what it was to lose you, nor felt the solitude and insipidity of my own condition before I possessed the happiness of your friendship. I must cite another Greek writer to you, because it is much to my purpose ; he is describing the character of a genius truly inclined to philosophy. “ It includes,” he says, “ qualifications rarely united in one single mind, quickness of apprehension and a retentive memory, vivacity and application, gentleness and magnanimity : to these he adds an invincible love of truth, and consequently of probity and justice. Such a soul,” continues he, “ will be little inclined to sensual pleasures, and consequently temperate ; a stranger to illiberality and avarice ; being accustomed to the most extensive views of things, and sublimest contemplations, it will contract an habitual greatness, will look down with a kind of disregard on human life and on death, consequently, will possess the truest fortitude. Such,” says he, “ is the mind born to govern the rest of mankind.” But these very endowments, so necessary to  
a soul

a soul formed for philosophy, are often its ruin, especially when joined to the external advantages of wealth, nobility, strength, and beauty; that is, if it light on a bad foil, and want its proper nurture, which nothing but an excellent education can bestow. In this case he is depraved by the public example, the assemblies of the people, the courts of justice, the theatres, that inspire it with false opinions, terrify it with false infamy, or elevate it with false applause; and remember, that extraordinary vices and extraordinary virtues are equally the produce of a vigorous mind: little souls are alike incapable of the one and the other.

“If you have ever met with the portrait sketched out by Plato, you will know it again: for my part, to my sorrow I have had that happiness: I see the principal features, and I foresee the dangers with a trembling anxiety. But enough of this; I return to your letter. It proves at least, that in the midst of your new gaieties I still hold some place in your memory, and, what pleases me above all, it has an air of undissembled sincerity. Go on, my best and amiable friend, to shew me your heart simply and without the shadow of disguise, and leave me to weep over it, as I now do, no matter whether from joy or sorrow.”

“April 19th, 1770.

“Alas! how do I every moment feel the truth of what I have somewhere read, “*Ce n'est pas le voir, que de s'en souvenir*,” and yet that remembrance is the only satisfaction I have left. My life now is but a perpetual conversation with your shadow—the known sound of your voice still rings in my ears—there, on the corner of the fender, you are standing, or tinkling on the piano-

piano-forte, or stretched at length on the sofa. Do you reflect, my dearest friend, that it is a week or eight days before I can receive a letter from you, and as much more before you can have my answer; that all that time I am employed, with more than Herculean toil, in pulling the tedious hours along, and wishing to annihilate them; the more I strive, the heavier they move, and the longer they grow. I cannot bear this place, where I have spent many tedious years within less than a month since you left me. I am going for a few days to see poor N —, invited by a letter, wherein he mentions you in such terms as add to my regard for him, and express my own sentiments better than I can do myself. “I am concerned,” says he, “that I cannot pass half my life with him; I never met with any one who pleased and suited me so well: the miracle to me is, how he comes to be so little spoiled, and the miracle of miracles will be, if he continues so in the midst of every danger and seduction, and without any advantages but from his own excellent nature and understanding. I own I am very anxious for him on this account, and perhaps your inquietude may have proceeded from the same cause. I hope I am to hear when he has passed that cursed sea, or will he forget me thus *in insulam relegatum*? If he should, it is out of my power to retaliate.” Surely you have written to him, my dear Bonstetten, or surely you will! he has moved me with these gentle and noble expressions of his kindness for you; are you untouched by them?

“You do me the credit, and false or true it goes to my heart, of ascribing to me your love for many virtues of the highest rank. Would to heaven it were so! but they are indeed the fruits of your own noble and generous

generous understanding, which has hitherto struggled against the stream of custom, passion, and ill-company, even when you were but a child; and will you now give way to that stream when your strength is increased? Shall the jargon of French Sophists, the allurements of painted women *comme il faut*, or the vulgar caresses of prostitute beauty, the property of all who can afford to purchase it, induce you to give up a mind and body by Nature distinguished from all others, to folly, idleness, disease, and vain remorse? Have a care, my ever amiable friend, of loving what you do not approve. Know me for your most faithful and most humble despot."

" May 6th, 1772.

" I am returned, my dear Bonstetten, from the little journey I made into Suffolk, without answering the end proposed. The thought that you might have been with me there has embittered all my hours: your letter has made me happy, as happy as so gloomy, so solitary a being as I am is capable of being made. I know, and have too often felt the disadvantages I lay myself under, how much I hurt the little interest I have in you, by this air of sadness so contrary to your nature and present enjoyments: but sure you will forgive, though you cannot sympathize with me. It is impossible for me to dissemble with you; such as I am I expose my heart to your view, nor wish to conceal a single thought from your penetrating eyes. All that you say to me especially on the subject of Switzerland, is infinitely acceptable. It feels too pleasing ever to be fulfilled, and as often as I read over your truly kind letter, written long since from London, I stop at these words: "*La mort qui peut glacer nos bras avant qu'ils soient entrelacés.*"

## NOTE III.

“ Ilyssus.” A river, or more properly a torrent, near Athens, which only flows in rainy seasons. When Chandler was there he found it bed dry.

## NOTE IV.

“ The Rhodan.”—“ In the remotest corner of the earth, from the gates which lead to the dominions of eternal night, the Rhodan rolls its waves through a stormy lake, along the desolate country of the Celte.”—Apollonius Rhodius.

## NOTE V.

“ No dance by softest moonshine on the green.”

It is a custom in the Pays-de-Vaud, and some of the southern provinces of France, for the peasants of the villages to assemble upon the green in a fine summer's evening, and unite in singing and dancing.

## NOTE VI.

“ With vi'lets purpled, Attica, as thine.”

The violet was the favourite flower of Athens, and was cultivated in great abundance in most parts of Attica. According to Aristophanes, it was to be purchased, even in winter, in the markets of Athens. Pindar calls this city “ *the violet wreathed*,” and both  
painters

painters and statuarics, when they would represent a woman as of rank, ornament her with a garland of violets. This preference for these flowers originated in the allusion to their name (*ior*) from the Ionian origin of the Athenians.

NOTE VII.

“ Or the wild-ox.” The buffalo.

NOTE VIII.

“ Its fairest wreath a noble female twin’d.”

See Letters on the Character and Writings of J. J. Kouffeau, by Madame de Stael, daughter of the celebrated Necker.

NOTE IX.

“ With Claude’s bold genius.” Claude Lorraine, properly Claude Gelée, who was, perhaps, the greatest landscape painter of his own or of any other time. He died at Rome in the year 1682.

NOTE X.

“ Or more, with Anson’s hero-powers inspir’d.”

Mr. George Anson, afterwards Lord Anson, the celebrated British naval hero, who sailed round the world between the years 1740 and 1744. His voyage, one of the most remarkable and perilous that ever was undertaken,

undertaken, is so well known, that any farther illustration is unnecessary.

# NOTE XI.

“ From the high Dole th’ enchanted lake to view.”

“ The highest summit of Jura is called the Dole ; it  
 “ commands a view, not only of the Lake of Geneva  
 “ and its environs, but of the whole of Jura, all which  
 “ might be seen together were the eye capable of  
 “ taking in at once so large an extent of country. The  
 “ vast chain of Alps seen from the Dole, including a  
 “ tract of near an hundred leagues, from Dauphiné  
 “ quite to Mount Saint Gothard, forms a most magni-  
 “ ficent spectacle. In the midst of this chain, rises  
 “ Montblanc, whose snowy summit towers high above  
 “ all the rest, and which, even at that distance, about  
 “ twenty-three leagues, appears of an astonishing  
 “ height.

“ On the top of the Dole is a plain of some ex-  
 “ tent, covered with a fine turf, which forms a beau-  
 “ tiful terracc. Here, on the two first Sundays in  
 “ August, from time immemorial, the youth of both  
 “ sexes from the villages in the Pays-de-Vaud situ-  
 “ ated at the foot of the Dole, have annually assem-  
 “ bled. The shepherds of the neighbouring hamlets  
 “ reserve the delicacies of their dairies for these days,  
 “ and against their arrival prepare all forts of dainties  
 “ that can be formed from their simple produce.

“ The company, when assembled, amuse themselves  
 “ in various ways ; some employ themselves in active  
 “ sports, others in dancing, while others only lie and re-  
 “ pose upon the brinks of the rocks. One points with his  
 “ finger

“ finger to the spire of his village, notes the orchards  
 “ and meadows by which it is surrounded, and, in-  
 “ spired by these objects, traces back the past events  
 “ of his life : another, who has been a traveller, dis-  
 “ tinguishes all the surrounding towns, and marks out  
 “ the passage of Mount Cenis, the road which leads  
 “ to Rome : while others exhibit specimens of their  
 “ courage, by walking at the very edges of the preci-  
 “ pices on the side of the mountain : others, less vain  
 “ and more gallant, only employ their dexterity in col-  
 “ lecting the flowers which grow about the steep rocks :  
 “ among these are the *leontopodium*, remarkable for the  
 “ cottony down which hangs about it ; the *Senecio Al-*  
 “ *pinus*, encompassed with golden rays ; the *Alpine*  
 “ *pink*, which has the smell of the lilly ; and the  
 “ *saryrum nigrum*, which exhales the perfume of *Va-*  
 “ *nilla*. Meanwhile the echoes of the neighbouring  
 “ mountains resound with shouts of lively and unre-  
 “ strained joy, the inseparable companions of simple  
 “ and innocent pleasures.

“ But on one of these occasions the general mirth  
 “ was cruelly interrupted by a most tragical accident.  
 “ Two young people, who had been married that  
 “ very morning, came to the feast with all their wed-  
 “ ding guests, and that they might enjoy themselves  
 “ more at liberty, went to walk quite at the edge of  
 “ the mountain ; here the young woman’s foot slipped  
 “ when the husband, in endeavouring to catch her,  
 “ and save her from falling, was drawn after her  
 “ down the precipice, where the lives of both were  
 “ terminated on this happiest day that either had ever  
 “ experienced. A rock, of a reddish hue, is shewn, as  
 “ having imbibed that tint from being sprinkled with  
 “ their blood.”—*Saunders’s Travels in the Alps*, vol. i.  
 p. 287.



## NOTE XII.

“ ’Tis sweet where waters rush in Tibur’s grove.”

The fall of the Teverone at Tivoli, known by the name of the *Cascatelli*.

## NOTE XIII.

“ Prangin’s woods.” A grove near Nion, belonging to the barony of Prangin.

## NOTE XIV.

“ Hellas.” The ancient name of Greece.

## NOTE XV.

Genthod.” A village near Geneva, where the celebrated Bonnet had a country-seat for many years. On account of the beauty of its architecture, and its advantageous situation, on a gentle eminence planted with chestnut-trees, it is esteemed one of the most charming among the numerous villas that adorn the environs of the Lake of Geneva.

## NOTE XVI.

“ Orellana.” The famous river of the Amazons in South America.

## NOTE XVII.

“Vaucluse.”—“Vaucluse is one of those spots  
 “where Nature seems to delight in exhibiting herself  
 “under one of her most singular forms. In a de-  
 “lightful plain, resembling the vale of Tempe, there  
 “lies on the western side a little valley, encompassed  
 “by rocks of a prodigious height, which appear as if  
 “they had been cut perpendicularly down, so that it  
 “is impossible to ascend them : these form a sort of  
 “horse-shoe which encloses the valley, all but a small  
 “entrance ; and it is from this circumstance that its  
 “name of Vaucluse (*vallis clausa*) originates. At the  
 “back of this remarkable valley, within an enormous  
 “mass of rock which seems to menace heaven, is a  
 “vast cavern hollowed by the hands of Nature, the  
 “darkness of which has something in it very tremen-  
 “dous : here it is only possible to enter when the  
 “water is low. It is a double cavern, the exterior of  
 “which is sixty feet high in the middle of the arch  
 “that forms the entrance ; the interior is not so much  
 “as half that height ; it may be an hundred feet  
 “wide, and about as many deep. Towards the mid-  
 “dle of this cavern is an oval basin in the form of a  
 “well, the greatest diameter of which is eighteen  
 “toises. There rises, without spouting or bubbling,  
 “the abundant spring of water that supplies the river  
 “Sorgue, which taking its course hence, divides the  
 “plain, and whose banks are surrounded by meadows  
 “that flourish in perpetual verdure.

“In the general state of the fountain, the water  
 “passes by a subterranean channel, from the bottom  
 “of the basin, to the bed where the course of the river  
 “commences ; but at the time of its inundation, which

" is about the Vernal Equinox, and also sometimes after  
 " violent rains, it rises above the mole which is raised  
 " at the entrance of the cavern, whence it precipitates  
 " itself down the rocks with a frightful noise, till being  
 " arrived at a smoother and deeper channel, it flows  
 " on more tranquilly. It divides itself into many arms,  
 " which, after having watered a part of the Comtâ, <sup>de</sup>  
 " unite themselves at last with the Rhone at Avignon."  
 — *Memoirs of the Life of Petrarch*, vol. i. p. 240.

## NOTE XVIII.

" *Divonne's spring.*" The spring of Verfoix in the  
 French village of Divonne, about three hours distance  
 from Lyon.

## NOTE XIX.

" *On yonder jutting foreland, whose green vale,*"  
*Promontou*, a woody promontory which runs into  
 the Lake of Geneva, at which point the great lake  
 begins.

## THE END.

## ERRATA.

Page	10	Line	2	For	Kochberg	read	Hochberg
	11	1	For	Gottchedian	read	Gottchedian	
	12	1	For	Lausanne	read	Lausanne	
	13	1	For	Lausanne	read	Lausanne	
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